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THE
WORKS
OF
HENRY FIELDING, Esq;
WITH
The LIFE of the AUTHOR.
In EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

A NEW EDITION.

L O N D O N :

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and T. EVANS. MDCCCLXXI.

W O R L D

OF

HENRY FIELDING

WITH



THE LIFE

VOL. II

A NEW EDITION

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THE
UNIVERSAL GALLANT:
OR, THE
DIFFERENT HUSBANDS.
A
COMEDY.

First acted in 1734.

Infelix habitum temporis hujus habe.

OVID.

VOL. III.

B

THE
UNIVERSAL GALLERY

OF THE
DIFFERENT MOUNTAINS

A
C. G. M. E. D. Y.

THE END OF THE

THE END OF THE

THE

THE

TO HIS GRACE

CHARLES

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

My LORD,

THE unhappy fate which these scenes have met with, may to some make my presumption in offering them to your protection, appear extravagant; but distress puts on a different face in your Grace's eye, with whom I know it will plead in their favour, that though they do not merit so great a patron, they at least want him.

To join the torrent of success, to smile with fortune, and applaud with the world, are within the limits of an inferior name, and narrower capacity. It has been the glory of a duke of MARLBOROUGH to support the falling,

to protect the distressed, to raise a sinking cause, and (I will venture on the expression) to direct Fortune, instead of being directed by her.

BUT these are laurels, my lord, which will to latest ages flourish in the historian, and the epick poet. Comedy looks no farther than private life, where we see you acting with the same spirit of humanity that fired your noble ancestor in publick. Poverty has imposed chains on mankind equal with tyranny; and your Grace has shewn as great an eagerness to deliver men from the former, as your illustrious grandfather did to rescue them from the latter.

THOSE who are happier than myself, in your intimacy, will celebrate your other virtues; the same of your humanity, my Lord, reaches at a distance, and it is a virtue, which never reigns alone; nay, which seldom enters into a breast that is not rich in all other.

I AM

DEDICATION. v

I AM sure I give a convincing proof, in how high a degree I am persuaded you possess this virtue, when I hope your pardon for this presumption. But I will trespass no farther on it, than to assure you that I am, with great respect,

My LORD,

Your Grace's most obedient,

most devoted humble servant,

Buckingham-street,
Feb. 12.

HEN. FIELDING.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE cruel usage this poor play hath met with, may justly surprize the author, who in his whole life never did an injury to any one person living. What could incense a number of people to attack it with such an inveterate prejudice, is not easy to determine; for prejudice must be allowed, be the play good or bad, when it is condemn'd unheard.

I HAVE heard that there are some young gentlemen about this town, who make a jest of damning plays—but did they seriously consider the cruelty they are guilty of by such a practice, I believe it would prevent them. Every man who produces a play on the stage, must propose to himself some acquisition either of pleasure, reputation, or profit in its success: for tho' perhaps he may receive some pleasure from the first indulgence of the itch of scribbling, yet the labour and trouble he must undergo before his play comes on the stage, must set the prospect of some future reward before him, or I believe he would decline the undertaking. If pleasure or reputation be the reward he proposes, it is sure an inexcusable barbarity in any uninjured or unprovoked person to defeat the happiness of another: but if his views be of the last kind, if he be so unfortunate to depend on the success of his labours for his bread, he must be an inhuman creature indeed, who would, out of sport and wantonness, prevent a man from getting a livelihood in an honest and inoffensive way, and make a jest of starving him and his family.

AUTHORS, whose works have been rejected at the theatres, are of all persons, they say, the most inveterate; but of all persons, I am the last they should attack, as I have often endeavoured to procure the success of others, but never assisted at the condemnation of any one.

P R O.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. QUIN.

BOLD is th' attempt in this nice-judging age;
To try at fame, by pleasing on the stage.
So eager to condemn as you are grown,
Writing seems war declar'd against the town.
Which ever way the Poet seeks applause,
The Critick's ready still to damn his cause.
If for new characters he hunts abroad,
And boldly deviates from the beaten road;
In monsters then unnatural he deals;
If they are known and common, then he steals.
If wit he aims at, you the traps can shew;
If serious, he is dull; if humorous, low.
Some would maintain one laugh throughout a play;
Some would be grave, and bear fine things away.
How is it possible, at once, to please
Tastes so directly opposite as these!
Nor be offended with us if we fear,
From us——some seek not entertainment here.
'Tis not the Poet's wit affords the jest,
But who can cat-call, hiss, or whistle best?
Can then another's anguish give you joy?
Or is it such a triumph to destroy?
We, like the fabled frogs, consider thus:
This may be sport to you, but it is death to us.
If any base ill-nature we disclose,
If private characters these scenes expose,
Then we expect——for then we merit foes:
But if our strokes be general and nice,
If tenderly we laugh you out of vice;
Do not your native entertainments leave;
Let us at least our share of smiles receive:
Nor while you censure us, keep all your bonus;
For soft ITALIAN airs, and FRENCH buffoons.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Mr. MONDISH,
Mr. GAYLOVE,
Captain SPARK,
Sir SIMON RAFFLER,
Colonel RAFFLER,

Mr. QUIN?
Mr. W. MILLS.
Mr. CIBBER.
Mr. GRIFFIN.
Mr. HARPER.

W O M E N.

Lady RAFFLER,
Mrs. RAFFLER,
CLARINDA,

Mrs. BUTLER.
Mrs. HERON.
Miss HOLLIDAY.

SCENE, LONDON.

THE
UNIVERSAL GALLANT:
OR, THE
DIFFERENT HUSBANDS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, Mr. MONDISH's Apartment.

Mr. MONDISH with a Letter in his Hand,
speaking to a Servant.

MONDISH.

HERE, carry this Letter to Mrs. Raffler.

SERV. Must I bring an answer, Sir?

MON. Yes, Sir, if you receive any—

[Exit Serv.]

And now let me read thee again, thou picture of
womankind.

[Reads.]

SIR,

“ I suppose you will be surpriz'd that a woman,
“ who hath been guilty of so imprudent a passion,
“ shou'd so suddenly and calmly reclaim it—but I
“ am at length happily convinc'd, that you are the
“ falsest of mankind. Be assur'd, it is not in your
“ power to persuade me any longer to the contrary
“ —wherefore I desire that henceforth all familia-
“ rity may cease between us—And as you know
“ me sensible how good a friend you are to Mrs.
Raffler,

10 THE UNIVERSAL GALLANT: OR,

“ Raffer, you may easily believe the fewest visits
“ in the world, at this house, will be welcome to
“ me. Farewel for ever.”

This coldness is not the resentment of an incensed mistress, but the slight of an indifferent one—I am supplanted by some other in her favour——Rare woman, faith! the sex grows so purely inconstant, that a gallant will shortly be as little able to keep a woman to himself, as a husband.

Enter another servant.

SERV. Sir, Colonel Raffer has sent to know whether you are at home.

MON. Yes, yes,—his visit is opportune enough—I may likely learn from him, who this successful rival is, by knowing who has visited his wife most lately—nay, or by finding who is his chief favourite—for he is one of those wise men, to whose friendship you must have his wife’s recommendation; and so far from being jealous of your lying with her, that he is always suspicious you don’t like her.

Enter Colonel RAFFLER.

Dear colonel good-morrow.

Col. RAFF. Oh, you’re a fine gentleman! a very fine gentleman indeed! when we had sent after you all over the town, not to leave your bottle for a party at quadrille with the ladies—you have a rare reputation among ’em, I assure you—there is an irreconcilable quarrel with my wife—I have strict orders never to mention your name to her.

MON. Ha, ha, ha! that is pleasant enough, Colonel, your wife’s orders to you, who have the most obedient wife in Christendom.

Col. RAFF. Yes, I thank heaven, I am master of my own house.

MON. Then I hope you will lay your commands on her to forgive me.

1

Col.

THE DIFFERENT HUSBANDS. 11

Col. RAFF. Well, well, I don't know but I may, since you ask it——I am glad I have brought you to that——I believe I have made up a hundred quarrels between you, and cou'd never bring you to it before.

Mon. And yet I had reason on my side; had you been with us yourself, you wou'd not have left us for cards.

Col. RAFF. No, I hate 'em of all things in the world——that's half my quarrel to you, for I was forc'd to supply your place.

Mon. I pity you heartily.

Col. RAFF. Ay, and with my wife.

Mon. True, a wife often makes one's pleasure distasteful; what is in itself disagreeable, she must make very damnable indeed. But I wonder you, who are master of your own house, Colonel, don't banish cards out of it, since you dislike 'em so much.

Col. RAFF. Why, that I have attempted to do, but then it puts my wife so plaguily out of humour, and that I can't bear——besides, Mr. Mondish, let me tell you a matrimonial secret——Let a man be never so much the master of his house, if his wife be continually in an ill humour, he leads but an uneasy life in't.

Mon. But methinks so good a lady as yours, shou'd now and then give into the sentiments of her husband.

Col. RAFF. Oh, no one readier; but then, you know, she can't help her temper: and if she complies against her will, you know, it is the more obliging in her; and then you know, if her complaisance makes her unhappy, and out of humour, and in the vapours, a man must be the greatest of brutes to persist——Besides, my wife is the most unfortunate person in the world: for tho' she loves me of all things, and knows that seeing her in the vapours makes me miserable, yet I never deny'd her
any

12 THE UNIVERSAL GALLANT: OR,

any one thing in the world, but slap, it immediately threw her into 'em——If it was not for those cursed vapours, we shou'd be the happiest couple living.

MON. Nay, faith, I believe you are.

Col. RAFF. Truly, I believe we may; at least we have such a picture of the contrary before our eyes.

MON. Who, Sir Simon, and his Lady?

Col. RAFF. Ay, Sir Simon, call him any thing but my brother, he's not akin to me, I'm sure: for next to mine, he has the best wife in the world; and yet he never suffers her to have an easy hour from his cursed jealousy. I intend to part families, for there is no possibility of living together any longer——He affronted a gentleman t'other day, for taking up his lady's glove: and it was no longer ago than yesterday, that my wife and she were gone only to an auction; (where, by the bye, they did not go to throw away their money neither, for they bought nothing) when this cursed brother of mine, finds 'em out, exposes 'em both, and forc'd 'em away home——My house is an errant garrison in time of war, no one enters or goes out without being search'd; and if a lac'd coat passes by the window, his eye is never off him till he is out of the street.

Enter Servant.

SERV. Sir Simon Raffler, Sir.

Col. RAFF. Oh, the devil! I'll be gone.

MON. No, Colonel, that's unkind.

Enter Sir SIMON.

Sir Simon, your most obedient servant.

Sir SIM. Mr. Mondish, good-morrow, Oh brother! are you here?

Col. RAFF. How do you, brother? I hope your Lady's well this morning?

Sir

THE DIFFERENT HUSBANDS. 13

Sir SIM. Must you always ask impertinent questions! A husband is a proper person indeed to enquire of about his wife. —If you ask your own, when you see her next, she will inform you, for I suppose they are gadding together.

Col. RAFF. Sir Simon, you may behave to your own lady as you please; but I desire you not to reflect on mine.

Sir SIM. And you may let your wife behave as she pleases; but I desire she may be no pattern to mine. I think one enough in a family.

Col. RAFF. One! I don't know what you mean, I don't understand you.

MON. Oh, dear gentlemen, let me beg there may be none of this misunderstanding in my house. You are both too hot indeed.

Col. RAFF. I am appeas'd——But let me tell you, brother——

MON. Dear Colonel, no more——Well, Sir Simon, what news have you in town?

Sir SIM. Nothing but cuckoldom, Sir——cuckoldom every where. Women run away from their husbands——Actions brought in Westminster-hall. I expect, shortly, to see it made an article in the news-papers, and cuckolds since our last list, as regularly inserted as bankrupts are now.

Col. RAFF. Oh lud, oh lud, poor man! poor man! you make me sick, brother, indeed you do.

Sir SIM. And you'll make me mad, brother, indeed you will.

MON. Come, come gentlemen, let me reconcile this thing between you——Colonel, you know the excessive jealousy of Sir Simon's temper, and I wonder a man of your excellent sense will think it worth your while to argue with him. [*Aside to Col. Raff.*

Col. RAFF. Mondish is certainly a fellow of the best sense in the world. [*Aside.*

MON. Sir Simon, you know the colonel's easy temper so well, that I am surpriz'd one of your good

14 THE UNIVERSAL GALLANT: OR,

good understanding will reason with a man, who will defend his wife's running about this town every day. [Aside to Sir Simon.]

SIR SIM. This man has a most excellent understanding. [Aside.]

MON. Come, come, gentlemen, shake hands and be friends, and let us have no more animosities.

COL. RAFF. With all my heart.

SIR SIM. And mine—And now, gentlemen, we are amongst ourselves, I believe I have my honour, I am sure of it, I don't suspect I have it not, but I think it ought to be valued.

MON. Doubtless, doubtless, Sir Simon.

SIR SIM. I am not one of those jealous people that are afraid of every wind that blows. A woman may sit by a man once at a play without any design, and once a year may go to court, or an assembly, nay, and may speak to one of her husband's he-friends there; if he be a relation, indeed, I shou'd like it better. But why all those curtesies to every fellow she knows? Why always running to that church where the youngest parson is?

MON. Why fond of operas, masquerades?

SIR SIM. I almost swoon at the name.

COL. RAFF. I shall, I'm sure, if I stay any longer—so your servant. [Exit.]

MON. Then that cursed rendezvous of the sexes, which are called auctions.

SIR SIM. I thank heaven there are none to-day, I have search'd all the advertisements.

MON. But there are shops, shops, Sir Simon.

SIR SIM. I wish they were shut up with all my heart! especially those brothels the milliners shops, in which cuckoldom is the chief trade that is carry'd on.

MON. Heyday! is the colonel gone?

SIR SIM. I am glad of it, for truly I take no pleasure in his company. Mr. Mondish, you are a man of honour, and my friend, and as you are intimate

in

THE DIFFERENT HUSBANDS. 15

in the family, must, I dare swear, have observed, with concern, the multitude of idle young fellows that swarm at our house. There is one particularly, who almost lives there continually, and has, no doubt, behav'd before this, like a thorough fine gentleman, and a man of gallantry.

MON. Who is he, pray?

Sir SIM. Oh, a fellow, who is never out of lace and embroidery—a tall, strapping, well-looking, ill-looking rascal! whom I wou'd as soon admit into my family, as a wolf into a sheepfold.

MON. What is his name?

Sir SIM. Gaylove, I think they call him—my blood runs cold when I think of him.

MON. Sir Simon, you need be under no apprehension; for my lady Raffer is a woman of that prudence and discretion—

Sir SIM. Yes, Sir: but very prudent and discreet women have made very odd monsters of their husbands. I had rather trust to my own prudence than hers, I thank you.

MON. Was I marry'd to that woman, I should be the most contented man alive; for, on my honour! I think she surpasses the rest of womankind as much in virtue as beauty.

Sir SIM. Ha! what?

MON. Nay more in my opinion—for to tell you a truth, (which I know you will excuse me for) I do not think her so handsome, as the rest of the world think her.

Sir SIM. Nor I, neither—I am glad to hear you don't—I began to be in a heat—But dear Mondiff, tho' my wife be, as you say, a virtuous woman, and I know she is, I am sure of it; and was never jealous of her in my life: yet I take virtue to be that sort of gold in a wife, which the less it is try'd, the brighter it shines; besides, you know, there is a trouble in resisting temptation, and I am willing to spare my wife all the trouble I can.

Enter

16 THE UNIVERSAL GALLANT: OR,

Enter a Servant.

SERV. Sir, captain Spark to wait on you.

Sir SIM. Who is he, pray?

MON. A relation of mine, a courtier, and so fine a gentleman, that (if you will believe him) he has had all the fine women in town.

Enter Captain SPARK.

Capt. SPARK. Dear cousin Mondish, your very humble servant, I only call to ask you how you do—for I can't stay ten minutes with you—I have just left some ladies, whom I have promised to meet in the park—Hark'ye. *[Whispers Mon.]*

Sir SIM. I hope my wife is not one of 'em—a very impudent-looking fellow, this courtier, and has, I warrant, as many cuckolds in the city, as that has debtors at court.

Capt. SPARK. The devil take me if it is not the very woman! but pray take her, I dangled after her long enough too. You must know, the last time I saw her was at an assembly.

Sir SIM. That is another name for a bawdy-house. *[Aside.]*

Capt. SPARK. And there I piqued her most confoundedly, so that she vow'd she'd never speak to me again; and indeed she kept her word, till yesterday I met her at an auction—there was another lady with her—at first she put on an air of indifference. O, ho! thinks I, are you at that sport? I'll fit you, I warrant. So, Sir, I goes up to the other lady, who happened to be her sister, and an intimate acquaintance of mine—But I ask pardon, this is a dull entertainment to you, Sir. *[To Sir Sim.]*

Sir SIM. Far from it, Sir; but I beg I may not be thought impertinent, if I ask whether this lady was short or tall?

Capt. SPARK. A short woman, Sir.

Sir

THE DIFFERENT HUSBANDS. 17

Sir SIM. Then I am safe [*aside*.]——But perhaps some people think her tall.

Capt. SPARK. Yes, Sir; I know several who think her so.

Sir SIM. I am on the rack [*aside*.]——Sir, I ask ten thousand pardons; but was she a brown or a fair woman?

Capt. SPARK. Oh, Sir! no harm——She was a brown woman, Sir.

Sir SIM. Rather inclining to fair.

Capt. SPARK. Yes, a good deal inclining to fair.

Sir SIM. I am undone! if I was to ask her name, I should hear my own——I will go tear her eyes out——Mr. Mondish your servant! your servant!

MON. Be not in such a hurry, Sir Simon.

Sir SIM. I am in a great hurry, Sir, your humble servant! [*Exit*.]

Capt. SPARK. Pry'thee, dear coz, what queer fellow is that? Gad, I began to think he suspected me with some relation of his.

MON. Faith, probable enough——for he wou'd suspect a more unlikely man than you.

Capt. SPARK. Ha, ha! George, I believe I am suspected in town——I believe there are women——I say no more, but I believe there are women, I say no more.

MON. And upon my soul, I believe thou canst say no more on thy own knowledge. [*Aside*.]

Capt. SPARK. Here, here, you must not ask to see the name. [*Pulls out several letters.*] May I be curst if this be not from a woman of the first distinction——Nay, if he is here, I must put it up again.

Enter GAY LOVE.

GAY. Good-morrow, George! Ha! monsieur L'Spark!

18 THE UNIVERSAL GALLANT: OR,

Capt. SPARK. My dear Gaylove, how long hast thou been in town?

GAY. About a fortnight, Sir.

Capt. SPARK. Mondish, this is the best friend I have in the world, if it had not been for him, I had dy'd of the spleen in country-quarters—I made his house my own.

GAY. Upon my honour he did, and so entirely, that if he had not been order'd away, I believe I should shortly have given it him.

Capt. SPARK. Thou art a pleasant fellow! but pr'ythee how do all the girls? How do Miss Flirt, and Miss Flareit, Miss Caper, Miss Lisp, and my dear Jenny Thumpfloor?

GAY. All at your service, Sir; but methinks you should have ask'd after your dear Clarinda.

Capt. SPARK. O! ay, Clarinda! how does she do? upon my soul I was fond of that wench; but she grew so fond again, that the world began to take notice of us, and yet if ever any thing pass'd between us, at least any thing that ought not, may I be —— But what signifies swearing——Come, I know you are a suspicious rogue.

GAY. Far from it—I have always defended you both. For as I am confident she wou'd not grant any thing dishonourable, so I am confident thou wou'dst not take it.

MON. And if you will be evidence for the lady, I will for the gentleman.

Capt. SPARK. Your servant, your servant, my dear friends; you have made me a compliment at a cheap rate, I shall not risque your consciences; yet in my sense of the word Dishonourable, you might swear it, for I positively think nothing dishonourable can pass between man and woman.

MON. Excellent doctrine indeed!

GAY. I am not of your opinion: for I think it very dishonourable in a fine gentleman to solicit favours

THE DIFFERENT HUSBANDS. 19

vours from a lady, and refuse accepting 'em when she wou'd grant 'em.

Capt. SPARK. O! a sad dog! ha, ha, ha!

MON. Unless it be not in his power to accept 'em, Gaylove. The bravest fellow may be beaten, you know, without loss of honour.

Capt. SPARK. Well, well! you may suspect what you please—You poor devils that never had any thing above a sempstrefs, make such a rout about the reputation of a woman a little above the ordinary rank: you make as much noise in town about a man's having a woman of quality, as they wou'd in the country if one had run away with a justice of peace's eldest daughter—Now, to me, women of quality are like other women.

GAY. Thou know'st no difference, I dare swear.

Enter a Servant.

SERV. Sir, my lady Fophunter's coach is at the door.

Capt. SPARK. She has sent it for me; I am to call on her at lady Sightly's—damn her! I wish she had forgot the appointment—Gaylove, will you go with me?

GAY. No, excuse me.

Capt. SPARK. Well, gentlemen, I hope you will excuse me too—so, I'm your very humble servant.

[Exit.]

MON. I wish thou hadst been here sooner, I have had some rare diversion this morning: here have been Sir Simon and the Colonel, and have quarrel'd about their wives. But what is better still, the noble captain just now departed, hath sent Sir Simon away fully persuaded that he has an affair with his wife.

GAY. Then we shall have it in the afternoon at Mrs. Raffer's tea-table.

MON. I think you live there, Gaylove.

GAY. I have pretty much lately; for to let you into a secret, George, I have a mistress there.

MON. What has the captain infected you, that you are so open-hearted; or is this a particular mark of your confidence in me?

GAY. Neither. It is impossible it should be a secret long, and I am not ashamed of having an honourable passion for a woman, from which I hope to reap better fruits than the Captain usually proposes from his amours.

MON. I rather fear thou wilt find worse. These sort of gentlemen are the only persons who engage with women without danger. The reputation of an amour is what they propose, and what they generally effect: for, as they indulge their vanity at the price of all that is dear to a woman, the world is good-natur'd enough to make one person ridiculously happy, at the expence of making another seriously miserable.

GAY. Hang 'em! I believe they skreen more reputations than they hurt—I fancy women, by an affected intimacy with these fellows, have diverted the world from discovering a good substantial amour in another place.

MON. Do you think so? then I wou'd advise you to introduce my kinsman, here, to Mrs. Raffer.

GAY. Are there reputations there, then, that want cloaks?

MON. Ha, ha, ha!

GAY. Nay, pr'ythee tell me seriously, for the deuce take me, if these two years retirement hath not made me such a stranger to the town——

MON. Then seriously, I think there is no cloak wanted; for a fond, credulous husband, is the best cloak in the world. And if a man will put his horns in his pocket, none will ever pick his pocket of 'em. —If he will be so good as to be very easy under being a cuckold, the good-natur'd world will suffer his wife to be easy under making him one.

GAY.

THE DIFFERENT HUSBANDS. 21

GAY. A word to the wife, George—But, faith! thou hast inform'd me of what I did not suspect before.

MON. The wife do not want a word to inform them of what they knew before.

GAY. What dost thou mean?

MON. Then, in a word, my close friend, this mighty secret, which you have discover'd to me, I knew some time before. Nay, and I can tell you another thing—the world knows it.

GAY. Let 'em know it. I am so far from being ashamed of my passion, that I'm vain of my choice.

MON. Ha, ha, ha! this is excellent in a fellow of thy sense! I shall begin shortly to look on the captain as no extraordinary character——Vain of your choice! Ha! ha! ha! now am I vain of my good-nature—for I cou'd so reduce that vanity of yours!——

GAY. I suppose thou art prepar'd with some cool lecture of modern œconomy. I know thee to be one of those who are afraid to be happy out of the road of right wisdom—I tell thee, George, let the world say what it will, there is more true happiness in the folly of love, than in all the wisdom of philosophy.

MON. Ha, ha! ha!

GAY. It is the fashion of the world to laugh at a man who owns his passion, and thou art a true follower of the world.

MON. Thou art a follower of the world, I am sure. You must be modest indeed, to be ashamed of your passion, since you have such multitudes to keep you in countenance.

GAY. So much the better. Rivals keep a man's passion up; it gives continual new pleasure in the arms of a mistress, to think half the coxcombs in the town are sighing for what you are in possession of.

MON. Ay, faith, and the gallant has a pleasure

sometimes to think a husband is in possession of what he is weary of.

GAY. How the happy man triumphs in his heart, when he sees his woman walking thro' a crowd of fellows in the Mall, or a drawing-room, some sighing, some ogling; all envying him: and retiring immediately to toast her at the next tavern.

MON. When he wishes himself, as heartily as they do themselves, with her, which perhaps some of them are, in their turn. And I wou'd not have you too sure that may not be your case.

GAY. Pugh! you have heard Spark talk of her, I suppose; or heard her talk'd of for Spark—I shou'd be no more jealous of her with him, than with one of her own sex.—Now, in my opinion, a squirrel is a more dangerous rival than a beau; for he is more liable to share her heart, and——

MON. Why, this is a good credulous, marriageable opinion, and wou'd fit well on a husband.

GAY. Well! and I see no terrors in that name.

MON. Nor I neither. I think it a good, harmless name. Besides, the colonel is a rare instance of the contrary. If a man can be happy in marriage, I dare swear he is——his wife is young, handsome, witty, and constant——in his opinion.

GAY. And that is the same as if she were so in reality—for, if a man be happy in his own opinion, I see little reason why he shou'd trouble himself about the world's.

MON. Or suppose she were inconstant, if she is fond of you while you are with her, why shou'd you like her the less? I don't see why he is not as selfish who wou'd love by himself, as he who wou'd drink by himself——Sure he is a nice and a dull sot, who quarrels with his wine, because another drinks out of the same cask. Nay, perhaps, it were better to have two or three companions in both, and wou'd prevent the glass coming round too fast.

GAY,

THE DIFFERENT HUSBANDS. 23

GAY. Thou art in a strange whimsical humour to-day. I fancy something has disturb'd you.

MON. No, faith! tho' something has happen'd which might have disturb'd another—I have been discarded this morning. Here's my discharge, do you know the hand? *[Giving the letter.]*

GAY. Hum——*I suppose you will be surpriz'd——woman—imprudent—a passion—convinc'd—falsest of Mankind.*——

MON. His countenance does not alter—He does not know her hand sure. *[Aside.]*

GAY. *[Reading.]* Friend you are to—Mrs. Raffer—the devil;

MON. What think you now?

GAY. Think! that thou art a happy man.

MON. I hope, then, you will not interfere with my happiness.

GAY. Not I, upon my honour.

MON. Thou art an obliging, good-natur'd fellow; and now, I will wait on you where you please to dinner.

GAY. I have a short visit to make, but will meet you any where at three.

MON. At the Key and Garter, if you please.

GAY. I will be there, adieu. *[Exit.]*

MON. This cool reception of my letter ill agrees with the warm professions he made before. Nor did he shew a sufficient surprize—she certainly had acquainted him with it—it is natural to suppose, her fear that I might discover it to him, might set her on trying to be beforehand. And yet this behaviour in Gaylove is not agreeable to his nature, which I know to be rather too open. I will find the bottom of this out—I will see her in the afternoon myself.—Damn her! I was weary of the affair, and she has found out the only way to renew my eagerness—the whole pleasure of life is pursuit.

24 THE UNIVERSAL GALLANT: OR,

Our game tho' we are eager to embrace,
The pleasure's always over with the chase.

A C T II. S C E N E I,

Sir SIMON's House.

Enter Lady RAFFLER, and Mrs. RAFFLER.

Lady RAFF. **N**EVER tell me, sister, it is notorious that a woman of my virtue and discretion, and prudence, shou'd be eternally tormented with the suspicions of a jealous-pated husband.

Mrs. RAFF. I own it, but I only propose to you the best method to quiet them. You cannot alter his nature, and if you wou'd condescend to flatter it a little, you wou'd make your life much easier.

Lady RAFF. I flatter it! I assure you, I shan't. If my virtue be not clear enough of itself, I shall use no art to make it so—Must I give a husband an account of all my words and actions? must I satisfy his groundless fears? I am no such poor-spirited wretch; and I solemnly declare, if I knew any one thing that wou'd make him more jealous than another, I wou'd do it.

Mrs. RAFF. Then you wou'd do wrong, my dear, and only revenge your husband's jealousy on yourself.

Lady RAFF. Sister, sister, don't preach up any of your maxims to me. If the colonel was of Sir Simon's temper, you wou'd lead a worse life than I do.

Mrs. RAFF. Indeed, you are mistaken; if my husband was as jealous, and as cunning as the devil, I wou'd engage to make an arrant ass of him.

Lady RAFF. You wou'd make another sort of a beast of him.

Mrs.

THE DIFFERENT HUSBANDS, 25

Mrs. RAFF. I don't tell you that. But if I shou'd, he had better be so, than suspect it—his horns wou'd hurt him less on his forehead than in his eyes.

Lady RAFF. I wonder you can talk such stuff to me, I can't bear to hear it, the very name of a whore makes me swoon; if any set of words cou'd ever raise the devil, that single one wou'd do more than all.

Mrs. RAFF. Dear sister, don't be so outrageously virtuous.

Lady RAFF. It wou'd be well for you, if the colonel had a little of Sir Simon's temper. I can't help telling you there are some actions of your life which I am far from approving.

Mrs. RAFF. Come, don't be censorious. I never refused giving my husband an account of any of my actions, when he desires it—and that is more than you can say.

Rady RAFF. My actions give an account of themselves, I am not afraid of the world's looking into 'em.

Mrs. RAFF. Take my word for it, child, pure nature won't do, the world will easily see your faults, but your virtues must be shewn artfully, or they will not be discover'd. Art goes beyond nature; and a woman who has only virtue in her face, will pass much better thro' the world, than she who has it only in her heart.

Lady RAFF. I don't know what you mean, madam, I am sure my conduct has been always careful of appearances; but as for the suspicions of my husband, I despise; and neither can nor will give myself any trouble about 'em.

Mrs. RAFF. Soh! here he comes, and I suppose we shall have the usual dialogue.

Enter Sir SIMON.

Sir SIM. Your servant ladies! why you are at home early to-day. What, cou'd you find no diversions

26 THE UNIVERSAL GALLANT: OR,

versions in town? Is there no opera-rehearsal, no auctions, no Mall?

Lady RAFF. No, none: besides, my sister had a mind to be at home.

Sir SIM. You need not have said that, my dear, I shou'd not have suspected you.

Lady RAFF. I think, I seldom give you reason of suspecting my fondness for my own house.

Sir SIM. No, nor of any thing else. I am not jealous of you, my dear.

Lady RAFF. It wou'd give me no uneasiness, if you was.

Sir SIM. I am not jealous even of captain Spark.

Lady RAFF. Captain Spark! who is he?

Sir SIM. Tho' he is a very pretty gentleman, and is very agreeable company.

Lady RAFF. I long to see him mightily. Won't you invite him hither, my dear?

Sir SIM. Why shou'd I invite him, when you can meet him at an auction as well?—Besides, it seems, he is not proper company for me, or you would not have shuffled him away yesterday, when I came. You need not have taken such care to hide him, I shou'd not have been jealous of him, my dear.

Mrs. RAFF. This must be some strange chimera of his own: no such person was with us. [*Aside.*]

Lady RAFF. No, my dear, I know you wou'd not, tho' he is a very pretty fellow.

Sir SIM. The devil take all such pretty fellows! with all my heart and soul. [*Aside.*]

Lady RAFF. Don't you know, sister, he is the most witty, most entertaining creature in the world?

Mrs. RAFF. Think whom so?

Lady RAFF. Oh, the captain,—captain,—what's his name?

Sir SIM. Captain Spark, madam. I'll assist you.

Lady RAFF. Ay, captain Spark.

Mrs.

THE DIFFERENT HUSBANDS. 27

Mrs. RAFF. I know no captain Spark, nor was any such person with us yesterday.

Lady RAFF. Don't believe her, my dear.

Sir SIM. No, my dear, I shall not, I assure you. But do you think this right, my dear?

Lady RAFF. What right?

Sir SIM. Why being particular with an idle, rake-helly young fellow.

Lady RAFF. Sir Simon, I shall not have my company prescrib'd to me by any one. I will keep what company I please, I shall answer to the world for my actions.

Sir SIM. Yes, madam, I am to answer to the world for your actions too—I am most concern'd to see that you act right, since I must bear the greater part of the shame, if you don't.

Lady RAFF. Sir, this is a usage I can't bear, nor I won't bear! trouble not me with your base, groundless suspicions: I believe the whole world is sensible how unworthy you are of a woman of my virtue; but, henceforth, whenever any of these chimeras are rais'd in your head, I shall leave you to lay them at your leisure. [Exit.

Sir SIM. Is not this intolerable? is not this insufferable! this is the comfortable state that a man is wish'd joy of by his friends: and yet no man wishes a man joy of being condemn'd, or of getting the plague. But when a man is marry'd, Give you joy, Sir, cries one fool; I wish you joy, says another; and thus the wretch is usher'd into the galleys, with the same triumph as he cou'd be exalted to the empire of the Great Mogul.

Mrs. RAFF. You yourself make it so, brother: if you had less jealousy in your temper, or lady Raffler more complaisance, you might be very happy—You torment yourself with groundless fears, and she depends on her own innocence, and will not quiet them. This was the case just now: for whatever put this captain Spark into your head, I will

28 THE UNIVERSAL GALLANT: OR,

will take my oath, she spoke to no such man at the auction.

Sir SIM. You are a trusty confident, I find—but I had it from his own mouth.

Mrs. RAFF. What had you from his own mouth.

Sir SIM. What! why that my wife was a tall woman.

Mrs. RAFF. Ha, ha, ha! a very good reason to be jealous, indeed.

Sir SIM. Yes, madam, and that she was a fair woman.

Mrs. RAFF. Well, and——Ha, ha, ha!

Sir SIM. Look ye, sister, if he had told me this at first, I shou'd not have regarded it: but I pumpt it out of him. He is a very close fellow, and proper to be trusted with a secret, I can tell you; for he told me just the contrary; but truth will out, sister: besides, did you not hear my wife confess it?

Mrs. RAFF. That was only in revenge, to plague you.

Sir SIM. A very charitable good sort of lady, truly.

Mrs. RAFF. I wish she was of my temper, brother, and wou'd give you satisfaction in every thing.—For my part, I own, if I was your wife, your jealousy would give me no pain, and I should take a pleasure in quieting it: I shou'd never be uneasy at your enquiring into any of my actions—I shou'd rather take it for a proof of your love, and be the fonder of you for it.

Sir SIM. Yes, Madam, but I do not desire my wife should be like you, neither.

Mrs. RAFF. Why so, brother? what do you dislike in me?

Sir SIM. Truly, madam, that rendezvous of fellows you continually keep at your house, and which, if your husband was of my mind—

Mrs. RAFF. He wou'd be jealous of, I suppose.

Sir

THE DIFFERENT HUSBANDS. 29

Sir SIM. Particularly, that tall fellow, who breakfasts here, dines here, sups here, and I believe lies here, or will lie here very shortly.

Mrs. RAFF. Hold, brother, I desire you wou'd not grow scurrilous; no wonder, my sister can't bear with this cursed temper of yours.

Sir SIM. What can a marry'd woman mean by an intimacy with any other but her husband?

Mrs. RAFF. What's that to you, brother? who made you the inquisitor of my actions? Do you think to call me to an account, as you do your wife? Oh! if I was married to such a jealous—If I did not give him enough of his jealousy in one week, if I did not make him heartily weary on't—

Sir SIM. Oh rare! this is the woman that wou'd take a pleasure in satisfying her husband's doubts.

Mrs. RAFF. Look ye, Sir Simon, your temper is so intolerable, that you are the by-word of every one; the whole town compassionates my sister's case, and if I was she, if a virtuous woman cou'd not content you, you shou'd have your content another way—If you wou'd have an account of every thing I did, I wou'd do something worth giving you an account of.

Sir SIM. I believe it, I easily believe it. It is very plain who is my wife's counsellor—But I shall take care to get some better advice; for I will not be a cuckold if I can help it, Madam.

Enter CLARINDA.

CLA. There's my poor lady Raffler within in the most terrible way—She has taken a whole bottle of hartshorn to keep up her spirits. It has thrown me into the vapours, to see her in such a condition, and she won't tell me what's the matter with her.

Mrs. RAFF. Can you have liv'd a fortnight in the house, and want to know it? Sir Simon has abus'd her in the most barbarous manner. You are a wicked man.

30 THE UNIVERSAL GALLANT: OR,

CLA. I am sure she is one of the best women in the world.

Mrs. RAFF. Any one but a brute might be happy with such a wife.

CLA. He that can't, I am sure, can be happy with no woman.

Mrs. RAFF. Oh! that I had but a jealous husband for one month.

CLA. Heav'n forbid, I shou'd ever have one.

Sir SIM. So the enemy is reinforc'd, and bravery can hold out no longer.

CLA. Dear uncle, you shall go and comfort her, and ask her pardon.

Mrs. RAFF. She is too good, if she forgives such base suspicions.

CLA. I am sure she never gave you any reason for them. I don't believe she wou'd do any thing to bring her conduct into question for the world.

Mrs. RAFF. She is too cautious. If I was in her case, I'd make the house too hot for him.

Sir SIM. So it is already. Who's there? bring my chariot this instant, or if that be not ready, get me a chair; get me any thing, that will convey me away.

Enter Servant.

SERV. Madam, Mr. Gaylove desires to know if you are at home.

Mrs. RAFF. Yes, I shall be glad to see him.

Sir SIM. Heav'n be prais'd, my wife is not in a condition to see company. *[Exit.]*

Mrs. RAFF. Here's a picture of matrimony for you, dear Clarinda; what say you now to a coach and fix with such a husband?

CLA. That I had rather walk on foot all the days of my life.

Mrs. RAFF. What difference is there between Mr. Gaylove's temper, and your uncle's! how happy wou'd a woman be with him!

CLA.

THE DIFFERENT HUSBANDS. 31

CLA. I am not sure of that—Men often appear before marriage different creatures from what they are after it—Besides, there is something in him so—something so—In short, something in him I don't like, and of all women in the world, I shall never envy Mrs. Gaylove.

MRS. RAFF. That's a lye, I am sure. [*Aside.*] Nay, the man is agreeable enough, he is genteel.

CLA. I don't think so.

MRS. RAFF. He has a great deal of wit.

CLA. Then he has wisdom enough to keep it to himself.

MRS. RAFF. And the best-natur'd creature in the world.

CLA. It is very good-natur'd in you to think him so.

MRS. RAFF. Ha, ha, ha! Indeed and so it wou'd. For I have been only telling you the opinion of the world. In my own, he has none of these qualities: And I wonder how the world came ever to give them to him.

CLA. So do I, if he does not deserve them; for the world seldom errs on that side the question.

MRS. RAFF. And yet it does in him. For to me, he is the most disagreeable creature on earth.

CLA. Well, I cannot be of your opinion—there is somewhat in his countenance when he smiles, so extremely good-humour'd; I love dearly to see him smile, and you know he's always a smiling—and his eyes laugh so comically, and have so much sweetness in them. Then he is the most entertaining creature upon earth, and I have heard some very good-natur'd actions of his too. The world, I dare swear, does not think one whit better of him than he deserves.

MRS. RAFF. Oh, say you so, Madam?

Enter GAYLOVE and MONDISH.

Oh! here he is—Are you there too?

GAY.

GAY. Ladies, your servant—To find Mrs. Raffler at home, and without company at this high visiting season, is so surprizing—

Mrs. RAFF. Lard, I suppose you think us like those country ladies you have lately convers'd with, who never owe a visit at the weeks-end to any of their husband's tenants wives—Do you think we have nothing else to do in this sweet town but to ride about the streets, to see if the knockers of the people's doors are fast—Indeed you have here and there a country-gentlewoman (her husband being sent up to parliament, for the sake of his country and the destruction of his family) who drives regularly round the town to see the streets, and her acquaintance and relations, that she may know when she may be sure of meeting some one to curtsie to at the drawing-room. And once a week very charitably gives her horses rest at the expence of her wax-candles; when she sits in her own dining-room, chair-woman of a committee of fools, to criticize on fashions, and register the weather.

GAY. But, I think, it is pity so good a custom is left off; if it were only for the better propagation of scandal.

Mrs. RAFF. What signifies scandal, when no one is ashamed of doing what they have a mind to?

GAY. Yes, there is some pleasure in spreading it, when it is not true. For tho' no one is ashamed of doing what they have a mind to, they may be ashamed of being suppos'd to do what they have no mind to.

Mrs. RAFF. I know very few people who are ashamed of any thing.

MON. I believe, madam, none of your acquaintance have any reason for that passion.

Mrs. RAFF. Are you sure of that?

MON. None who have at present that honour at least—For I have that good opinion of you, that such a discovery wou'd soon banish them from it.

Mrs.

THE DIFFERENT HUSBANDS. 33

Mrs. RAFF. That, I believe, you have seen a very late instance of.

CLA. Well, since you are so solicitous about the song, if you will go with me to the spinet, you shall hear it. My playing, Madam, I am sure, is not worth your hearing. But since this creature will not let me be at quiet—

Mrs. RAFF. Lard, child, I believe you do not want so much entreaty. I think one can never be at quiet for you, and your musick.

CLA. Madam, I ask your pardon. Come, Mr. Gaylove. [Exeunt.

MON. I receiv'd a letter from you this morning, Madam, but of a nature so different from some I have had from you, that I could wish your hand had been counterfeited.

Mrs. RAFF. To save you the trouble of a long speech, I sent you a letter, and the last I ever intend to send you; since I find it has not the effect I desir'd, which was to prevent my ever seeing your face again.

MON. So cruel a banishment, so sudden, and so unexpected, ought surely to have some reasons given for it.

Mrs. RAFF. Ask your own heart, that can suggest 'em to you.

MON. My heart is conscious of no other, than what is too often a reason to your sex, for exercising all manner of tyranny over us: Too much fondness—

Mrs. RAFF. Fondness! impudence! to pretend fondness to a woman, after a week's neglect—Did I not meet you at an assembly, where you made me a bow as distant as if we had been scarce acquainted, or rather, as if we were weary of our acquaintance?

MON. Was not that hundred-ey'd monster of jealousy, Sir Simon, with you? Do you object my care of your reputation to want of fondness?

34 THE UNIVERSAL GALLANT: OR,

MRS. RAFF. The old excuse for indifference. I wonder men have not contriv'd to make it scandalous for their wives to be seen with 'em, that they might have an excuse to them too: 'Tis likely indeed that you shou'd have more care of my reputation than I myself: It was not the jealousy of my husband, but my rival you was aware of; and yet you was not so tender of her reputation, but that I discover'd her.

MON. Excellent justice! for since I am to be punish'd for your falsehood, it is but just I shou'd be convicted of it. My sweet! what wou'd I give to believe what you are endeavouring to persuade me.—Come, I will assist you with all my force of credulity; for was your opinion of my falsehood real, I would give you such convincing proofs to the contrary—But your love to another, is no more a secret to me, than it is that I owe to that your slights, your letter, and your cruel, unjust accusation.

MRS. RAFF. Insupportable insolence! A husband may plead a title to be jealous; our love is his due—But a wretch who owes his happiness to our free gift—

MON. Faith, I think otherwise. Love to a husband is a tradesman's debt, the law gives him the security of your person for it; but love to a gallant is a debt of honour, which every gentlewoman is oblig'd to pay——It would be a treasure indeed finely bestow'd on such a husband as yours.

MRS. RAFF. I am henceforth resolv'd to give it to no other. I am so much obliged to his good opinion, I should hate myself if I did not try to deserve it——and by thinking me honest he shall keep me so.

MON. He must know less than I, who is so impos'd on. But you shall not keep my rival a secret from me, be assur'd you shall not——I'll haunt you with that constant assiduity, you shall not speak to a man without my knowledge.——You shall find that

THE DIFFERENT HUSBANDS. 35

that the jealousy of twenty husbands is not equal to that of one abus'd gallant.

Mrs. RAFF. Villain! was it not you that ruin'd me, that deceiv'd me, that robb'd me of my virtue?

MON. How have I robb'd you? How deceiv'd you? Have I not paid you the price of your virtue, eternal constancy? Have I not met your passion still with fresh desires? Has not each stolen meeting been a scene of joy, which eager bridegrooms might envy? What have I done to disoblige you; or what has another done to oblige you more? Have I been outbid in fondness? Has some fresh lover burnt with warmer passion? Has some beau drest himself into your heart, or some wit talk'd himself into it? Be generous and confess what has ruin'd me in that dear bosom, and do not cruelly throw it on a poor harmless husband.

Mrs. RAFF. Good-manners should oblige you to mention him with more civility to me.

MON. And after what has pass'd between us, I think you shou'd mention him to me with less. Besides, I think you have sometimes been of my opinion.

Mrs. RAFF. Women, you know, are subject to change, and I may think better of him, as well as worse of you.

MON. This is trifling with my passion, the cruellest insult you can put upon it——But I will find out my rival, and will be reveng'd.

Mrs. RAFF. Reveng'd! Ha! ha!

Enter Colonel RAFFLER.

MON. Death and torments!

Col. RAFF. Heyday! What are they acting a tragedy?

Mrs. RAFF. And how will you be reveng'd, sweet Sir, if you shou'd find him out——or why shou'd you desire it? The man acts like a man, and does by you, as you have done by another.

36 THE UNIVERSAL GALLANT: OR,

MON. This usage wou'd justify any thing. My own honour secures me, Madam.

Mrs. RAFF. I hope you wou'd not tell my husband——but he would not believe it if you did.

MON. Hark ye madam, the town will——

Col. RAFF. Hold, hold, I must interpose——
If you will quarrel let it be at a distance——What will I not believe? I'll tell you what I believe; that you are in the wrong.

Mrs. RAFF. Ay, ay, you will take his part, to be sure.

Col. RAFF. Mr. Mondish is a friend of mine, and it is strange that you are eternally quarrelling with all my friends.

Mrs. RAFF. I desire then, Sir, you wou'd keep your friends to yourself, for I shall not endure their impertinence: So I'll leave you together——But I must tell your friend one thing before I go, that I desire I may never see his face again—— [Exit.

Col. RAFF. All this a man must bear that is marry'd.

MON. Ay, and a great deal more than this too.

Col. RAFF. Why, it is true——and yet have a good wife——I have the best wife in the world, but women have humours.

MON. Pox take their humours! let their husbands bear 'em. Must we pay the price of another's folly?——In short, Colonel, I am the most unfit person in the world, for that gentle office you have assign'd me, of entertaining your lady in your absence. Besides, I'll tell you a secret——It is impossible to be very intimate and well with a woman, without making love to her.

Col. RAFF. Well; and why don't you make love to her? Ha, ha! make love to her, indeed! she'd love you, I believe, she'd give you enough of making love.

MON. Why do you think no one has made love to her then?

Col.

THE DIFFERENT HUSBANDS. 37

Col. RAFF. I think nothing, I am sure no one ever has, for I am sure if they had, she would have told me. Perhaps that's a secret you don't know, that she never kept one secret from me in her life. I am certain, if it were possible for her to make me a cuckold, she wou'd tell me on't; and it is an excellent thing to have such a security, that one is not one———dear Mondish, do———make love to my wife, let me beseech you.

Mon. Excuse me, dear Colonel——but I'll do as well, I'll recommend one to you that shall.

Col. RAFF. Ay, who is he?

Mon. What think you of Mr. Gaylove? Beside, I believe it will please your lady better.

Col. RAFF. Ha, ha, ha! I could die with laughing, ha, ha, ha! this is the man now that knows the world, and mankind, and womankind. You have happen'd to name the very man whom she detests of all men breathing. She told me so this very morning.

Mon. Then I am satisfy'd. Damnation and hell! Now can I scarce forbear telling this fellow he is a cuckold to his face——'death I have hit of a way. [*Aside.*] Hark'e, Colonel, you have put a very pleasant conceit into my head. I think I have heard you say, that you have a great pleasure in seeing the disdain your lady shews to all mankind——now I have the same pleasure——suppose therefore it was possible to work up Gaylove to make his addresses to her, and you and I cou'd convey ourselves where we might see her treat him as he deserves.

Col. RAFF. I like it vastly: How I shall hug myself all the while, I know exactly how she will behave to him. I shall certainly die with pleasure; let me tell you, my dear, let me tell you, there is a great deal of pride in having a virtuous wife.

Mon. If brilliants were not scarce they would not be valuable: And virtue in a wife, perhaps, may be valu'd for the same reason.

38 THE UNIVERSAL GALLANT: OR;

Col. RAFF. But do you think he can be brought to it?

Mon. I warrant him, he has vanity enough to be easily persuaded that a woman may be fond of him, and gallantry enough not to let her fondness be thrown away.

Col. RAFF. I am charm'd with the contrivance, But he must never know that I knew any thing of the matter. I shan't know how to behave to him if he shou'd.

Mon. You may learn from half your acquaintance. How many husbands do we see caressing men, whose intrigues with their wives they must be blinder than darkness itself not to see! It is a civil communicative age we live in, Colonel. And it is no more a breach of friendship to make use of your wife, than of your chariot.

Col. RAFF. It is a devilish cuckolding age, that's the truth on't, and heaven be prais'd I am out of fashion.

Mon. Ay, there's the glory——wealth, power, ev'ry thing is known by comparison——were all women virtuous, you wou'd not taste half of your blessing. The joy, the pride, the triumph is to see

The ills a neighbour in a wife endures,
And have a wife as good and chaste as yours.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, A Street.

MONDISH, GAYLOVE.

GAY. **A**ND art thou really in earnest? and art thou perfectly sure she has this passion for me?

Mon.

THE DIFFERENT HUSBANDS. 39

MON. Thou art blind thyself or thou must have discover'd it, all her looks, words, actions betray it.

GAY. Thou art a nice observer, George, and perhaps in this case, your own passion may heighten your suspicions; I know thy temper is inclin'd to jealousy.

MON. Far from it; I never doubt the affections of a woman while she is kind, nor ever think any more of 'em when she grows otherwise. Women undoubtedly are blessings to us, if we do not, ourselves, make 'em otherwise. I have just love enough to assist 'em in giving me pleasure, but not to put it in their power to give me pain; and I cou'd with as much ease see thee in the arms of Mrs. Raffer, as of any woman in town.

GAY. Wou'd'st thou? she's young, handsome, and witty, and faith! I cou'd almost as soon wish myself there. 'Tis true, I have an honourable engagement; but a man's having settled his whole estate, shou'd not prevent his being charitable, George.

MON. Especially when what he bestows does not hurt his estate.

GAY. Very true; therefore, if I was sure the lady was in necessity, I don't know how far my good-nature might carry me, for the devil take me if I am not one of the best-natur'd creatures in the world.

MON. I think I am acting a very good-natur'd part too; a man is oblig'd in honour to provide for a cast mistress, but I do more, I provide for a mistress who has cast me off.

GAY. I begin to suspect thou hast some design of making me an instrument in your reconciliation; I don't see how my addresses can be of any use to you; but if they can, they are at your service.

MON. I thank you with all my heart; they serve me at least, so far as to discover whether you are my innocent rival, or whether I am to seek for him elsewhere: besides, if you are really the person, and

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don't care to be charitable, as you call it, by playing captain Spark with her, you may pique her back again to me.

GAY. Ha, ha, ha!

MON. Prithee what dost thou laugh at?

GAY. To see so cool a lover as thou art, who carest for a woman no longer than she is kind, take such pains to get her again, after she has jilted you.

MON. Pshaw! that—I—well—

GAY. Ha, ha, ha!

MON. You are merry, Sir,—But I wou'd not have you think that I have any love for her—She has hurt my pride; 'tis that, and not my love that I want to cure—Damn her! if I had her but in my power; cou'd I but triumph over her, I shou'd have the end of my desires, and then, if her husband, or the town, or the devil had her, it wou'd give me no pain.

GAY. I dare swear thou wilt use thy power very gently. I shall sup there this evening, and if I have an opportunity with her, I'll do thee all the service I can; tho' I can't promise to behave exactly up to the character of captain Spark, if she shou'd be very kind.

MON. Well, make use of your victory as you please.

GAY. But methinks you take a preposterous way. Wou'd it not be better to alarm her with another mistress?

MON. That, perhaps, I intend too.

GAY. I have overstay'd my time with you,—besides I see one coming for whose company I have no great relish—So, your servant. [Exit.

MON. Whom? O, Sir Simon. I'll avoid him too.

Enter Sir SIMON.

Sir SIM. Mr. Mondish, Mr. Mondish—is there any thing frightful in me, that you run away from me?

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me? I fancy my horns are out, and people think I shall butt at 'em—As for that handsome gentleman, who sneak'd off so prettily, I shall not go after him,—and I wish I may have seen the last of him with all my heart—Is he an acquaintance of your's, pray? for I saw you speak to him.

MON. Ay, Sir Simon.

SIR SIM. I am sorry for it, I am sorry you keep such company.

MON. How so, Sir Simon? he's a man of honour, I hope.

SIR SIM. Oh, a man of very nice honour, I dare answer for him, and one who lies with every man's wife he comes near.

MON. Indeed I fear he has been guilty of some small offences that way.

SIR SIM. Small offences! and yet to break open a house, or rob on the highway, are great offences. A man that robs me of five shillings is a rogue, and to be hang'd; but he that robs me of my wife, is a fine gentleman, and a man of honour.

MON. The laws shou'd be severer on these occasions.

SIR SIM. The laws shou'd give us more power over our wives. If a man was to carry his treasure about openly among thieves, I believe the laws would be very little security to him.

MON. And as to prevent robbing, they have put down all nighthouses, and other places of rendezvous, so to prevent cuckoldom, we shou'd put down all assemblies, balls, operas, plays, in short, all the publick places.

SIR SIM. Ay, ay, publick places, as they call 'em, are intended only to give people an opportunity of getting acquainted, and appointing to meet in private places.

MON. An assembly, Sir Simon, is an exchange for cuckoldom, where the traders meet, and make
their

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their bargains, and then adjourn to a private room to sign and seal.

SIR SIM. Mr. Mondish, I know you are my friend, there has been a long acquaintance and friendship between our families, I shall tell you, therefore, what I wou'd not tell any other living. I have not the least jealousy in my temper, but I have a wife that wou'd make the devil jealous—Oh, here comes the man I have been looking after.

MON. Sir Simon, your humble servant.

SIR SIM. Nay, but stay a moment.

MON. I have business of consequence, and can't possibly—Your humble servant. *[Exit.]*

SIR SIM. Well, your servant.

Enter Captain SPARK.

What in the name of mischief is he reading? A letter from my wife, I suppose.

CAPT. SPARK. Sir, your most humble servant—I think I had the honour of seeing you at my cousin Mondish's this morning.

SIR SIM. Yes, Sir, and I shou'd be glad to have the honour of seeing you hang'd this afternoon.

[Aside.]

CAPT. SPARK. Pray, Sir, what's o' clock? because I have an engagement at six.

SIR SIM. Oh, Sir, it wants considerably of that; but perhaps your engagement is with a lady, and that makes the time longer.

CAPT. SPARK. Why, faith! to be sincere with you, it is; but I beg you wou'd not mention that to any body; tho', if you shou'd, as long as you don't know her name, there's no reputation hurt.

SIR SIM. I suppose, Captain, it is she whom you met at the auction.

CAPT. SPARK. How the devil came you to guess that?

SIR SIM. Well, but I have guess'd right.

Capt.

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Capt. SPARK. I am not oblig'd to tell—but this I will tell you, Sir, you have a very good knack at guessing. And yet I will shew you her christian name, and lay you a wager you don't find out her surname.

Sir SIM. Anne, the devil! It is not my wife's hand, but it is her name.

Capt. SPARK. Hold, Sir, That is not fair.

Sir SIM. Let me but see the two first letters of her surname.

Capt. SPARK. To oblige you, you shall—but if you shou'd guess afterwards, you are a man of honour.

Sir SIM. Sir, I am satisfy'd—I am the happiest man in the world—dear Captain, I give you ten thousand thanks. You have quieted my curiosity. I thought, by your description this morning, you had meant another lady.

Capt. SPARK. Whom did you think?

Sir SIM. Really I thought the lady's name was Raffler, whom you describ'd.

Capt. SPARK. Mrs. Raffler, indeed, ha, ha!

Sir SIM. Why, do you know Mrs. Raffler?

Capt. SPARK. Know her, ay, who the devil does not know her?

Sir SIM. What, what! what do you know of her?

Capt. SPARK. Pugh, know of her! ha, ha! Lard help you, know of her indeed—and with a grave face, as if you had never heard any thing of us two.

Sir SIM. My brother is an errant downright cuckold. I never was better pleas'd with any news in my life.

Capt. SPARK. Is she a relation of yours, that you are so anxious?

Sir SIM. No, Sir, no, no relation of mine, upon my honour—I have some acquaintance with a lady of her name, one lady Raffler.

Capt. SPARK. Ay, that's a good one too.

Sir

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Sir SIM. What, do you know my lady Raffer?

Capt. SPARK. Yes, I think I do. Ha, ha, ha—faith! I remember that woman a very fine woman; nay, she's well enough still, I can't help saying I like her better than her sister.

Sir SIM. I suppose you have had them both.

Capt. SPARK. Who I? ha, ha, ha! no, no, neither of 'em; you are the most suspicious person, tho' I believe the world has talk'd pretty freely. But, ha, ha! the world you know is a censorious world, and yet pox take the women! they owe more discoveries to their own imprudence. I never had a woman fond of me in my life, that was able to conceal it; if I had had her, it might have been a secret for me.

Sir SIM. Well, Sir, it is no secret, I assure you—ten thousand devils take 'em both! [*Aside.*]

Capt. SPARK. I defy any one to say he ever heard me brag of my amours, and yet I have had a few.

Sir SIM. And you have had lady Raffer then?

Capt. SPARK. No, that's too much to own.

Sir SIM. Not at all; no one is ashamed to own their amours now—fine gentlemen talk of women of quality in the same manner as of their laundresses. Besides, it is known already, you may own it, especially to me; for it shall go no farther, I assure you.

Capt. SPARK. Well then, in confidence that you are a man of honour, I will own it to you; yes, yes, I have, I have had her.

Sir SIM. Would the devil have had you. Now, if I had the spirit of a worm, I would beat this fellow to death; but I think I have spirit enough to beat my wife. She shall pay for all; and that immediately. Your servant.

Capt. SPARK. I hope you won't discover a word, since I place such confidence in you.

Sir SIM. Never fear me, Sir—I am much beholden to your confidence, I am very much beholden to you. Cuckolds! horns! daggers! fire and furies! [*Exit.*]

Capt.

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Capt. SPARK. The gentleman seems in a passion. Now don't I know what in the world to do with myself—hum, hum,—I hear Clarinda's in town, I'll go try if I can't find her out. If I follow her but one fortnight here, the world will give me her for ever.
[Exit.]

SCENE changes to Sir SIMON's House.

Enter GAYLOVE, CLARINDA.

CLA. And so you have told captain Spark I am in town, I am very much oblig'd to you.

GAY. It shews you, at least, I am not of Sir Simon's temper, not inclin'd to jealousy.

CLA. No, people are never jealous of what's indifferent to them.

GAY. Faith, I have no notion of being so at all; for if there can be no jealousy without fondness, I am sure I cou'd never be fond of any woman who wou'd give me reason to be jealous.

CLA. Yes, but some men are jealous without reason.

GAY. And some men are fond without any reason. The lover who can be the one, gives you shrewd cause of suspicion, that he may afterwards prove the other.

CLA. Well, then I think I may suspect you will one day or other prove the most jealous husband in the universe.

GAY. I'll suffer you to speak what you don't think of yourself, since you just now spoke what you don't think of me, at least, what if I was assur'd you did think of me, I shou'd be the most miserable creature breathing.

CLA. Hum, that may be my case too, I'm afraid.
[Aside.]

GAY. I hope my actions hitherto have convinc'd you of the contrary; but if they have not, I desire
no

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no greater happiness than to complete your conviction by an undeniable one—nor do I see any reason, if indifference be not on your side, why you any longer deny the opportunity of giving it you.

CLA. I see you have a mind to divert yourself.

GAY. Oh, Clarinda! Diversion is too poor a word for my desires, they aim at such a height of happiness, such transcendent joys, yet none but what this dear breast shou'd be a partaker of.

Enter Lady RAFFLER, and Mrs. RAFFLER.

Lady RAFF. Heyday! What are you at romps, good people? I desire none of these games may be carry'd on in my house—If you have been bred up in the country to suffer these indecent familiarities, I desire you wou'd leave 'em off, now you are under my roof.

GAY. I hope, Madam, I shall under no roof offer any thing which this lady may not justifiably suffer.

Lady RAFF. Give me leave, Sir, to be judge what she ought to suffer. There's no good ever comes of romping and palming: I never gave my hand to any man without a glove—except Sir Simon.

Mrs. RAFF. I wonder, Gaylove, how you can bear girls company. Your wit is thrown away upon 'em; but all you creatures are so fond of green fruit.

GAY. So, I think, she has giv'n me my cue.

[Aside.]

CLA. Lard, Madam, I know some girls are as good company as any women in England.

Mrs. RAFF. Indeed, Mrs. Pert, are you attempting to shew your wit?

GAY. She shews her bravery, Madam, in attacking the very woman of her sex that has the most.

Mrs. RAFF. I fancy, then, she has more bravery than you have, Sir.

GAY. Gad, I am afraid so too.

[Aside.]
Mrs.

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Mrs. RAFF. Fy, fy, that a man, celebrated for his wit, shou'd put his wit to a girl.

CLA. I am no such girl, Madam, I don't see why a man shou'd not put his wit to a girl, as well as to any one; as contemptuously as you speak of girls, I have known some girls that have wit enough to be too hard for most men.

Mrs. RAFF. Upon my word, Madam, you seem to come on finely, I don't know but you may be a very good match for him.

Lady RAFF. Upon my word, if I mistake not, you come both very finely on——Well, the forwardness of some women! *[Aside.]*

Mrs. RAFF. Look ye, Sir, I am too generous to insult a man, who already appears to have been vanquish'd; but if you dare meet me another time, this will give you instructions where I am to be found.

[Aside. Giving him a letter.]

CLA. I am astonish'd at her impudence!——I can't bear it, to take him away from me before my face——I hate him too. He might be rude to her; he must be sure it wou'd have pleas'd me.

Lady RAFF. I desire the conversation may be more general——here's such whispering, sister, I am surpriz'd at you. This particularity with a young fellow is very indecent.

Enter Sir SIMON.

Sir SIM. Your servant, ladies, your very humble servant. What, but one poor gentleman amongst you all? and he too of our own family, for I think he does us the honour of making this house his own.

GAY. I have indeed, Sir, lately done myself that honour.

Sir SIM. Oh, Sir, you are too obliging—you are too complaisant indeed—you misplace the obligation——We are infinitely beholden to you, that you will take up with such entertainment as this poor house
can

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can afford—And I assure you, you are very welcome to every thing in it—Every thing.

GAY. Sir, I know not how to return this favour; but I assure you, there is that in it, that will make me the happiest of mankind.

Sir SIM. That's my wife, I suppose——I shall have him ask her of me in a very little time; and he is a very civil fellow if he does——for most of the rascals, about this town take our wives without asking us.

Lady RAFF. I hope, my dear, you are in a better humour than when you went out to-day.

Sir SIM. Oh my dear, I am in a pure good humour; I am quite satisfy'd in my mind.

Enter Servant. Whispers GAY LOVE.

GAY. Mr. Mondish, say you?

Servant. Yes, Sir.

Mrs. RAFF. Mr. Gaylove, you sup here, I hope.

GAY. There's no fear, Madam, of my failing so agreeable an engagement. *[Exit.*

Sir SIM. Yes, my dear, I am so happy, so easy, so satisfy'd; the colonel himself does not go beyond me. I have not the least doubt or jealousy, and if I was to see you and your sister in two hackney coaches with each a young fellow, I should think no more harm than I do now.

Lady RAFF. Indeed, my dear, I shall never give you the trial.

Sir SIM. Indeed I believe thee, my dear, thou art too prudent.

Lady RAFF. How happy shall I be if this change in your temper continue—But pray what has wrought it so suddenly?

Sir SIM. What satisfies every reasonable man, I am convinc'd, I have found it out.

Lady RAFF. What, my dear?

Sir SIM. Why, my dear, that I am a very honest, sober, fashionable gentleman, very fit to have a hand-

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a handsome wife, and to keep civil company.—And that you are a very fine, fashionable, good-humour'd lady, fit to be marry'd to a good honest husband, and mighty proper for any company whatsoever.

Mrs. RAFF. This begins to have an ill aspect.

Lady RAFF. I don't understand you.

Sir SIM. Nor captain Spark neither, I dare swear.

Lady RAFF. What do you tell me of captain Spark for?

Sir SIM. You don't know him, I warrant you.

Lady RAFF. Perhaps I do, what then?

Sir SIM. Nay, it is but grateful in you, not to deny your acquaintance with a gentleman who is so fond of owning an acquaintance with you.

Lady RAFF. I hope I am acquainted with no gentleman who is asham'd of owning it.

Sir SIM. Look ye, Madam, he has told me all that ever pass'd between you.

Lady RAFF. Indeed! then he has a much better memory than I have, for he has told you more than I remember.

Mrs. RAFF. Brother, this is some curst suspicion of yours; she has no such acquaintance, I am confident; if she had, I must have known it.

Lady RAFF. There is no occasion for your denying it, sister; I think captain Spark a very civil, well-behav'd man, and I shall converse with him, in spite of any jealous husband in England. (Tho' I never saw this fellow in my life, I am resolv'd not to deny his acquaintance, were I to be hang'd for it.)

[*Aside.*]

CLA. If all persons have my opinion of him, I think there is not more innocent company upon earth.

Sir SIM. Oh, ho, you are acquainted with him too, and I dare swear, if I had ask'd him, he has had you too.

Mrs. RAFF. In short, Sir Simon, you are a mon-

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sister, to abuse the best of wives thus! the town shall
ring of you for it.

Sir SIM. And Westminster-hall shall ring too,
take my word for it.

Enter Colonel RAFFLER.

Col. RAFF. How now? What's the matter?

Mrs. RAFF. The matter! the matter, my dear,
is that Sir Simon is a brute, and has abus'd my poor
sister for her intimacy with a man whom she never
saw.

Sir SIM. Nor you never saw neither?

Mrs. RAFF. Never to my knowledge, as I hope
to be sav'd,

Sir SIM. You never saw captain Spark?

Mrs. RAFF. No, never.

Col. RAFF. Who gives you an authority to en-
quire, pray?

Sir SIM. The care of your honour, Sir,—nay
don't look stern at me, Sir, for we are both—

Col. RAFF. What! what are we both?

Sir SIM. Captain Spark's very humble servants
—a couple of useful persons which no fine gentle-
man shou'd be without.

Col. RAFF. Who is this captain Spark, sister, do
you know him?

Lady RAFF. Look ye, brother, since you ask me;
I will do that to satisfy you, which he never shou'd
have extorted from me. Upon my honour I do not
know him.

Mrs. RAFF. Nor I, upon mine.

Col. RAFF. Now are not you ashamed of your-
self? Can you ever look the world in the face again,
if this were known in it? If you was not my own
brother, I shou'd know how to deal with you, for
your suspicions of my wife. However, I insist on
it, you immediately ask her pardon, and if you have
any honour, you will do the same to your own.

Sir SIM. I ask their pardon!

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COL. RAFF. Ay, are you not fully convinc'd of being in the wrong? Have they not both solemnly attested, that they know no such person?

Enter Servant.

SERV. Ladies, captain Spark's below.

SIR SIM. Who? who? who? [*very eagerly.*]

SERV. Captain Spark.

SIR SIM. Tol, lol, lol, Brother, your servant—Ladies, your servant—I ask pardon, I ask a thousand pardons—tol, lol, lol; I believe I am, at this moment, the merriest cuckold in the universe.

CLA. Pray, desire the captain to walk in.

SIR SIM. Now, brother, I am a jealous-pated fool; I suppose, I am in the wrong, I am convicted, they don't know him. If a woman was to tell me the sun shone at noon-day, I wou'd not believe it.

COL. RAFF. Well, here's a gentleman come to wait upon my niece, and what of that?

Enter Captain SPARK.

SIR SIM. 'Tis he, 'tis he, tol, lol, lol.

CAPT. SPARK. Miss Clarinda, your most obedient servant. Ladies, your most humble servant.—Oh, Sir, I did not expect to meet you here.

SIR SIM. No, I believe you did not. [*Aside.*]

CAPT. SPARK. If I had known you had been in town sooner, Madam, I shou'd have done myself the honour before.

CLA. And now, perhaps, this visit is not to me, but to the ladies.

CAPT. SPARK. Really, Madam, these ladies I have not the honour to be acquainted with.

COL. RAFF. Oh, your servant, brother, I ask your pardon—who is convicted now?

LADY RAFF. Unless at an auction, Captain! I have seen you there.

CAPT. SPARK. Madam, you do me too much honour; yes, Madam, I have indeed had the happi-

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ness—tho' the devil take me, if I know when or where.

Sir SIM. Oh, I thought they wou'd know one another by and by.

Lady RAFF. I think you laid out a great deal o' money that morning, Captain—You bid for almost every thing.

Capt. SPARK. Yes, Madam, I am a pretty good customer to 'em generally. Either I have a damn'd short memory, or this lady wants a good one.

Mrs. RAFF. I think, Captain, I ought to be affronted, you don't remember me too, for I was at the same place with my sister.

Capt. SPARK. Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons. Your most obedient servant, Madam. Hark'e, Sir, will you be so good as to tell me, what these ladies names are, for I have positively forgot.

Sir SIM. I am surpriz'd at that, Sir; why, Sir, that is my good lady, my lady Raffler—for your favours to whom, I am very much oblig'd to you; and the other, Sir, is Mrs. Raffler, wife to that gentleman, who is as much oblig'd to you for your civilities to her.

Capt. SPARK. Soh, I'm in a fine way, faith—Oh, curse on my lying tongue! if I get well out of this amour, I will never have another as long as I live.

Sir SIM. Look ye, Sir, as for me, I'm an honest, sober citizen, and shall take my revenge another way; but my brother here is a fighting man, and will return your favour as fighting men generally do return favours, by cutting your throat. Hark'e, brother, you don't deserve it of me, yet I must let you know, that this gentleman assur'd me to-day, that he had done you the favour with your wife.

Mrs. RAFF. With me!

Col. RAFF. What favour?

Sir SIM. The favour, the only favour which fine gentlemen do such sort of people as us; but be not dejected,

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dejected, brother, I am your fellow-sufferer, he has had my wife too, he confess'd it to my face.

Capt. SPARK. Not I, upon my soul, Sir—a likely thing I shou'd say that I had an amour with a woman that I never saw before, to my knowledge!

Sir SIM. And have you the assurance to deny to my face——

Capt. SPARK. I think, Sir, your assurance is greater, to assert a thing to my face, which I never said; I never nam'd either of the ladies in my life,

Sir SIM. What, Sir! did you not mention Mrs. Raffler's name?

Capt. SPARK. Mrs. Raffler! Oh, then it is out—What a confusion had the mistake of a name like to have occasion'd? Ladies, I am under the greatest concern, that I shou'd be ev'n the innocent occasion of the least uneasiness to you. But I believe, Sir, I shall end yours, when I have put myself to the blush, by confessing that it was only a Dutch lady of pleasure, whom I knew in Amsterdam, that caus'd your jealousy.

Sir SIM. What! and did not you name my lady Raffler too?

Capt. SPARK. Yes, sometimes she is call'd Mrs. Raffler, and sometimes my lady Raffler.

Col. RAFF. An impudent jade! ha, ha, ha! ay, it's common enough with 'em to have several names and titles—Come, come, brother, all you have to do, is to ask pardon of the gentleman, and your wife and mine—Are you not ashamed to put all the company into this confusion, because there is a woman of the town, who wears the same name with your own wife?

Sir SIM. A man has some reason for confusion tho', let me tell you, when a gentleman who does not know him, tells him to his face, that he has lain with a woman, who wears the same name with his wife. And I think he may be excus'd, if he thinks she wears the same cloaths too.

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Col. RAFF. Sir, I am very sorry any thing of this nature shou'd happen.

Capt. SPARK. Oh, Sir, things of this nature are so usual with me, I beg no apology.

Sir SIM. Please heav'n! I'll make a voyage to Holland, and search all the bawdy-houses in Amsterdam, but I will find out whether there be such a woman or no.

Col. RAFF. Come, brother, ask the gentleman's pardon—I am asham'd of you.

Sir SIM. Well, Sir, (I don't know how to do it) if I have injur'd you, I ask your pardon; and yet I can't help thinking still, it was my lady Raffler you mention'd, and I believe you spoke truth too.

Capt. SPARK. Sir, I can easily forgive you suspecting me to be the happiest person upon earth; if you have this lady's pardon, you have mine.

Sir SIM. What, is the rascal making love to her before my face? But I won't give him an opportunity of cutting my throat before her; for I wou'd not willingly give her so much pleasure.

CLA. I believe, madam, the captain will make a fourth at quadrille.

Capt. SPARK. You honour me too much, Madam; but if you will bear with a very bad player——

Lady RAFF. Tho' I hate cards, I will play with him, if it be only to torment my husband.

Mrs. RAFF. This is opportune enough—I will set 'em together, and shall soon get some one to hold my cards, while I go to a better appointment. Come, if you will follow me, I'll conduct you to the cards.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manent Sir SIMON, and Colonel RAFFLER.

Sir SIM. This is mighty pretty, mighty fine, truly. This is a rare country, and a rare age we live in, where a man is oblig'd to put his horns in his pocket, whether he will or no.

Col.

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Col. RAFF. Eye upon you, brother, eye upon you! For you, who have one of the most virtuous women in the world to your wife, to be thus tormenting yourself and her, your friends and every one, with those groundless suspicions, such unheard-of jealousies!

Sir SIM. Sir, you injure me, if you call me jealous; I have not a grain of jealousy within me. I am not indeed so foolishly blind as you are.

Col. RAFF. And you injure me, if you think I am not jealous; I am all over jealousy, and if there was but the least occasion to shew it——

Sir SIM. Occasion! why is not your wife at this very instant at cards with a young fellow?

Col. RAFF. Well, Sir, and is not your wife with her?

Sir SIM. Sore against my will, I assure you—— what, I suppose, you are one of those wise men, who think one woman is a guard upon another—— Now, it is my opinion, that a plurality of women only tend to the making a plurality of cuckolds. Thieves, indeed, discover one another, because the discoverer often saves his life by it—— But women do not save their reputations after the same manner, and therefore every woman keeps her neighbour's secret, in order to have her own kept.

Col. RAFF. Pshaw! Sir, I don't rely upon this, nor that, nor t'other, I rely upon my wife's virtue.

Sir SIM. Why truly, Sir, that is not relying upon this, nor that, nor t'other, for it is relying upon nothing at all.

Col. RAFF. How, Sir! don't you think my wife virtuous?—— Now Sir, to shew you to your confusion, what an excellent creature this is, I gave her leave once to go to a masquerade, and follow'd her thither myself, where, tho' I knew her dress, I did not find her,——and where do you think she was? where do you think this good creature was?

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but at supper in private, with a poor female relation of hers, who keeps a milliner's shop at St. James's.

Sir SIM. O Lud! O lud! O lud!—— and are you, brother, really wise enough to think she was there?——Or if she was there, do you think she was alone with this poor female relation? who is a relation of mine too, I thank heav'n, and is, I dare swear, as useful a woman as any in the parish of St. James's.

Col. RAFF. Brother, you are——

Sir SIM. What am I, brother?

Col. RAFF. I can bear this no longer. You are—— I need not tell you, you know what you are——

Sir SIM. And I know what you are too, you are a cuckold, and so am I, I dare swear——Notwithstanding this evasion of the captain's, however, it shall not rest so——If I am what I think, I will make an ample discovery of it; tho' if I was to find them in one another's arms, the poor husband wou'd always be found in the wrong.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Sir SIMON's House.

MONDISH, *Colonel* RAFFLER.

Col. RAFF. **H**A, ha, ha! This is excellent, this is delightful; and so the poor dog fell into the trap at once, and is absolutely persuaded my wife is fond of him.

MON. That he is, I'll be answerable for him.

Col. RAFF. How purely she'll use him, I wou'd not be in his coat for a considerable sum; my only fear is, that she'll do him a mischief——Lord! Lord! how far the vanity of young men will carry them. Methinks too he is not acting the handsomest part by me all this while, I think I ought to cut his throat seriously.

MON.

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MON. Oh, fye, Colonel, don't think of any thing of that nature, you know we have drawn him into it, and really Mrs. Raffler is so fine a woman, that such a temptation is not easily resisted.

COL. RAFF. That's true, that's true, she is a fine woman, a very fine woman, I am not a little vain of her.

MON. And so chaste, so constant, and so virtuous a woman, Colonel.

COL. RAFF. They are blessings indeed, very great blessings! I beg this thing may be kept a severe secret. For I should never be able to look her in the face again, if she shou'd discover it; she wou'd never forgive me.

MON. For my own sake, Colonel, you may depend upon my keeping it a secret. [*looks on his watch.*] Ay, it is now the hour of appointment, so if you will, we will go round the other way, to the closet.

COL. RAFF. With all my heart; I can't help hugging myself with the thought.

MON. You will see more people hugg'd beside yourself, I believe. This is not the most generous action that I am about, but she has piqu'd my pride, and whatever be the consequence, I am resolv'd to be reveng'd of her. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to another Apartment in Sir SIMON's House.

Enter GAY LOVE.

GAY. How happy wou'd some men think themselves, to have so agreeable an engagement upon their hands! but the deuce take me, if I have any great stomach to it, and considering I have another mistress in the house, I think it is bravely done. Yet I could not find in my heart to refuse the invitation. Well, what pleasure women find in denying

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ing, I can't imagine; for the devil take me, if ever I could deny a fine woman in my life.

Enter Mrs. RAFFLER.

Oh, here she comes; now hang me, if I know what to say. Whether shall I address her at distance, or boldly fall on at once.

Mrs. RAFF. So, Sir, you are punctual to the appointment.

GAY. Faith, Madam, I have a strange oddity in my temper, that inclines me to be extremely eager after happiness.

Mrs. RAFF. If you had proposed any such happiness in my conversation, I believe you know you might have had it oftner.

GAY. You wrong me, if you impute my fear of disobliging you to want of passion. By those dear eyes, by that dear hand, and all those thousand joys which you can bestow——

Mrs. RAFF. Hold Sir, what do you mean? I am afraid, you think otherwise of this assignation than it was meant.

GAY. I think nothing, but that I am the happiest of my sex, and you the most charming and best-natured of yours.

Mrs. RAFF. Come, Sir, this is no way of shewing your wit, I invited you to make a trial of that, which is seldom shewn in compliments; those are foreign to our purpose.

GAY. I think so too, and therefore without any further compliment, my dear lovely angel——

Mrs. RAFF. Lud, what do you mean?

GAY. I mean, Madam, to take immediate possession of all the raptures, which this lovely person can give me.

Mrs. RAFF. O heavens! you will not make any bad use of the confidence I have repos'd in you; if you offer any thing rude, I will never trust myself along with you again.

GAY.

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GAY. Then I must make the best of this opportunity.

MRS. RAFF. I'll die before I'll consent, I'll——

GAY. I must trust to your good-nature.

Lady RAFFLER at the door.

Lady RAFF. Sister, sister, what, have you lock'd yourself in?

Mrs. RAFF. Let me go——Oh, my dear, is it you? I have order'd this vile lock to be mended——The bolt is so apt to fall down of its own accord——Is your pool out?

Lady RAFF. No, sister, no—I came to see what was the matter with you——I was afraid you was ill, that you left us——But I see you have company with you.

Mrs. RAFF. I was just coming back to you, but——

GAY. I cannot be of opinion that that is an original picture of Hannibal Carraccio. I ask pardon for differing from you——Oh, is your ladyship there? pray which opinion are you of?

Lady RAFF. Don't apply to me, Sir, I am no judge of pictures.

GAY. Most great connoisseurs are shy of owning their skill; but if your ladyship pleases to observe, there is not that boldness——There is indeed a great deal of the master——and I never saw more spirit in a copy——But alas, there is so much difference between a copy and an original,——I hope your ladyship will excuse the freedom I take.

Lady RAFF. My sister will excuse your freedom, and that is full as well.

Mrs. RAFF. Come, my dear, will you return to the card table?

Lady RAFF. I wish this gentleman——would be so kind to hold my cards a few minutes, I have a word or two to speak with you.

GAY.

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GAY. You will have a bad deputy, Madam, but I will do the best I can. [Exit.

Lady RAFF. Sister, I am ashamed of you, to be lock'd up alone with a young fellow.

Mrs. RAFF. Lard, child, can I help it, if the bolt falls down of its own accord?

Lady RAFF. But you was not looking at pictures before I came into the room; I saw you closer together, I saw you in his arms, and heard you cry out—This I'll swear—

Mrs. RAFF. Well, and can I help this?—I own he was a little frolicksome, and offered to kiss me, that's all.

Lady RAFF. All! monstrous! that's all! if an odious fellow was to offer to kiss me, I'd tear his eyes out.

Mrs. RAFF. Yes, and so wou'd I, if it was an odious fellow.

Lady RAFF. The honour of a woman is a very nice thing, and the least breath sullies it.

Mrs. RAFF. So it seems indeed, if it be to be hurt by a kiss.

Lady RAFF. The man to whom you give that, will venture to take more.

Mrs. RAFF. Well, and it's time enough to cry out, you know, when he does venture to take more.

Lady RAFF. I don't like jesting with serious things.

Mrs. RAFF. What, is a kiss a serious thing then? now, on my conscience, you are fonder of it than I am. I believe, my dear, you are very confident I cou'd do nothing contrary to the rules of honour—But I hate being solicitous about trifles.

Lady RAFF. Sister, it behoves a garrison to take care of its outworks: for my part, I am resolv'd to stand buff at the first entrance; nor will I ever give an inch of ground to an assailant.—And let me tell you, that the woman and the soldier, who do not defend the first pass, will never defend the last.

Mrs.

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Mrs. RAFF. Well, well, good dear, military sister, pray defend yourself, and do not come to my assistance, till you are called. I thank heav'n, I have no such governor as yours: I shou'd fancy myself besieg'd indeed, had I a continual alarm ringing in my ears.——I have taken a strict resolution to be virtuous, as long as my husband thinks me so. It is a complaisance I owe to his opinion; but you may value yourself upon your virtue as much as you please, Sir Simon every day tells you, you have none; and how can she be a good wife, who is continually giving the lie to her husband?

Lady RAFF. Why will you thus rally on a subject I think so serious?

Mrs. RAFF. And why will you be so serious on a subject, I think so ridiculous?—but if you don't like my raillery, let us go back to our cards, and that will stop both our mouths.

Lady RAFF. I wish any odious fellow durst kiss me. [Exeunt.]

Enter Colonel RAFFLER, MONDISH.

Col. RAFF. Now, Mr. Mondish, now; what think you now? am not I the happiest man in the world in a wife?

MON. Ay, faith are you, so happy, that was I possessed of the same talent for happiness, I wou'd marry to-morrow.

Col. RAFF. Why, why don't you, you will have just such a wife as mine, to be sure; oh, they are very plenty,——ay, ay, very plenty: you can't miss of just such another: they grow in every garden about town.

MON. I believe they grow in most houses about town.

Col. RAFF. Oh—ay, ay, ay——here was one here just now, my lady Raffler is just such another, a damn'd, infamous, suspicious prude, every whit
as

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as bad as her husband. If you had not held me, Mondish, I am afraid I cou'd scarce have kept my hands off from her.—But hold, hold, there is one thing which shall go down in my pocket-book—*I have taken a strict resolution to be virtuous as long as my husband thinks me so.*—Then thou shalt be virtuous till doomsday, my sweet angel—here is a woman for you—who puts her virtue into her husband's keeping—Oh, Mondish—if that lady Raffer had not come in.—

MON. Ay, if she had not come in, Colonel—

COL. RAFF. She would have handled him, we shou'd have seen him handled, we shou'd have seen handling; Mondish, we shou'd have seen handling.

MON. Indeed, I believe we shou'd. Deuce take the interruption.

[*Aside.*]

COL. RAFF. But, what an age do we live in tho', sincerely, Mr. Mondish! why, we shall have our wives ravish'd shortly in the middle of the streets: an impudent, saucy rascal! and when she told him that she wou'd cry out—

MON. That he shou'd not believe her—But then her art, Colonel, in giving in to his evasion about the pictures—Methinks, there was something so generous in her sudden forgiveness; something so nobly serene, in her resolving herself so soon from a most abandon'd fright into a perfect tranquillity.

COL. RAFF. Ay, now, that is your highest sort of virtue, that is as high as virtue can go.

MON. Why shou'd not calm virtue be admir'd in a woman, as well as calm courage in a general, Colonel?—Your lady is a perfect heroine, she laid about her most furiously during the attack: but the moment the foe retired, became all gentle and mild again.

COL. RAFF. But come, as all things are safe, we will go, my dear Mondish, and drink my wife's health in one bottle of Burgundy—Ah, she's an excellent woman!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter

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Enter Sir SIMON with a letter.

Sir SIM. Here it is—the plot is so well laid now, that unless fortune conspire with a thousand devils against me, I shall discover myself to be a rank cuckold. Have I not watch'd her with as much care as ever miser did his gold? and yet I am, I am, an arrant, downright—a—as any little sneaking courtier, or subaltern officer in the kingdom: and what an unhappy rascal am I, that have not been able to find it out—not to convict her fairly in ten long years marriage!—If I cou'd but discover it, it were some satisfaction—Well, this letter will I send to captain Spark—no hand was ever better counterfeited—if he had seen never so many quires of her writing, he will not be able to find any difference. If after all this, I should not discover her, I must be the most miserable dog that ever wore horns.

[Exit.]

Enter Lady RAFFLER and CLARINDA.

Lady RAFF. I tell you, Niece, you have suffer'd too great freedoms from Mr. Gaylove, I can't bear those monstrous indecorums which the young women of this age give into: the first time a woman's hand shou'd be touch'd, is in the church.

CLA. Lud, Madam, I can't conceive any harm in letting any one touch my hand.

Lady RAFF. Yes, Madam, but I can. Besides, I think I caught you in one another's arms,—I hope you conceive some harm in that.

CLA. I can confide in Mr. Gaylove's honour, and if his passion hurry'd him—

Lady RAFF. His passion! what passion? he has never declar'd any honourable passion for you to your uncle.

CLA. No, I shou'd have hated him if he had.

Lady RAFF. Give me leave to tell you, Miss, that is the proper way of applying to you. Then,
if

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if his circumstances were found convenient, Sir Simon wou'd have mention'd it to you; and so it wou'd have come properly. A woman of any prudence and decency, gives her consent to her relations, not to her husband. For it shou'd be still suppos'd that you endure matrimony, to be dutiful to them only. I hope you wou'd not appear to have any fondness for a fellow.

CLA. I hope I shou'd have fondness for a fellow I wou'd make a husband of.

Lady RAFF. Child, you shock me!

CLA. Why, pray Madam, had you no fondness for Sir Simon?

Lady RAFF. No, I defy the world to say it.

CLA. How came you to marry him then?

Lady RAFF. Out of obedience to my father, he thought it a proper match.

CLA. And ought not a woman to be fond of a man, after she is marry'd to him?

Lady RAFF. No, she ought to have friendship and esteem, but no fondness, it is a nauseous word, and I detest it—A woman must have vile inclinations, before she can bring herself to think of it.

CLA. Now, I am resolv'd never to marry any man whom I have not these vile inclinations for.

Lady RAFF. O, monstrous!

CLA. Whom I do not love to such distraction as to place my whole happiness in pleasing him, to which I wou'd give my thoughts up so entirely, that on my ever losing that power, I shou'd become indifferent to every thing else.

Lady RAFF. Infamous! I desire you wou'd prepare to return into the country immediately. For I will not live in the house with you any longer: but I will inform you of one thing, that the man you have placed this violent affection on, is a villain, and has designs on your aunt.

CLA. What, on your ladyship?

Lady

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Lady RAFF. On me! on me! me! I wish I cou'd see the man that dar'd—I thank heav'n, the awe of my virtue has still protected me.

CLA. I ask your pardon, Madam, on the good Colonel's lady then.—That there have been designs between them, I am not ignorant, tho' I am not quite so confident they are on his side—and to say the truth, my aunt is an agreeable woman, and I don't expect a man of his years to be proof against all temptations. But pray, whom do you mean? for I——lud, who I am defending I know not—somebody—who is it that your ladyship means, for I am sure I shou'd not know him by the marks you set on him?

Lady RAFF. Oh! Madam, you seem to want no marks, I think; but if you have a mind to hear his name, 'tis Gaylove.

CLA. Mr. Gaylove!

Lady RAFF. Mr. Gaylove! yes Mr. Gaylove—I'll repeat it to you to oblige you.

CLA. What's Mr. Gaylove to me?

Lady RAFF. That you know best—I believe he is, or will be to you, what he shou'd not be.

CLA. If I had any affection for him, I shou'd neither be afraid of his designs upon me, nor jealous of his designs on any other.

Lady RAFF. Look ye, Child, you may deny your affection for him, if you please; nay I commend you for it. It is an affection you may well be asham'd of.

CLA. According to your ladyship's opinion, we ought to be asham'd of all affection—but really if one might be indulg'd in any, I think Mr. Gaylove might keep it in countenance as well as another.

Lady RAFF. It is easy enough to keep you in countenance, you don't seem to be easily put out of it [*Gaylove laughs within.*] Oh, that's his laugh—He's coming I am 'sure—I'll get out o' the way—Niece, I wou'd have you prepare yourself for return-

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ing into the country——If you will ruin yourself, I'll not be witness to it——nor will I ever live in the house with a woman, that can own herself capable of being fond of a fellow.

CLA. Then let me go as soon I will, I find I am not like to lose much good company.

Enter Captain SPARK, GAYLOVE, Mrs. RAFFLER.

Capt. SPARK. No, that's too much, Gaylove too much——I hope, you don't believe him, Madam,——pr'ythee, hang it, this is past a jest.

Mrs. RAFF. Upon my word, I think so, especially with regard to the reputation of the ladies.

Capt. SPARK. Yes, Madam, that's it——upon their account, methinks he shou'd forbear——Deuce take me, you will force me to be serious.

GAY. Nay, pr'ythee don't affect concealing what is publickly known. Miss Clarinda here shall be my evidence, whether at his last quarters he was not talk'd of for the whole place.

CLA. He was an universal contagion, not one woman escap'd.

Mrs. RAFF. This is a conviction, Captain.

Capt. SPARK. Gaylove, this is your doing now——all might have been a secret in town, but for you——country towns, Madam, are censorious; I don't deny indeed but that they had some reason;——but when they say all, they mistake, they do indeed——and yet perhaps it was my own fault that I had not all.

Mrs. RAFF. I think it is too hard indeed, to insist on all.

GAY. Well, but confess now, how many——

Capt. SPARK. Well, then, I will confess two dozen.

Lady RAFF. }
Mrs. RAFF. } Two dozen!

GAY.

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GAY. That's pretty fair, and thou art an honest fellow.

Mrs. RAFF. He is so happy a one, that I wonder he escapes being destroy'd by the men as a monopolizer.

CLA. No, I think the men are oblig'd to him, for he has found out more beauties for 'em than I ever heard of there.

Capt. SPARK. Pray, let's turn the discourse.

GAY. I am trifling with this fool, when I might employ my time better—Miss Clarinda, you know you was interrupted to-day. You promised me the first opportunity.

CLA. I am a strict observer of a promise. Aunt, you are not fond of musick, I won't invite you to so dull an entertainment.

Mrs. RAFF. I think, I am in a humour to hear it—at least I am not in a humour to leave you alone together. [Exeunt.]

Enter Servant with a Letter, whispers Spark.

Capt. SPARK. Ladies, I'll follow in the twinkling of an eye,—What's here? a woman's hand by Jupiter!—some damn'd milliner's dun or other,—tho' I think it will pass for an assignation well enough with the ladies that are just gone—Ha! Raffer! “Sir—as Sir Simon will be abroad this evening, I shall have an opportunity of seeing you alone”—hum—“if you please therefore, it shall be in the dining-room at nine—there is a couch will hold us both.” The devil there is—“The company will be all assembled in the parlour, and you will be very safe with your humble servant, Mary Raffer.” Pooh! Pox what shall I do? I wou'd not give a farthing for her—Ha! can't I contrive to be surpriz'd together? That ridiculous dog Mondish sups here—if I cou'd but convince him of this amour, he will believe all I ever told him—now if he cou'd but see this letter

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some way without my shewing it him—Egad, I'll find him out, and drop it before him. By good luck here he is.

Enter MONDISH.

MON. So, I have made one man extremely happy—the Colonel is most nobly intoxicated with wine and his wife. This bottle of burgundy has a little elevated me too—now if I cou'd but find my dear inconstant alone—Ha, Spark! what the devil art thou dodging after here? In quest of some amour or other, I know thee to be——

Capt. SPARK. What do you know me to be? I know thou art a damn'd incredulous fellow, and think'st every woman virtuous, that puts a grave face upon the matter—Now, George, take my word for it, every woman in England is to be had.

MON. What hast thou had 'em all then? that I must take thy word for it.

Capt. SPARK. Ha, ha, ha! thou wilt kill me with laughter.

MON. Then I must leave you to die by yourself.

Capt. SPARK. Nay, but dear George—hark'e. but stay—— [*Draws Mondish over the Letter.*]

MON. I am in haste—besides I keep you from some intrigue or other.

Capt. SPARK. I might perhaps have visited my lady Loller—but damn her! I believe e'en you know I am almost tir'd of her—besides I have a mind to stay with you.

MON. But I positively neither can nor will stay with you.

Capt. SPARK. The devil is in it, if he has not seen it by this time. Well, if you have a desire to leave me, I'll disappoint you, for I'll leave you, so, your servant. [*Exit.*]

MON. A letter dropt! To captain Spark—the rogue counterfeits a woman's hand exceeding well. But he could not counterfeit her hand so exactly,

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actly, without having seen letters from her—Why then may not this be from her? Is she not a woman, a prude?—the devil can say no more.

Enter GAY LOVE.

GAY. Mondish, your servant, where have you bestow'd yourself this afternoon?

MON. Where I fancy I far'd better than you—I have been entertain'd with burgundy and the colonel—while you have been loitering with Sir Simon and the ladies.

GAY. Faith, I am afraid thou art in the right on't; for to say truth, I grew weary of their company, and have left the gallant Mr. Spark to entertain them.

MON. Well, what success in your amour?

GAY. Oh, success that would make humility vain—Success that has made me think thy happiness not so extraordinary—In a word, had not my lady Raffer come in, and rais'd the siege, I believe I shou'd have been able, before now, to have given thee a pretty good account of the citadel—Pox take all virtuous women for me! they are of no other use, but to spoil others' sport.

MON. Yes faith! such virtuous women as her ladyship, will sometimes condescend to make sport, as well as spoil it.—There, read that, and then give me thy opinion, if thou think'st there is one such woman in the world as thou hast mentioned.

GAY. To Captain Spark—Sir Simon—abroad this evening—in the dining-room—couch will hold us both—Ha! ha! The captain improves—Safe with your humble servant—Mary Raffer—Well said my little Spark—Now from this moment, shall I have a very great opinion of thee—thou art a genius—a hero—to forge a letter from a woman, and drop it in her own house—there is more impudence thrown away on this fellow, than wou'd have made six court pages, and as

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many attorneys—— he is an errant walking contagion on womens reputation, and was sent into the world as a judgment on the sex.

MON. By all that's infamous, 'tis her own hand !

GAY. By all that is not infamous, I wou'd scarce have believ'd my own eyes, had they seen her write it !

MON. Excellent ! thou art as incredulous as the colonel. What, I suppose you have heard her rail against wicked women——and declaim in praise of chastity——does a good sermon from the pulpit persuade thee that a parson is a saint——or a charge from the bench that the judge is incorrupt?——if thou wilt believe in professions, thou wilt find scarce one fool that is not wise, one rogue that is not honest, one courtier that is not fit to make a friend, or one whore that is not fit to make a wife.

GAY. But common sense wou'd preserve her from an affair with a fellow, who, she is sure, will publish it to the whole world.

MON. I am not sure of that——perhaps she does not know his character, or if she does, she may think herself safe in the world's knowing it——besides, if he is believ'd in his bragging of his amours, I know no man breathing so likely to debauch the whole sex——for amours increase with a man of pleasure, as money does with a man of business; and women are most ready to trust their reputations, as we our cash, with him that has most business.

GAY. It is most natural to suppose he best understands his business. But still this letter of Lady Raffer's staggers me.

MON. Are you so concern'd for her reputation ?

GAY. Hum ! I shou'd at least wish well to a family I intend to take a wife out of.

MON. A wife out of ?

GAY. Why are you surpriz'd ? did I not tell you this morning, I had a mistress in the house ?

MON. Yes,—but they are two things, I think;
heav'n

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heav'n forbid we shou'd be oblig'd to take a wife out of every house in this town, wherein we have had a mistress.

GAY. You, I think, George, take good care to make that impossible, by making mistresses of other mens wives.

MON. Why, it is my opinion that in our commerce with the other sex, it will be pretty difficult to avoid either making mistresses of other mens wives, or wives of other mens mistresses, so I chuse the former. But when am I to wish you joy, friend? Methinks I long to see thee wedded—I am as impatient on thy behalf, as if I was principally concern'd myself.

GAY. I see thou art planting the battery of railing, so I shall run off, before you can hit me.

[Exit.

MON. We shall be able to hit your wife, I hope—and that will do as well—Here's another friend's wife will shortly want to be provided for; if my friends marry so fast, I shall be oblig'd to be deficient in a very main point of friendship, and leave them their wives on their own hands. I think my suspicions relating to Mrs. Raffler are now fully clear'd up on his side, and fully fix'd on hers.

Enter Mrs. RAFFLER.

Your most humble servant, Madam! he is but just gone.

Mrs. RAFF. Who gone?

MON. Mr. Gaylove.

Mrs. RAFF. What's Mr. Gaylove to me?

MON. Nothing, he is a very good judge of pictures.

Mrs. RAFF. Ha! What do you mean?

MON. Nothing.

Mrs. RAFF. I will know.

F 4

MON.

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MON. You cannot know more of me than you do already, nor I of you——and I hope shortly your knowledge will be as comprehensive in another branch of your favourite science.

Mrs. RAFF. I don't understand you.

MON. *I cannot be of opinion that that is an original picture of Hannibal Carraccio; for if you please to observe, there is not that boldness; there is, indeed, a great deal of the master, and I never saw more spirit in a copy: but, alas! there is so much difference between a copy and an original——*

Mrs. RAFF. I believe the colonel bought it as an original.

MON. The colonel may be deceiv'd——I wish I knew no more than one instance of it.

Mrs. RAFF. Gaylove must be a villain, and have discovered me. [*Afide.*

MON. It may be, perhaps, some people's interest to wish all persons as easily deceiv'd as the colonel; what pity 'tis, a gallant shou'd not be as blind as a husband!

Mrs. RAFF. Mr. Mondish, I will not bear this; it wou'd be foolish to dissemble understanding you any longer: be as blind or as watchful as you will, it is equal to me——I will be no slave to your jealousy, for if I have more gallants, be assur'd I will have but one husband.

MON. Spoken so bravely, that I am at least in love with your spirit still! and to convince you, I have that affection and no other, deal sincerely with me, and I will be so far from troubling you any longer with my own passion, that I will assist you in the pursuit of another.

Mrs. RAFF. Then to deal sincerely with you——Lud, it is a terrible hard thing to do.

MON. Ay, come, struggle a little, a woman must undergo some trouble to be delivered of truth.

Mrs.

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Mrs. RAFF. Then to deal sincerely with you, I am in love with another.

MON. With Gaylove—I'll assist you—out with it.

Mrs. RAFF. Well, ay, perhaps—but now I must insist on truth from you, how came you to suspect him?—and who put the picture into your head?

MON. I'll tell you some other time.

Mrs. RAFF. Resolve me this only, was it he?

MON. No, upon my honour.

Mrs. RAFF. Then it must have been my sister?

MON. Ha!—

Mrs. RAFF. Nay, don't hesitate, it is vain to deny it.

MON. I do not deny it.

Mrs. RAFF. Now may the united curses of age, disease, ugliness, vain desire and infamy overtake her!

MON. It works rarely.

Mrs. RAFF. Revenge, revenge!—Mr. Mondish, my reputation is in your hands—I know you to be a man of honour, and am easy—but to have it in the power of a woman, must be an eternal rack. We know one another too well to be easy, when we are in one another's power—against her tongue there is no safeguard.

MON. Yes, one.

Mrs. RAFF. What!

MON. To have her reputation in your power.

Mrs. RAFF. That is impossible to hope—She will take care of her reputation—for it is on that alone she supports her pride, her malice, her ill-nature: these have raised her a train of watchful enemies that wou'd catch her at the first trip—But she has neither warmth nor generosity enough to make it. O! I know her too well—She will keep her virtue, if it be only to enable her to be a continual plague to her husband.

MON.

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MON. Well, whatever difficulty there be in the attempt, I have resolution enough under your conduct to begin—Perhaps I am of an opinion which you may excuse, that no woman's virtue is proof against the attacks of a resolute lover.

Mrs. RAFF. But her fear, her self-love, her coldness, and her vanity may.

MON. I can give you more substantial reasons for our hope, than you imagine—but may I depend upon your assistance?

Mrs. RAFF. If I fail you, may my husband be jealous of me, or may I lose the power or inclination to give him cause.

MON. That's nobly, generously said; and now, methinks, you and I appear like man and wife, to each other—at least it wou'd be better for the world, if they all acted as wife a part—and instead of lying, and whining, and canting with virtue and constancy, instead of fatiguing an irrecoverable dying passion, with jealousies and upbraidings, kindly let it depart from one breast, to be happy in another.

Thus the good mother of the savage brood,
Whose breasts no more afford her infants food,
Leads them abroad, and teaches them to roam,
For what no longer they can find at home.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, a Chamber.

Enter Sir SIMON, and Colonel RAFFLER.

Sir SIM. I DESIRE but this trial; if I do not convince you I have reason for my jealousy, I will be contented all my life after to wear my horns in my pocket, and be as happy and submissive a husband as any within the sound of Bowbell.

Col.

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Col. RAFF. A good reasonable penalty you will undergo truly, to be the happy husband of a virtuous wife.

Sir SIM. And perhaps penalty enough too—if it was so : a virtuous wife may have it in her power to play very odd tricks with her husband. A virtuous woman may contradict him, may tease him, may expose him, nay ruin him ; and such virtuous wives, as some people have, may cuckold him into the bargain.

Col. RAFF. Well, on condition, that if your suspicions be found to be groundless, you never presume to suspect her or my wife hereafter, but suffer them peaceably to enjoy their innocent freedoms, and on condition that you give me leave to laugh at you one whole hour, I am content to do what you desire.

Sir SIM. Ay, ay, any thing if my suspicions be found true, brother.

Col. RAFF. Why then, brother, you will find yourself to be a cuckold, and may laugh at me twenty hours if you will.

Sir SIM. I think you will be a little confounded.

Col. RAFF. Faith ! brother you are a very unhappy fellow, faith ! you are.

Sir SIM. Why so, pray ?

Col. RAFF. To marry a wife that you have not been able to find any fault in, in ten years time—If you had good luck in your choice, you might have been a cuckold in half the time, you might indeed.

Sir SIM. Well, it is your time to laugh now, and I will indulge you.

Col. RAFF. But suppose, brother, it shou'd be as you say, suppose you shou'd find out what you have a desire to find, don't you think you are entirely indebted to yourself ?

Sir SIM. I don't understand you.

Col.

76 THE UNIVERSAL GALLANT: OR,

Col. RAFF. Why, to your own suspicions, can a wife give so good a reason for going astray, as the suspicions of her husband? They are a terrible thing; and my own wife has told me, she could not have answer'd for herself with a suspicious husband.

Sir SIM. But it wants now a little more than a quarter of eight; so pray away to the closet; we shall have the rascal before his time else, and be disappointed.

Col. RAFF. So I find you suspect the amour to be but of a short date. [Exeunt.]

Enter Lady RAFFLER, and Mrs. RAFFLER.

Lady RAFF. Lud, sister, you are grown as great a plague to me as my husband. I know not whether he teazes me more for doing what I shou'd not, than you for doing what I shou'd.

Mrs. RAFF. A woman never acts as she shou'd, but when she acts against her husband. He is a prince who is ever endeavouring to grow absolute, and it shou'd be our constant endeavour to restrain him. You are a member of the commonwealth of women, and when you give way to your husband, you betray the liberty of your sex.

Rady RAFF. You are always for turning every thing into ridicule; but I am not that poor-spirited creature you wou'd represent me: nor did I ever give way to my husband in any one thing in my life, contrary to my own opinion. I wou'd not have you think I do not resent his suspicions of me, and I defy you to say, I ever submitted to any method of quieting 'em—All that I am solicitous about is, not to give the world an opportunity of suspecting me.

Mrs. RAFF. But as the world is a witness of his suspecting you, were I in your case, I shou'd think my honour engag'd to let the world be witness of my revenge.

Lady RAFF. Then the world wou'd condemn me, as it now does him—Had I a mind to be as ludicrous

as

THE DIFFERENT HUSBANDS. 77

as you, I might tell you, that the woman who parts with her virtue, makes her husband absolute, and betrays the liberty of her sex. Sister, sister, believe me, it is in the power of one honest woman to be a greater plague to her husband, than all the vile vicious creatures upon earth.

Mrs. RAFF. Give me your hand, my dear, for I find we are agreed upon the main point, that is, enmity to a husband. I proceed now to the second point, which every good woman ought to consider, namely, the rewarding a deserving gallant.

Lady RAFF. That is a subject on which I am afraid we shall eternally differ.

Mrs. RAFF. I hope we shall, my dear; that is, I hope we shall never desire to reward the same.

Lady RAFF. I desire we may never discourse more on this head; for I shall be inclin'd to say things which you will not like; and, as I fear they will be of no service to you, I desire to avoid it.

Mrs. RAFF. Oh, yes, they will be of great service to me, they will make me laugh immoderately. Come, confess honestly—I know you suspect me with Gaylove.

Lady RAFF. If you put me to it—I cannot call your conduct unquestionable. If I shou'd suspect, it wou'd not be without reason.

Mrs. RAFF. Nay, if you allow reason, I have reasons to suspect you with not half so pretty a fellow.

Lady RAFF. Me! I defy you—pure virtue will confront suspicion.

Mrs. RAFF. Pure virtue seems to have a pretty good front, indeed. Let us try the cause fairly between us: you found me and a young fellow alone together, and very comical things may happen, I own, between a man and a woman alone together. But when a lady sends an assignation to a gentleman, to meet her in the dark on a couch; then if nothing
comical

comical happens to pure virtue, they must be a comical couple, indeed.

Lady RAFF. You are such a laughing giggling creature, I don't know what you drive at.

Mrs. RAFF. Read that—and I believe it will explain what both of us drive at——Now I shall see how far a prude can carry it—Not one blush yet; I find blushing is one of the things which pure virtue can't do.

Lady RAFF. I am amaz'd and confounded! Where had you this?

Mrs. RAFF. From a very good friend of yours, in whose hands your reputation will be safer than in the captain's, where you plac'd it.

Lady RAFF. What do you then believe——

Mrs. RAFF. Nothing but my own eyes. You will not deny it is your own hand?

Lady RAFF. Some devil has counterfeited it. I beseech you tell me how you came by it.

Mrs. RAFF. Mondish gave it me.

Lady RAFF. Then he writ it.

Mrs. RAFF. Nay, the captain, by what I hear of him, is a more likely person to have counterfeited it. But it is well done, and sure whoever did it, must have seen your writing.

Lady RAFF. I'll reach all the depths of hell, but I'll find it out. Have I for this had a guard upon ev'ry look, word, and action of my life; for this shun'd ev'n speaking to any woman in publick of the least doubtful character? for this been all my life the forwardest to censure the imprudence of others?—have I defended my reputation in the face of the sun, to have it thus undermin'd in the dark?

Mrs. RAFF. Most womens reputations are undermin'd in the dark—you see, child, how foolish it is to take so much care about what is so easily lost; at least, I hope, you will learn to take care of no one's reputation but your own.

Lady

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Lady RAFF. It wants but little of the appointed hour: sister, will you go with me?

Mrs. RAFF. Oh! no, two to one will not be fair—If you had appointed him to have brought his second, indeed——

Lady RAFF. I see you are incorrigible——But I will go find my niece, or my brother, or Sir Simon himself: I will raise the world, and the dead, and the devil; but I will find out the bottom of this affair.—— [Exit.

Mrs. RAFF. Hugh! what a terrible combustion is pure virtue in? Now will I convey myself, if possible, into the closet——and be an humble spectator of the battle——Well, a virtuous wife is a most precious jewel——but if all jewels were as easily counterfeited, he wou'd be an egregious ass who wou'd venture to lay out his money in them.

[Exit.

SCENE changes to another Room in Sir SIMON's House.

Enter Sir SIMON in Womens Cloaths.

Sir SIM. My evidence is posted, the colonel is in the closet, and can overhear all——The time of appointment draws near. I am strangely pleas'd with my stratagem. If I can but counterfeit my wife's voice as well as I have her hand, I may defy him to discover me; for there is not a glimpse of light.—I am as much delighted as any young whoremaster can be in expectation of meeting another man's wife. And yet I am afraid I shall not discover myself to be what I fear neither; and if I shou'd not I will hang myself incontinently. Oh! thou damn'd couch! thou art not ten years old, and yet what cuckoldom hast thou been witness of——I will be reveng'd on thee; for I will burn thee this evening in triumph, please heaven!—Hush, hush, here he comes.

[Lies on a Couch.

Enter

80 THE UNIVERSAL GALLANT: OR,

Enter MONDISH.

MON. This is the field of battle. If I know any thing of the captain, he will not be in haste—and if she comes here before him, I think she will not have the impudence to deny any favour to one who knows as much as I do. It is as dark as hell! let a prude alone for contriving a proper place for an assignation—Poor Sir Simon, faith! thou hast more cause for thy jealousy than I imagin'd.

Sir SIM. Ay, or then I imagin'd either—I am over head and ears in it—I am the arrantest cuckold in town. [*Aside.*]

MON. 'Sdeath! I shall never be able to find this couch out——sure it us'd to be somewhere hereabouts. It has been the scene of my happiness too often for me to forget it.

Sir SIM. Oh! it has—Oh! thou damn'd villain! I wish thou cou'dst feel torments, that I might be an age in burning thee. [*Aside.*]

MON. Ha! I hear a door open—it is a woman's tread. I know the dear, dear trip of a soft foot.

Enter Mrs. RAFFLER, who falls into MONDISH's Arms.

Mrs. RAFF. In the name of goodness who are you?

MON. An evil spirit. I find you are us'd to meet them in the dark, by your readiness in speaking to 'em.

Mrs. RAFF. Mr. Mondish?

Sir SIM. Here will be rare caterwalling.

[*Aside.*]

MON. What do you do here?

Mrs. RAFF. Trouble not yourself about that, I will not spoil your sport.

MON. But tell me, have you seen your sister?

Mrs. RAFF. Yes.

MON. Well, and how?

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Mrs. RAFF. Oh, she raves like a princess in a tragedy, and swears that some devil has contriv'd it.

MON. Then she persists in her innocence?

Mrs. RAFF. Yes, and will after conviction—nay, even after execution.

MON. A very harden'd criminal indeed——but pray what is your opinion of my success?

Mrs. RAFF. Oh, thou wicked seducer! It would be hard indeed that I should think you not able to succeed, after such a one as you have describ'd the captain to be, when you prevail'd on my innocent heart, and triumph'd over what I imagin'd an impregnable fortress.

MON. And was I really thy first seducer?

Mrs. RAFF. By heavens! the only one that ever has yet injur'd my husband.

Sir SIM. What do I hear?

MON. Why do I not still enjoy that happiness singly? What have I done to forfeit one grain of your esteem?

Mrs. RAFF. To your fresh game, sportsman; and I wish you a good chase.

MON. Whither are you going?

Mrs. RAFF. Concern not yourself with me; your new mistress will soon be with you. [Exit.

Sir SIM. This is better than my hopes! This is killing two birds with one stone. My brother will be rewarded for the pains he takes on my account—Ha! there's a light—I think I shall be secure behind the couch.

Enter Lady RAFFLER with a Candle.

Lady RAFF. I think there is some plot laid against me, the whole family are run out of the house. But virtue will protect her adherents. Ha! who's that?

MON. Be not startled, Madam; it is one from whom you have nothing to fear.

82 THE UNIVERSAL GALLANT: OR,

Lady RAFF. I know not that, Sir; I shall always think I have just reason to fear one who lurks privately about in dark corners. Persons who have no ill design never seek hiding-places: but, however, you are the person I desir'd to meet.

MON. That wou'd make me happy, indeed!

Lady RAFF. Whence, Sir, had you that Letter, which you this day gave my sister, and which was sign'd with my name?

MON. The letter, Madam?

Lady RAFF. Yes, Sir, the letter! with that odious assignation which I detest the apprehension of—my reputation shall be clear'd, and I will know the author of this infamous forgery, whatever be the consequence!

MON. Be mistress of yourself, Madam, and be assur'd nothing in my power shall be ever left undone to vindicate your reputation, or detect any calumny against it. The letter was dropt by the person to whom it was directed, dropt on purpose that I shou'd take it up; which I did, and deliver'd it to your sister. Indeed I even then suspected it a forgery. I thought I knew my lady Raffler too well, to fear her capable of placing her affections unworthily.

Lady RAFF. And you know no more?

MON. I do not, upon my honour.

Lady RAFF. Well, Sir, whatever care you shall take of my reputation, Sir Simon shall thank you for it.

MON. Alas! Madam, cou'd I have any merit in such a service, I shou'd hope to have another rewarder than the very last person on whom I wou'd confer an obligation.

Lady RAFF. How, Sir?

MON. I ask pardon, Madam, I know how tender the subject is to your ears; yet I hope the excess of tenderness which I have for you will plead—

Lady RAFF. Tenderness for me?

[Angry.]

MON.

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MON. For your reputation, Madam.

[She looks pleased.]

Lady RAFF. That, I think, I may suffer.

MON. Pardon me, Madam, if that tenderness which I have for——your reputation, Madam, will not permit me to be easy while I see it lavish'd on a man so worthless, so ungrateful, so insensible—And yet, Madam, can even you the best, the most reserv'd of wives, can you deny but that his jealousy is plain to you and to the whole world? Cou'd he shew more had he married one of the wanton coquets, who encourage every man who addresses 'em, nay, who are continually throwing out their lures for men who do not? Had he marry'd one of these, nay, had he marry'd a common avow'd prostitute——

Lady RAFF. Hold, you shock me.

MON. And I shall shock myself. But the wounds must be laid open to be cur'd.

Lady RAFF. What can I do?

MON. Hate him.

Lady RAFF. That, I think, virtue will allow me to do.

MON. Justice commands you to do it: nay, more, it commands you to revenge, you ought for example sake——pardon me, Madam, if the love I have for you——I shou'd rather say if the friendship I have contracted for your virtue carries me too far; but I will undertake to prove, that it is not only meritorious to fulfil his suspicions, but it wou'd be criminal not to do it. Virtue requires it, the virtue you adore, you possess, requires it; it is not you, it is your virtue he injures; that demands a justification, that obliges you——

Lady RAFF. To hate him, to despise him, that a virtuous woman may do.

MON. Oh! I admire, I adore a virtuous woman.

Lady RAFF. Virtue is her greatest jewel.

84 THE UNIVERSAL GALLANT: OR,

MON. Oh, 'tis a nice, and tender thing, it will not bear suspicion: she wou'd be a poor creature indeed, who cou'd bear to have her virtue suspected without revenge.

Lady RAFF. What can she do?

MON. Ev'ry thing: Part with it.

Lady RAFF. Ha!

MON. Not from her heart—I hope you don't think I mean that; but true virtue is no more concern'd in punishing a husband, than true mercy in punishing a criminal.

Lady RAFF. But I have the comfort to think he is sufficiently punish'd in the torments of his own mind. Oh, I shou'd be the most miserable creature alive, if I cou'd but even suspect he had an easy moment. Mr. Mondish, it wou'd be ridiculous to affect hiding from you, who are so intimate in the family, my knowledge of his base, unjust suspicions; nor wou'd I have you think me so poor-spirited a wretch, not to hate and despise him for them. How unjust they are, the whole world can evidence: for no woman upon earth cou'd be more delicate in her conduct. Therefore, for heaven's sake, assist me in the discovery of this letter.

MON. I cou'd not, I am sure, suspect you of so indiscreet a passion, tho' your hand is excellently forg'd.

Lady RAFF. It must be by some one who has seen it, sure it cou'd not be my sister.

MON. Was it not Sir Simon himself?

Lady RAFF. Ha! it cannot be, he cou'd not be such a villain.

MON. If he were, I think you ought not to forgive him.

Lady RAFF. Cou'd I but prove it——

MON. If I prove it for you——what shall be my reward?

Lady RAFF. The greatest——The consciousness of doing good.

MON.

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MON. What good shall I do in discovering the criminal, unless you will punish him?

Lady RAFF. I will do all in my power to punish him, and to reward you.

MON. Your power is infinite, as is almost the happiness I now taste. O my fair injur'd creature, had'st thou been the lot of one who had truly known the value of virtue—— [Kissing her hand.

Lady RAFF. Let me go; if you wou'd preserve my good opinion of you——If you have a regard for me, shew it in immediately vindicating my reputation.

MON. I'll find out Sir Simon; if he be the forger, I shall get it out of him——One earnest more, [Kissing her hand.

Lady RAFF. Away! we shall be overseen, and then I shall hate you for ever. [Exeunt.

Sir SIM. Heav'n be prais'd, they are parted this time. I was afraid it wou'd have come to action. Why, if a husband had a hundred thousand eyes, he would have use for them all. A wife is a garri-son without walls, while we are running to the defence of one quarter, she is taken at another. But what a rogue is this fellow, who not only at-tempts to cuckold his friend, but has the impudence to insist on it as a meritorious action! The dog wou'd persuade her that virtue obliges her to it. Why, what a number of ways are there by which a man may be made a cuckold! One goes to work with his purse, and buys my wife; a second brings his title, he is a lord, forsooth, and has a patent to cuckold all mankind. A third shews a garter, a fourth a ribband, a fifth a lac'd coat. One rascal has a smooth face, another a smooth tongue; ano-ther makes smooth verses; this sings, that dances; one wheedles, another flatters; one applies to her ambition, another to her avarice, another to her vanity, another to her folly. This tickles her eyes, that her ears, another——in short, all her five
G 3 senses,

senses, and five thousand follies have their addressers. And that she may be safe on no side, here's a rascal comes and applies himself to the very thing that shou'd defend her, and tries to make a bawd of her very virtue. He has the impudence to tell her, that she can't be a woman of virtue without cuckolding her husband——Hark! I hear a noise!—The captain, I suppose, or somebody else after my wife.

Enter Captain SPARK.

Capt. SPARK. I am sure, Mondish took up the letter, and it is now a full quarter of an hour after the time appointed. I know him so well, that I cou'd lay a wager, he is list'ning somewhere hereabouts. Madam, Madam!

Sir SIM. That is the rascal's voice——Is it you, Captain, tread softly for heav'n's sake.

Capt. SPARK. Yes, and I wish I may tread surely too; for it is as dark as hell. Where are you, Madam?

Sir SIM. Here, Sir, here on the couch.

Capt. SPARK. Quite punctual to the place of assignation, I find. Where the devil can Mondish be? [*Aside.*] There, Madam, there, I am safe now, I thank you——I don't know, Madam, how to thank you enough, for that kind note your ladyship was so good as to send me.

Sir SIM. O Lard! Sir.

Capt. SPARK. I assure you, Madam, I think myself the happiest of mankind. I am, Madam, upon my honour, so in my own opinion——Pray, Madam, was not your ladyship at the last ridotto?

Sir SIM. No, Sir.——I find he has had her 'till he is weary of her. [*Aside.*]

Capt. SPARK. I think you are a great lover of country dancing.

Sir SIM. Yes, I think it will do very well, when one can have nothing else to entertain one,

Capt.

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Capt. SPARK. Very true, Madam; quadrille is very much before it, in my opinion.

Sir SIM. You and I have seen better entertainments than that, before now.

Capt. SPARK. Oh, yes, yes, Madam——I am very fond of the entertainments at the New-house. I never go there for any thing else. Pray which is your ladyship's favourite? Most ladies are fond of Perseus and Andromeda——What the devil is become of Mondish? [*Aside.*] But I think the operas are so far beyond all those things——Do you go to the drawing-room to-night, Lady Raffer?

Sir SIM. I hope to pass my time better with you, as I have done.

Capt. SPARK. I shou'd be proud to make one of a party at quadrille; but upon my honour, I am the most unfortunate person in the world, for I am engag'd.

Sir SIM. Engag'd!

Capt. SPARK. I know what you think now——If one does but name an engagement, to be sure—I protest, one wou'd think there was but one sort of engagement in the world——and I don't know how it comes to my share to be always suspected. To be sure, I have had some affairs in my life; that I don't deny, that I believe every one knows—and therefore I am not obliged to deny——

Sir SIM. But you was not oblig'd to confess it to Sir Simon to-day.

Capt. SPARK. Yes, ha! ha! The mistake of a name had like to have occasion'd some confusion; I am heartily sorry for it upon my word.

Sir SIM. And was it not me that you meant?

Capt. SPARK. You are pleas'd to rally. You know it was impossible I shou'd confess what never happen'd.

Sir SIM. What, did nothing ever pass between us?

88 THE UNIVERSAL GALLANT: OR,

Capt. SPARK. Either you have a mind to be merry with your humble servant, or I shall begin to suspect, there is some likeness of mine happier than myself. For your ladyship and sister were both pleas'd to mention something about an auction; and I never care to contradict a lady. Upon my soul, compliments aside, I never had the honour to see your face 'till this afternoon?

Sir SIM. How, how! did you never see my wife till this afternoon?

Capt. SPARK. Your wife!

Sir SIM. Lord, I'm delirious I think, I know not what I say.

Capt. SPARK. I hope you are not subject to fits. I shall be frighten'd out of my senses. For heav'n's sake, let me call somebody—Lights! lights there! help! help!

Sir SIM. Hush! consider my reputation.

Capt. SPARK. You had better lose your reputation than your life. Lights! lights! Help there, my lady faints.

Sir SIM. What shall I do?

Capt. SPARK. Will no body hear? Help! help!

Enter MONDISH and Lady RAFFLER with a Light.

Lady RAFF. What's the matter here?

Capt. SPARK. For heav'n's sake, bring some lights hither, somebody; my poor lady Raffer is fallen into a fit.

MON. My lady Raffer!

Lady RAFF. What can this mean?

Capt. SPARK. Ha! bless me, Madam, are you there? then who the devil is this?

MON. Sir Simon!

Capt. SPARK. Why, there's no masquerade to-night.

Sir

THE DIFFERENT HUSBANDS. 89

Sir SIM. It has happen'd just as I fear'd. There is some damn'd planet which attends all husbands, and will never let them be in the right. [*Aside.*]

Lady RAFF. Monster! how have you the assurance to look in my injur'd face?

MON. Death and hell! I hope he did not overhear what pass'd between me and his wife. [*Aside.*]

Sir SIM. What injury have I done you, my dear?

Lady RAFF. Can you ask it? Have you not laid a plot against my reputation? Have you not counterfeited my hand? Did you not write this letter? look at it.

Sir SIM. No, my dear, no.

Lady RAFF. How came it seal'd then with this seal? which was only in your possession. Oh, I have no name bad enough.

MON. Come, come, Sir Simon, confess all; it is the only amends you can make your lady.

Sir SIM. Oh, Sir, if you will endeavour to get it out of me, it will be in vain to deny——

Enter Colonel RAFFLER.

Col. RAFF. Ay, indeed will it, for I will be evidence against you. Why sure, you wou'd not attempt to hold out any longer. If she forgives you, you have the most merciful, as well as the most virtuous wife in the world. Come, come, in the first place, ask your wife's pardon for having ever suspected her. For having counterfeited an assignation from her, and being the occasion of the confusion which she is at present in.——In the second place, ask this gentleman's pardon for having ever suspected him. In the next place——

Sir SIM. Hold, hold, brother, not so fast. I own myself in the wrong; and, Sir, I ask your pardon, I do with all my heart.

Capt. SPARK. That is sufficient, Sir; tho' I don't know your offence.

Sir

90 THE UNIVERSAL GALLANT: OR,

Sir SIM. And, my dear, I ask your pardon; I am convinc'd of your virtue, I am indeed.

Lady RAFF. But what amends can you make me for your wicked jealousy? Do you think it is nothing for me, who have ever abhorred the very name, even the very thought of wantonness, to have had my name traduc'd? What devil cou'd tempt you to write an assignation in my name to this gentleman?

Capt. SPARK. Ha!

MON. Even so, faith! Captain, this was the Lady who writ to you, ha, ha!

Capt. SPARK. How, Sir?

Col. RAFF. Nay, Sir, don't put on your angry face, good brother soldier. I do not perceive your expectations have been at all disappointed; and my brother seem'd as proper to carry on the amour with you, as his wife—for in the method you proceeded, you wou'd scarce ever have found out the difference.

Capt. SPARK. Sir, I don't understand—

MON. Nay, nay, no passion; here is nothing but raillery, no harm meant.

Capt. SPARK. Is not there? Oh, 'tis very well if there is not.

Col. RAFF. Why, what a ridiculous figure do you make here—Ha, ha, ha! you know I am to have my fill of laughing. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir SIM. Nay, nay, I have more reason to laugh than you. For if I am convinc'd of my wife's virtue, I think you may be convinc'd——

Col. RAFF. Of what? Come, I'll bring up my *Corps de reserve*, and put all your suspicions to flight at once. Come forth, my dear, come forth, and with the brightness of thy virtue dispel those clouds that wou'd eclipse it.

Enter Mrs. RAFFLER.

I desire you wou'd throw yourself at this gentleman's feet,

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feet, and give him a thousand thanks for the hand he has had in your affair.

Sir SIM. He wou'd have had a hand in my affair, I thank him. Yes, I am damnably oblig'd to him, indeed.

Col. RAFF. Yes, Sir, that you are—for he knew you were list'ning, Sir, And all that love which you overheard him make to your wife, Sir, was intended to convince you of her virtue, Sir; it was a plot laid between my wife and him. Was it not, my dear?

Mrs. RAFF. Yes, indeed was it.

MON. Tho' I am afraid this lady will find some difficulty to forgive me, I am oblig'd to own the truth.

Lady RAFF. I can pardon any thing where the intention was good; tho', I confess, I do not like such jests.

Col. RAFF. Come, come, you shall like 'em, and pardon 'em too; and you shall thank him for them. And, then, Sir, you shall ask my pardon.

Sir SIM. For what?

Col. RAFF. Why for being the occasion of my wife's imagining me as jealous pated a fool as yourself: for you must know, Sir, that she imagin'd that I was in the closet with the same design, with which you disguis'd yourself in that pretty masquerade habit. Perhaps, tho' you did not guess that she knew I was in the closet all the time.

Sir SIM. No, upon my word.

Col. RAFF. Oh! you did not—But that she did happen to know, Sir; and so did this gentleman too—Mr Mondish, you are a wag to put your friend into a sweat; but it was kindly meant, and I thank you for it with all my heart.

Sir SIM. And so do I too—for having given me warning to keep my wife out of your clutches. [*Aside.*

MON. Gentlemen, your humble servant! If I have serv'd my friends, the action carries its reward with it.

92 THE UNIVERSAL GALLANT: OR,

it. [*To Mrs. Raffler aside.*] Excellent creature! I am now more in love with your wit, than I ever was with your beauty.

Sir SIM. And are you really, brother, wise enough to believe such a notable story as this? and are you thoroughly convinc'd?

Col. RAFF. Why are not you convinc'd?

Sir SIM. Yes, brother, I am.

Col. RAFF. Oh! it is well.

Sir SIM. That you are an arrant English cuckold, and our friend an arrant rascal! [*Aside.*]

Enter GAYLOVE and CLARINDA.

GAY. Your servant, good people!

Lady RAFF. Oh! Niece, where have you been, pray?

CLA. Nay, that I'll give you a twelvemonth to guess.

Lady RAFF. Indeed, Miss, it wou'd have become you better to have told us before you went.

GAY. The resolution was too sudden, Madam, we scarce knew ourselves 'till we put it in execution: But your niece, Madam, has been in very good company, for we have been at the opera.

Lady RAFF. You do well, Madam, to make good use of your time; for please heaven you shall go into the country next week.

CLA. That, Madam, you and I both must ask this gentleman's leave for.

GAY. Upon my word, Madam, I have the honour to be this lady's protector, and shall take care henceforward she shall require no leave but her own, for any of her actions—To-morrow, Madam, she has promised to make me the happiest of men, in calling her mine for ever.

Lady RAFF. I am glad her indiscretion is come to no worse an end.

Sir SIM. But methinks, Sir, as my niece is under my protection, you shou'd have ask'd my consent.

For

THE DIFFERENT HUSBANDS. 93

For now I do not know whether I will give it you or or no—I am sure I do not much care to have you in the family. [*Aside.*]

Col. RAFF. Indeed, Sir, but you shall give it him, and so shall your lady, and so shall my wife, and so will I. Mr. Gaylove, I think the family is much honour'd by your alliance. Adod! the girl is happy in her choice.

GAY. I am infinitely oblig'd to your good opinion, Colonel.

MON. Be not dismay'd—this will only put back your affair a little, you must only stand out the first game of the pool, that's all.

Col. RAFF. Come, come, gentlemen and ladies, I hear the bell ring to supper; let us go all down stairs, and be as merry as—as wit and good humour can make us. I can't help saying my blood ran a little cold at one time, but I now defy appearances, and am convinc'd that jealousy is the foolishlest thing in the world; and that it is not in the power of mankind to hurt me with my wife.

Sir SIM. That captain's likeness sticks still in my stomach: If I was sure there was nothing in that, I think I shou'd be a little easy; but that is not to be hop'd. I am convinc'd now, that I am a cuckold, and shall never find it out.

MON. Sir Simon, here, shall be the merriest of us all. Believe me, Knight, if it be the last day of your jealousy, it is the first of your happiness.

You husbands grow from these examples wise,
View your wives conduct still with partial eyes.
If your opinions err, they better stray
In the good colonel's, than Sir Simon's way.
At ease still sleeps the credulous husband's breast;
Spite of his wife, within himself he's blest.
The jealous their own miseries create,
And make themselves the very thing they hate.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. HERRON.

THE Play being done, according to our laws,
I come to plead with you our author's cause.
As for our smart gallants, I know they'll say,
Damn him! There's one sad character in's Play.
What! on a couch, alone, and in the dark!
Ladies there's no such fellow as this SPARK.
What can he mean in such an age as this is,
When scarce a beau but keeps a brace of misses?
They keep! why gentlemen, perhaps, 'tis true,
So do our sweet ITALIAN fingers too.
What can one think of all the beaus in town,
When with the ladies such gallants go down?
Tb' ITALIAN dames, should this report grow common,
Will surely pity us poor ENGLISH women.
By the vast sums we pay them for their strains,
They'll think, perhaps, we don't abound in brains?
But should they hear their fingers turn gallants;
Beaus, faith! they'll think brains not your only wants.
——Now for the wits——but they so nice are grown,
FRENCH only with their palates will go down.
FRENCH plays applause have, like FRENCH dishes, got,
Only because you understand them not.
Happy old ENGLAND, in those glorious days,
When good plain ENGLISH food and sense could please!
When men were dress'd like men, nor curl'd their hair,
Instead of charming, to outcharm the fair.
They knew by manly means soft hearts to move,
Nor ask'd an eunuch's voice to melt their nymphs to
love.

Ladies,

EPILOGUE.

—Ladies, 'tis yours to reinstate that age,
Do you assist the satire of the stage!
Teach foreign mimicks by a generous scorn,
You're not asham'd of being BRITONS born;
Make it to your eternal honour known,
That men must bear your frowns, whenever shewn
That they prefer all countries to their own.

}

E. P. I. L. O. G. U. E.

P A S Q U I N,

A DRAMATICK

SATIRE on the TIMES:

BEING THE

REHEARSAL of Two PLAYS, viz.

A COMEDY called,

THE ELECTION;

And a TRAGEDY called,

The LIFE and DEATH of

COMMON-SENSE.

First acted in April 1736.

Vol. III.

H

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

TRAPWIT,	} Authors.	{ Mr. ROBERTS.
FUSTIAN,		
SNEERWELL,	a Critick.	Mr. MACHEN.
Several PLAYERS and PROMPTER.		

PERSONS in the COMEDY.

LORD PLACE,	} Candidates.	{ Mrs. CHARKE.	
COLONEL PROMISE,			{ Mr. FREEMAN.
Sir HENRY FOX CHACE,			{ Mr. TOPHAM.
Squire TANKARD,			{ Mr. SMITH.
MAYOR,			{ Mr. JONES.
ALDERMEN,			
VOTERS, &c.			

W O M E N.

Mrs. MAYORESS,	Mrs. EGERTON.
Miss MAYORESS,	Miss J. JONES.
Miss STITCH,	Miss BURGESS.
SERVANTS, MOB, &c.	

PERSONS in the TRAGEDY.

Q. COMMON-SENSE,	Mrs. EGERTON.
Q. IGNORANCE,	Mr. STRENSHAM.
FIREBRAND, Priest of the Sun,	Mr. ROBERTS.
LAW,	Mr. YATES.
PHYSICK,	Mr. JONES.
GHOST of TRAGEDY,	Mr. PULLEN.
GHOST of COMEDY,	Mr. JONES.
THIRD GHOST,	Mr. WALLIS.
HARLEQUIN,	Mr. PULLEN.
OFFICER,	Mr. PULLEN.
MESSANGER,	Mr. WALLIS.
DRUMMER,	Mr. LOWDER.
ATTENDANTS ON IGNORANCE,	
MAIDS of HONOUR, &c.	

SCENE, the Playhouse.

P A S Q U I N.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, the Playhouse.

Enter several PLAYERS.

1st P L A Y E R,

WH E N does the rehearsal begin?

2^d P L A Y E R. I suppose we shall hardly rehearse the comedy this morning; for the author was arrested as he was going home from King's coffeehouse; and, as I heard, it was for upwards of four pound: I suppose he will hardly get bail.

1st P L A Y E R. Where's the tragedy author then? I have a long part in both, and it's past ten o'clock.

Wom. P L A Y E R. Ay, I have a part in both too; I wish any one else had them, for they are not seven lengths put together. I think it is very hard a woman of my standing, should have a short part put upon her. I suppose Mrs. Merit will have all our principal parts now, but I am resolv'd I'll advertise against her: I'll let the town know how I am injured.

1st P L A Y E R. Oh! here comes our tragedy poet.

Enter FUSTIAN.

Fust. Gentlemen, your servant; ladies, yours; I should have been here sooner, but I have been obliged, at their own requests, to wait upon some half-dozen persons of the first quality with tickets:

upon my soul I have been chid for putting off my play so long : I hope you are all quite perfect ; for the town will positively stay for it no longer. I think I may very well put upon the bills, *At the particular desire of several ladies of quality*, the first night.

Enter PROMPTER.

PROMP. Mr. Fustian, we must defer the rehearsal of your tragedy, for the gentleman who plays the first ghost is not yet up ; and when he is, he has got such a churchyard cough, he will not be heard to the middle of the pit.

1st PLAYER. I wish you could cut the ghost out, Sir ; for I am terribly afraid he'll be damn'd if you don't.

FUST. Cut him out, Sir ? He is one of the most considerable persons in the play.

PROMP. Then, Sir, you must give the part to some body else ; for the present is so lame he can hardly walk the stage.

FUST. Then he shall be carried ; for no man in England can act a ghost like him : Sir, he was born a ghost : he was made for the part, and the part writ for him.

PROMP. Well, Sir, then we hope you will give us leave to rehearse the comedy first.

FUST. Ay, ay, you may rehearse it first, if you please, and act it first too : If it keeps mine back above three nights, I am mistaken. I don't know what friends the author may have—but if ever such stuff, such damn'd, incoherent, senseless stuff, was ever brought on any stage—if the audience suffer it to go thro' three acts—Oh ! he's here.

Enter TRAPWIT.

Dear Mr. Trapwit ! your most humble servant,
Sir ; I read your comedy over last night, and a most
excellent

excellent one it is; if it runs as long as it deserves, you will engross the whole season to yourself.

TRAP. Sir, I am glad it met with your approbation, as there is no man whose taste and judgment I have a better opinion of. But, pray, Sir, why don't they proceed to the rehearsal of your tragedy? I assure you, Sir, I had much difficulty to get hither so early.

2d PLAYER. Yes, faith, I believe you had.

FUST. Sir, your comedy is to be rehears'd first. [*Aside.*]

TRAP. Excuse me, Sir, I know the deference due to tragedy better.

FUST. Sir, I would not have you think I give up the cause of tragedy; but my ghost being ill, Sir, cannot get up without danger, and I would not risque the life of my ghost on any account.

TRAP. You are in the right on't, Sir; for a ghost is the soul of tragedy.

FUST. Ay, Sir, I think it is not amiss to remind people of those things which they are, now-a-days, too apt to disbelieve; besides, we have lately had an act against witches, and I don't question but shortly we shall have one against ghosts. But come, Mr. Trapwit, as we are for this once to give the precedence to comedy, e'en let us begin.

TRAP. Ay, ay, with all my heart. Come, come, where's the gentleman who speaks the prologue? This prologue, Mr. Fustian, was given me by a friend, who does not care to own it till he tries whether it succeeds or no.

Enter PLAYER for the Prologue.

Come, Sir, make a very low bow to the audience; and shew as much concern as possible in your looks.

P R O L O G U E,

*AS crafty lawyers, to acquire applause,
 Try various arts to get a doubtful cause;
 Or, as a dancing-master in a jig,
 With various steps instructs the dancing prig;
 Or as a doctor writes you different bills;
 Or as a quack prescribes you different pills:
 Or as a fiddler plays more tunes than one;
 Or as a baker bakes more bread than brown;
 Or as a tumbler tumbles up and down,
 So does our Author, rumaging his brain,
 By various methods try to entertain;
 Brings a strange groupe of characters before you,
 And shews you here at once both Whig and Tory;
 Or court and country party you may call 'em:
 But without fear and favour he will maul 'em.
 To you, then, mighty sages of the pit——*

TRAP. Oh! Dear Sir, seem a little more affected,
 I beseech you; advance to the front of the stage,
 make a low bow, lay your hand upon your heart,
 fetch a deep sigh, and pull out your handkerchief;
 To you, then, mighty sages of the pit——

PROL. To you, then, mighty sages of the pit,
 Our author humbly does his cause submit.
 He tries to please———Oh! take it not amiss;
 And tho' it should be dull, Oh! do not hiss;
 Laugh—if you can—if you cannot laugh———weep;
 When you can wake no longer———fall asleep.

TRAP. Very well! very well, Sir! You have affected me, I am sure.

FUST. And so he will the audience, I'll answer for 'em.

TRAP,

TRAP. Oh, Sir, you're too good-natur'd—— but, Sir, I do assure you I had writ a much better prologue of my own; but as this came gratis, have reserv'd it for my next play; a prologue saved is a prologue got, brother Fustian. But come, where are your actors? Is Mr. Mayor and the Aldermen at the table?

PROMP. Yes, Sir, but they want wine, and we can get none from the quaker's cellar without ready money.

TRAP. Rat him! can't he trust till the third night?——Here, take sixpence, and fetch two pots of porter, put it into bottles, and it will do for wine well enough.

FUST. Ay, faith, and the wine will be as good as the wit, I'll answer for it. [*Aside.*]

TRAP. Mr. Fustian, you'll observe I do not begin this play like most of our modern comedies, with three or four gentlemen who are brought on only to talk wit; for to tell you the truth, Sir, I have very little, if any, wit in this play: No, Sir, this is a play consisting of humour, nature, and simplicity: It is written, Sir, in the exact and true spirit of Moliere; and this I will say for it, that except about a dozen, or a score, or so, there is not one impure joke in it. But come, clear the stage, and draw the back scene: Mr. Fustian, if you please to sit down by me.

MAYOR and ALDERMEN *discover'd.*

FUST. Pray, Sir, who are these characters?

TRAP. Sir, they are Mr. Mayor of the town and his brethren, consulting about the election.

FUST. Are they all of a side, Sir?

TRAP. Yes, Sir, as yet; for you must know, Sir, that all the men in this borough are very sensible people, and have no party principles, for which they cannot give a good reason; Mr. Mayor, you begin the play.

MAYOR. Gentlemen, I have summoned you together to consider of proper representatives for this borough: You know the candidates on the court side are my lord Place, and colonel Promise; the country candidates are Sir Henry Fox-Chace, and 'Squire Tankard; all worthy gentlemen, and I wish with all my heart we could choose them all four.

1st ALD. But since we cannot, Mr. Mayor, I think we should stand by our neighbours; gentlemen whose honesty we are witnesses of, and whose estates in our own neighbourhood render 'em not liable to be bribed.

FUST. This gentleman, Mr. Trapwit, does not seem so unbiass'd in his principles, as you represented him.

TRAP. Pugh, Sir, you must have one fool in a play; beside I only writ him to set off the rest.

MAYOR. Mr. Alderman, you have a narrow way of thinking; honesty is not confined to a county; a man that lives a hundred miles off may be as honest as him that lives but three.

ALL. Ay, ay, ay, ay. *[Shaking their heads.]*

MAYOR. Besides, gentlemen, are we not more obliged to a foreigner for the favours he does us, than to one of our own neighbours who has obligations to us? I believe, gentlemen, there is not one of us who does not eat and drink with Sir Harry at least twenty times in a twelvemonth; now, for my part, I never saw or heard of either my lord or the colonel 'till within this fortnight; and yet they are as obliging, and civil, and familiar, as if we had been born and bred together.

1st ALD. Nay, they are very civil, well-bred men, that is the truth on't; but won't they bring a standing army upon us?

MAYOR. Mr. Alderman, you are deceived; the country party would bring a standing army upon us; whereas, if we choose my lord and the colonel, we

we shan't have a soldier in town. But, mum, here are my lord and the colonel.

Enter Lord PLACE, and Colonel PROMISE.

LORD PLACE. Gentlemen, your most humble servant; I have brought the colonel to take a morning's whet with you.

MAYOR. Your lordship and the colonel do us great honour; pray, my Lord, be pleas'd to sit down; pray, Colonel, be pleas'd to sit. More wine here.

FUST. I wish, Mr. Trapwit, your actors don't get drunk in the first act.

TRAP. Dear Sir, don't interrupt the rehearsal.

LORD PLACE. Gentlemen, prosperity to the corporation.

FUST. Sir, I am a well-wisher to the corporation, and if you please will pledge his lordship: Success to your comedy, Mr. Trapwit. *[Drinks.]*

TRAP. Give me a glass — Sir, here's to your tragedy — Now pray no more interruption; for this scene is one continual joke, and if you open your lips in it, you will break the thread of the jest.

MAYOR. My Lord, we are sensible of your great power to serve this corporation; and we do not doubt but we shall feel the effect on't.

LORD PLACE. Gentlemen, you may depend on me; I shall do all in my power. I shall do you some services which are not proper at present to mention to you; in the mean time, Mr. Mayor, give me leave to squeeze you by the hand, in assurance of my sincerity.

TRAP. You, Mr. that act my lord, bribe a little more openly if you please, or the audience will lose that joke, and it is one of the strongest in my whole play.

LORD PLACE. Sir, I cannot possibly do it better at the table.

TRAP.

TRAP. Then get all up, and come forward to the front of the stage. Now, you gentlemen that act the mayor and aldermen, range yourselves in a line; and you, my Lord, and the Colonel, come to one end and bribe away with right and left.

FUST. Is this wit, Mr. Trapwit?

TRAP. Yes, Sir, it is wit; and such wit as will run all over the kingdom.

FUST. But, methinks, colonel Promise, as you call him, is but ill-named; for he is a man of very few words.

TRAP. You'll be of another opinion before the play is over; at present his hands are too full of business; and you may remember, Sir, I before told you, this is none of your plays, wherein much is said, and nothing done. Gentlemen, are you all bribed?

OMN. Yes, Sir.

TRAP. Then my Lord and the Colonel, you must go off, and make room for the other candidates to come on and bribe too.

[*Exeunt Lord Place and Colonel Promise.*]

FUST. Is there nothing but bribery in this play of yours, Mr. Trapwit?

TRAP. Sir, this play is an exact representation of nature; I hope the audience will date the time of action before the bill of bribery and corruption took place; and then I believe it may go down; but now, Mr. Fustian, I shall shew you the art of a writer, which is, to diversify this matter, and do the same thing several ways. You must know, Sir, I distinguish bribery into two kinds; the direct, and the indirect: the first you have seen already; and now, Sir, I shall give you a small specimen of the other. Prompter, call Sir Harry and the 'Squire. But, gentlemen, what are you doing? How often shall I tell you that the moment the candidates are gone out, you are to retire to the table, and drink and look wise; you, Mr. Mayor, ought to look very wise.

FUST.

FUST. You'll take care he shall talk foolish enough; I warrant you. [Aside.

MAYOR. Come, here's a round to my lord, and the colonel's health; a place and a promise, I say; they make talk of the pride of courtiers, but I am sure I never had a civiler squeeze by the hand in my life.

TRAP. Ay, you have squeez'd that out pretty well; but shew the gold at those words, Sir, if you please.

MAYOR. I have none.

TRAP. Pray, Mr. Prompter, take care to get some counters against it is acted.

FUST. Ha, ha, ha! upon my word the courtiers have topt their part; the actor has outdone the author; this bribing with an empty hand is quite in the character of a courtier.

TRAP. Come, enter Sir Harry, and the 'Squire. Where are they?

1st PLAYER. Sir, Mr. Soundwell has been regularly summoned, but he has refused to act the part.

TRAP. Has he been writ to?

1st PLAYER. Yes, Sir, and here's his answer.

TRAP. Let both the letters be produced before the audience. Pray, Mr. Prompter, who shall we have to act the part?

1st PLAYER. Sir, I lik'd the part so well, that I have studied it in hope of some time playing it.

TRAP. You are an exceeding pretty young fellow, and I am very glad of the exchange.

Sir HAR. Halloo, hark, forwards; hark, honest Ned, good-morrow to you; how do'st, master Mayor? What, you are driving it about merrily, this morning? Come, come, sit down; the 'Squire and I will take a pot with you. Come, Mr. Mayor, here's liberty and property, and no excise.

MAYOR. Sir Harry, your health.

Sir HAR. What, won't you pledge me? Won't you drink, no excise?

MAYOR.

MAYOR. I don't love party healths, Sir Harry.

All ALD. No, no, no party healths, no party healths.

Sir HAR. Say ye so, gentlemen? I begin to smoke you; your pulses have been felt I perceive: And will you be bribed to sell your country? Where do you think these courtiers get the money they bribe you with, but from you yourselves? Do you think a man, who will give a bribe, won't take one? If you would be served faithfully, you must choose faithfully; and give your vote on no consideration but merit; for my part, I would as soon suborn an evidence at an assize, as a vote at an election.

MAYOR. I do believe you, Sir Harry.

Sir HAR. Mr. Mayor, I hope you receiv'd those three bucks I sent you, and that they were good.

MAYOR. Sir Harry, I thank you for them; but 'tis so long since I eat them, that I have forgot the taste.

Sir HAR. We'll try to revive it, I'll order you three more to-morrow morning.

MAYOR. You will surfeit us with venison. You will indeed; for it is a dry meat, Sir Harry, a very dry meat.

Sir HAR. We'll find a way to moisten it, I'll warrant you, if there be any wine in town: Mr. Alderman Stitch, your bill is too reasonable, you certainly must lose by it: send me in half a dozen more great-coats, pray; my servants are the dirtiest dogs! Mr. Damask, I believe you are afraid to trust me, by those few yards of silk you sent my wife—she likes the pattern so extremely, she is resolved to hang her rooms with it—pray let me have a hundred yards of it; I shall want more of you. Mr. Timber—and you Mr. Iron, I shall get into your books too—

FUST. Would not that getting into books have been more in the character of the courtier, Mr. Trapwit?

TRAP.

TRAP. Go on, go on, Sir.

SIR HAR. That gentleman interrupts one so—
Oh, now I remember—Mr. Timber, and you Mr. Iron, I shall get into your books too; tho' if I do, I assure you I won't continue in them long.

TRAP. Now, Sir, would it have been more in the character of a courtier? But you are like all our modern criticks, who damn a man before they have heard a man out; when if they would but stay till the joke came—

FUST. They would stay to hear your last words, I believe. *[Aside.]*

SIR HAR. For you must know, gentlemen, that I intend to pull down my old house, and build a new one.

TRAP. Pray, gentlemen, observe all to start at the word *house*. Sir Harry, that last speech again, pray.

SIR HAR. For you, &c.—Mr. Mayor, I must have all my bricks of you.

MAYOR. And do you intend to rebuild your house, Sir Harry?

SIR HAR. Positively.

MAYOR. Gentlemen, methinks, Sir Harry's toast stands still; will no body drink liberty and property, and no excise? *[They all drink and buzza.]*

SIR HAR. Give me thy hand, Mayor, I hate bribery and corruption: if this corporation will not suffer itself to be bribed, there shall not be a poor man in it.

MAYOR. And he that will, deserves to be poor; for my part, the world should not bribe me to vote against my conscience.

TRAP. Do you take that joke, Sir?

FUST. No faith, Sir.

TRAP. Why, how can a man vote against his conscience, who has no conscience at all?

1st ALD. Come, gentlemen, here's a fox-chace, and a tankard!

OMNES.

OMNES. A fox-chace, and a tankard! Huzza!

Sir HAR. Come, let's have one turn in the market-place, and then we'll to dinner.

MAYOR. Let's fill the air with our repeated cries, Of liberty and property, and no excise.

[*Exeunt Mayor and Aldermen.*]

TRAP. How do you like that couplet, Sir?

FUST. Oh! very fine, Sir?

TRAP. This is the end of the first act, Sir.

FUST. I cannot but observe, Mr. Trapwit, how nicely you have opposed 'Squire Tankard to Colonel Promise; neither of whom have yet utter'd one syllable.

TRAP. Why, you would not have every man a speaker, would you? One of a side is sufficient; and let me tell you, Sir, one is full enough to utter all that the party has to say for itself.

FUST. Methinks, Sir, you should let the audience know they can speak, if it were but an *ay*, or a *no*.

TRAP. Sir, the audience must know that already; for if they could not say *ay* and *no*, they would not be qualified for candidates.

FUST. Oh! your humble servant, I am answer'd: but pray, Sir, what is the action of this play?

TRAP. The action, Sir?

FUST. Yes, Sir, the fable, the design?

TRAP. Oh! you ask who is to be married! Why, Sir, I have a marriage; I hope you think I understand the laws of comedy, better than to write without marrying somebody.

FUST. But is that the main design to which every thing conduces?

TRAP. Yes, Sir.

FUST. Faith, Sir, I can't for the soul of me see, how what has hitherto past can conduce at all to that end.

TRAP. You can't; indeed, I believe you can't; for that is the whole plot of my play: and do you think I am like your shallow writers of comedy,
who

PASQUIN.

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who publish the banns of marriage between all the couples in their play, in the first act? No, Sir, I defy you to guess my couple 'till the thing is done, slap all at once; and that too by an incident arising from the main business of the play, and to which every thing conduces.

FUST. That will, indeed, surprise me.

TRAP. Sir, you are not the first man my writings have surprised— But what's become of all our players? Here, who begins the second act? Prompter.

Enter 1st PLAYER.

1st PLAYER. Sir, the prompter and most of the players, are drinking tea in the Green-room.

TRAP. Mr. Fustian, shall we drink a dish of tea with them? Come, Sir, as you have a part in my play, you shall drink a dish with us.

1st PLAYER. Sir, I dare not go into the Green-room; my salary is not high enough: I shall be forfeited if I go in there.

TRAP. Pshaw, come along; your sister has merit enough for herself, and you too; if they forfeit you, I'll warrant she'll take it off again.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter TRAPWIT, FUSTIAN, PROMPTER, Lord PLACE, Mrs. MAYORESS and MISS.

TRAPWIT.

I AM afraid, Mr. Fustian, you have hitherto suspected that I was a dabbler in low comedy: Now, Sir, you shall see some scenes of politeness and fine conversation amongst the ladies. Come, my Lord, come, begin.

LORD PLACE. Pray, Mrs. Mayorefs, what do you think this lace cost a yard?

FUST. A very pretty beginning of a polite conversation truly.

TRAP. Sir, in this play I keep exactly up to nature: nor is there any thing said in this scene, that I have not heard come out of the mouths of the finest people of the age. Sir, this scene has cost me ten shillings in chair-hire, to keep the best company, as it is call'd.

MRS. MAY. Indeed, my Lord, I cannot guess it at less than ten pounds a yard.

LORD PLACE. Pray, Madam, was you at the last ridotto?

FUST. Ridotto! the devil! a country mayorefs at a ridotto! Sure, that is out of character, Mr. Trap-wit.

TRAP. Sir, a conversation of this nature cannot be carried on without these helps; besides, Sir, this country mayorefs, as you call her, may be allow'd to know something of the town; for you must know, Sir, that she has been woman to a woman of quality.

FUST. I am glad to hear that.

MRS. MAY. Oh, my Lord! mention not those dear ridottoes to me, who have been confined these twelve long months in the country; where we have no entertainment, but a set of hideous, strolling players; nor have I seen any one human creature, till your lordship came to town; heaven send us a controverted election, then I shall go to that dear delightful place once more.

MISS. Yes, Mama, and then we shall see Fari-belly, the strange man-woman that they say is with child; and the fine pictures of Merlin's cave at the playhouses; and the ropedancing, and the tumbling.

FUST. By Miss's taste I believe she has been bred up under a woman of quality too.

Lord

LORD PLACE. I cannot but with pleasure observe, Madam, the polite taste Miss shews in her choice of entertainments; I dare swear she will be much admired in the *Beau Monde*, and I don't question but will be soon taken into keeping by some man of quality.

MISS. Keeping, my Lord!

LORD PLACE. Ay, that surprize looks well enough in one so young, that does not know the world; but, Miss, every one now keeps, and is kept: there are no such things as marriages now-a-days, unless merely Smithfield contracts, and that for the support of families; but then the husband and wife both take into keeping within a fortnight.

MRS. MAY. My Lord, I would have my girl act like other young ladies; but she does not know any men of quality, who shall introduce her to 'em?

LORD PLACE. That, Madam, must be your part; you must take a house, and see company; in a little while you may keep an assembly, and play at cards as high as you can; and almost all the money that is won, must be put into the box, which you must call, *paying for the cards*; tho' it is indeed paying for your candles, your cloaths, your lodging, and in short every thing you have: I know some persons who make a very considerable figure in town, whose whole estate lies in their card-box.

MRS. MAY. And have I been so long contented to be the wife of a poor country tradesman, when I might have had all this happiness?

FUST. How comes this lady, Mr. Trapwit, considering her education, to be so ignorant of all these things?

TRAP. 'Gad that's true; I had forgot her education, faith, when I writ that speech; it's a fault I sometimes fall into—a man ought to have the memory of a devil to remember every little thing; but come, go on, go on—I'll alter it by and by.

LORD PLACE. Indeed, Madam, it is a miserable

state of life; I hope we shall have no such people as tradesmen shortly; I can't see any use they are of; if I am chose, I'll bring in a bill to extirpate all trade out of the nation.

Mrs. MAY. Yes, my Lord, that would do very well amongst people of quality, who don't want money.

FUST. Again! Sure Mrs. Mayores knows very little of people of quality, considering she has lived amongst them.

TRAP. Lord, Sir, you are so troublesome——then she has not lived amongst people of quality, she has lived where I please; but suppose we should suppose she had been woman to a lady of quality, may we not also suppose she was turn'd away in a fortnight, and then what could she know, Sir?—Go on, go on.

Lord PLACE. A-lack-a-day, Madam, when I mention trade, I only mean low, dull, mechanick trade; such as the Canaille practise; there are several trades reputable enough, which people of fashion may practise; such are gaming, intriguing, voting, and running in debt.

TRAP. Come, enter a servant, and whisper my Lord. [*Enter a servant.*] Pray, Sir, mind your cue of entrance. [*Exit servant.*]

Lord PLACE. Ladies, a particular affair obliges me to lose so good company—I am your most obedient servant. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. MAY. He is a prodigious fine gentleman.

Miss. But must I go into keeping, Mama?

Mrs. MAY. Child, you must do what's in fashion.

Miss. But I have heard that's a naughty thing.

Mrs. MAY. That can't be, if your betters do it; people are punish'd for doing naughty things; but people of quality are never punish'd; therefore they never do any naughty things.

FUST. An admirable syllogism, and quite in character.

TRAP. Pshaw, dear Sir, don't trouble me with character; 'tis a good thing; and if 'tis a good thing, what signifies who says it?—Come, enter the Mayor drunk.

Enter MAYOR.

MAYOR. Liberty and property, and no excise, Wife.

Mrs. MAY. Ah! filthy beast, come not near me.

MAYOR. But I will tho'; I am for liberty and property; I'll vote for no courtiers, Wife.

Mrs. MAY. Indeed but you shall, Sir.

MISS. I hope you won't vote for a nasty stinking tory, Papa.

MAYOR. What a pox! are you for the courtiers too?

MISS. Yes, I hope I am a friend to my country; I am not for bringing in the pope.

MAYOR. No, nor I an't for a standing army.

Mrs. MAY. But I am for a standing army, Sir; a standing army is a good thing: you pretend to be afraid of your liberties and your properties—You are afraid of your wives and daughters: I love to see soldiers in the town; and you may say what you will, I know the town loses nothing by 'em.

MAYOR. The women don't, I believe.

Mrs. MAY. And I'll have you know, the women's wants shall be consider'd, as well as yours. I think my lord and the colonel do you too much honour, in offering to represent such a set of clownish, dirty, beggarly animals—Ah! I wish we women were to choose.

MAYOR. Ay, we should have a fine set of members then, indeed.

Mrs. MAY. Yes, Sir, you would have none but pretty gentlemen—there should not be one man in the house of commons without a lac'd coat.

MISS. O la! what a delicate, fine, charming fight that would be! Well, I like a lac'd coat; and

if ever I am taken into keeping, it shall be by a man in a lac'd coat.

MAYOR. What's that you say, Minx? what's that you say?

Mrs. MAY. What's that to you, Sir!

MAYOR. Why, Madam, must I not speak to my own daughter?

Mrs. MAY. You have the greater obligation to me, Sir, if she is; I am sure, if I had thought you would have endeavour'd to ruin your family, I would have seen you hang'd before you should have had any by me.

MAYOR. I ruin my family!

Mrs. MAY. Yes, I have been making your fortune for you with my lord; I have got a place for you, but you won't accept on't.

MISS. You shall accept on't.

Mrs. MAY. You shall vote for my lord and the colonel.

MISS. They are the finest men——

Mrs. MAY. The prettiest men——

MISS. The sweetest men——

Mrs. MAY. And you shall vote for them.

MAYOR. I won't be brib'd——

Mrs. MAY. A place is no bribe——ask the parson of the parish, if a place is a bribe?

MAYOR. What is the place?

Mrs. MAY. I don't know what the place is; nor my lord does not know what it is, but it is a great swinging place.

MAYOR. I will have the place first, I won't take a bribe, I will have the place first; liberty and property!—I'll have the place first. *[Exit.]*

Mrs. MAY. Come, my dear, follow me; I'll see whether he shall vote according to his conscience, or mine.

I'll teach mankind, while policy they boast,

They bear the name of power, we rule the roast.

TRAP. There ends act the second. *[Exeunt Mayors and Miss.]* Mr. Fustian, I inculcate a particular

lar moral at the end of every act; and therefore might have put a particular motto before every one, as the author of Cæsar in Egypt has done; thus, Sir, my first act sweetly sings, bribe all, bribe all; and the second gives you to understand that we are all under petticoat government; and my third will——but you shall see——Enter my Lord Place, Colonel Promise, and several Voters. My Lord, you begin the third act.

Enter Lord PLACE, Colonel PROMISE, and several Voters.

Lord PLACE. Gentlemen, be assured, I will take care of you all; you shall all be provided for as fast as possible; the customs and the excise afford a great number of places.

1st VOT. Could not your Lordship provide for me at court?

Lord PLACE. Nothing easier, what sort of a place would you like?

1st VOT. Is not there a sort of employment, Sir, call'd——beef-eating? If your Lordship please to make me a beef-eater,——I would have a place fitted for my capacity.

Lord PLACE. Sir, I will be sure to remember you.

2d VOT. My Lord, I should like a place at court too; I don't much care what it is, provided I wear fine cloaths, and have something to do in the kitchen, or the cellar; I own I should like the cellar, for I am a devilish lover of sack.

Lord PLACE. Sack, say you? Odsso, you shall be poet-laureat.

2d VOT. Poet! no, my Lord, I am no poet, I can't make verses.

Lord PLACE. No matter for that,——you'll be able to make odes.

2d VOT. Odes, my Lord! what are those?

Lord PLACE. Faith, Sir, I can't tell well what they

they are; but I know you may be qualified for the place without being a poet.

TRAP. Now, my Lord, do you file off, and talk apart with your people; and let the colonel advance.

FUST. Ay, faith, I think it is high time for the colonel to be heard.

COL. Depend upon it, Sir; I'll serve you.

FUST. Upon my word the colonel begins very well; but has not that been said already?

TRAP. Ay, and if I was to bring a hundred courtiers into my play, they should all say it——none of them do it.

3d VOT. An't please your honour, I have read in a book call'd Fog's Journal, that your honour's men are to be made of wax; now, Sir, I have serv'd my time to a waxwork-maker, and desire to make your honour's regiment.

COL. Sir, you may depend on me.

3d VOT. Are your officers to be made of wax too, Sir? because I would prepare a finer fort for them.

COL. No, none but the chaplain.

3d VOT. O! I have a most delicate piece of black wax for him.

TRAP. You see, Sir, the colonel can speak when military affairs are on the carpet; hitherto, Mr. Fustian, the play has gone on in great tranquillity; now you shall see a scene of a more turbulent nature. Come, enter the Mob of both sides, and cudgel one another off the stage. Colonel, as your business is not to fight at present, I beg you would go off before the battle comes on; you, and your brother candidate, come into the middle of the stage; you Voters range yourselves under your several leaders. [*The Mob attempt to break in.*] Pray, Gentlemen, keep back; mind the colonel's going off is the cue for the battle to enter. Now, my Lord and the Colonel, you are at the head of your parties——but hold, hold, hold, you Feeb eater, go you behind

hind my lord, if you please; and you, Soldier-maker, come you behind the colonel: now, Gentlemen, speak.

Lord PLACE.

Col. PRO.

} Gentlemen, we'll serve you.

[My Lord and the Colonel file off at different doors, the parties following.]

Enter Mob on each side of the stage, crying out promiscuously, Down with the Rump, no Courtiers! no Jacobites! down with the Pope! no Excise! a Place and a Promise! a Fox-Chace and a Tankard! At last they fall together by the ears, and cudgel one another off the stage.

Enter Sir HARRY, SQUIRE, and MAYOR.

Sir HAR. Bravely done, my boys, bravely done; faith our party has got the day.

MAYOR. Ay, Sir Harry, at dry blows we always come off well; if we could but disband the army, I warrant we carried all our points. But faith, Sir, I have fought a hard battle on your account; the other side have secured my wife; my lord has promised her a place, but I am not to be gull'd in that manner; I may be taken like the fish in the water, by a bait, but not like the dog in the water, by a shadow.

Sir HAR. I know you are an honest man, and love your country.

MAYOR. Faith that I do, Sir Harry, as well as any man; if my country will but let me live by it, that's all I desire.

FUST. Mr. Mayor seems to have got himself sober very suddenly.

TRAP. Yes, so would you too, I believe, if you had been scolded at by your wife as long as he has; but if you think that is not reason enough, he may be drunk still, for any reason I see to the contrary: pray, Sir, act this scene as if you was drunk.

FUST. Nay, I must confess, I think it quite out of character for the Mayor to be once sober during the whole election.

SQUIRE [*drunk.*] A man that won't get drunk for his country is a rascal.

MAYOR. So he is, noble Squire; there's no honesty in a man that won't be drunk—a man that won't drink is an enemy to the trade of the nation.

Sir HAR. Those were glorious days when honest English hospitality flourish'd; when a country gentleman could afford to make his neighbours drunk, before your damn'd French fashions were brought over; why, Mr. Mayor, would you think it? there are many of these courtiers who have six starved footmen behind a coach, and not half a hog'shead of wine in their house; why, how do you think all the money is spent?

MAYOR. Faith I can't tell.

Sir HAR. Why, in houses, pictures, lace, embroidery, nicknacks, Italian fingers, and French tumblers; and those who vote for them will never get a dinner of them after the election is over.

MAYOR. But there is a thought comes often into my head, which is this; if these courtiers be turn'd out, who shall succeed them?

Sir HAR. Who? why we!

SQUIRE. Ay, we!

Sir HAR. And then we may provide for our friends; I love my country, but I don't know why I may not get something by it as well as another; at least to reimburse me.—And I do assure you, tho' I have not bribed a single vote, my election will stand me in a good five thousand pounds.

SQUIRE. Ay, and so will mine me,—but if ever we should get uppermost, Sir Harry, I insist upon immediately paying off the debts of the nation.

Sir HAR. Mr. Tankard, that shall be done with all convenient speed.

SQUIRE. I'll have no delay in it, Sir.

MAYOR.

MAYOR. There spoke the spirit of a true Englishman: ah! I love to hear the Squire speak, he will be a great honour to his country in foreign parts.

Sir HAR. Our friends stay for us at the tavern; we'll go and talk more over a bottle.

SQUIRE. With all my heart; but I will pay off the debts of the nation.

MAYOR. Come to the tavern then.

There while brisk wine improves our conversation,
We at our pleasure will reform the nation.

TRAP. There ends act the third.

[*Exeunt Sir Harry, Squire, and Mayor.*]

FUST. Pray, Sir, what's the moral of this act?

TRAP. And you really don't know?

FUST. No, really.

TRAP. Then I really will not tell you; but come, Sir, since you cannot find that out, I'll try whether you can find out the plot; for now it is just going to begin to open, it will require a very close attention, I assure you; and the devil take me if I give you any assistance.

FUST. Is not the fourth act a little too late to open the plot, Mr. Trapwit?

TRAP. Sir, 'tis an error on the right side; I have known a plot open in the first act, and the audience, and the poet too, forget it before the third was over; now, Sir, I am not willing to burden either the audiences memory, or my own; for they may forget all that is hitherto past, and know full as much of the plot as if they remember'd it.

PROMP. Call Mr. Mayor, Mrs. Mayoress, and Miss.

*Enter Mr. MAYOR, Mrs. MAYORESS,
and MISS.*

Mrs. MAY. O! have I found you at last, Sir? I have been hunting for you this hour.

MAYOR. Faith, my dear, I wish you had found me sooner, I have been drinking to the good old
cause

cause with Sir Harry and the Squire; you would have been heartily welcome to all the company.

Mrs. MAY. Sir, I shall keep no such company; I shall converse with no clowns, or country squires.

Miss. My Mama will converse with no Jacobites.

MAYOR. But, my dear, I have some news for you; I have got a place for myself now.

Mrs. MAY. O, ho! then you will vote for my Lord at last?

MAYOR. No, my dear, Sir Harry is to give me a place.

Mrs. MAY. A place in his dog-kennel?

MAYOR. No, 'tis such a one as you never could have got me from my Lord, I am to be made an ambassador.

Mrs. MAY. What, is Sir Harry going to change sides then, that he is to have all this interest?

MAYOR. No, but the sides are going to be changed; and Sir Harry is to be—I don't know what to call him, not I,—some very great man; and as soon as he is a very great man, I am to be made an ambassador of.

Mrs. MAY. Made an afs of! Will you never learn of me, that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush?

MAYOR. Yes, but I can't find that you had the bird in hand; if that had been the case, I don't know what I might have done; but I am sure any man's promise is as good as a courtier's.

Mrs. MAY. Look'e, Mr. Ambassador that is to be, will you vote as I would have you, or no? I am weary of arguing with a fool any longer; so Sir, I tell you, you must vote for my Lord and the Colonel, or I'll make the house too hot to hold you; I'll see whether my poor family is to be ruin'd because you have whims.

Miss. I know he is a Jacobite in his heart.

Mrs.

Mrs. MAY. What signifies what he is in his heart ; have not a hundred, whom every body knows to be as great Jacobites as he, acted like very good whigs ? What has a man's heart to do with his lips ? I don't trouble my head with what he thinks, I only desire him to vote.

Miss. I am sure Mama is a very reasonable woman.

Mrs. MAY. Yes, I am too reasonable a woman, and have used gentle methods too long ; but I'll try others.

[Goes to a corner of the stage, and takes a stick.]

MAYOR. Nay then, Liberty and property and no excise ! *[Runs off.]*

Mrs. MAY. I'll excise you, you villain.

[Runs after him.]

Miss. Hey ho ! I wish somebody were here now ; would the man that I love best in the world were here, that I might use him like a dog.

FUST. Is not that a very odd wish, Mr. Trapwit ?

TRAP. No, Sir ; don't all the young ladies in plays use all their lovers so ? Should we not lose half the best scenes in our comedies else ?

PROMP. Pray, gentlemen, don't disturb the rehearsal so ; where is this servant ? *[Enter servant.]* Why don't you mind your cue ?

SERV. O, ay, dog's my cue.—Madam, here's Miss Stich, the tailor's daughter, come to wait on you.

Miss. Shew her in—What can the impertinent flirt want with me ? She knows I hate her too, for being of the other party ; however, I'll be as civil to her as I can.

Enter Miss STITCH.

Dear Miss ! your servant ; this is an unexpected favour.

Miss STITCH. I am sure, Madam, you have no reason to say so ; for tho' we are of different parties, I have always coveted your acquaintance. I can't see

see why people may not keep their principles to themselves.

[*Aside.*

MISS. Pray, Miss, sit down. Well, have you any news in town?

MISS STITCH. I don't know, my dear; for I have not been out these three days; and I have been employ'd all that time in reading one of the Craftsmen; 'tis a very pretty one; I have almost got it by heart.

MISS. [*Aside.*] Saucy flirt! she might have spared that to me, when she knows that I hate the paper.

MISS STITCH. But I ask your pardon, my dear, I know you never read it.

MISS. No, Madam, I have enough to do to read the Daily Gazetteer. My father has six of 'em sent him every week, for nothing; they are very pretty papers, and I wish you would read them, Miss.

MISS STITCH. Fie upon you; how can you read what's writ by an old woman?

MISS. An old woman, Miss?

MISS STITCH. Yes, Miss; by Mrs. Osborne—Nay it is in vain to deny it to me.

MISS. I desire, Madam, we may discourse no longer on this subject; for we shall never agree on it.

MISS STITCH. Well then, pray let me ask you seriously—are you thoroughly satisfied with this peace?

MISS. Yes, Madam, and I think you ought to be so too.

MISS STITCH. I should like it well enough, if I were sure the queen of Spain was to be trusted.

MISS. [*Rising.*] Pray, Miss, none of your insinuations against the queen of Spain.

MISS STITCH. Don't be in a passion, Madam.

MISS. Yes, Madam, but I will be in a passion, when the interest of my country is at stake.

MISS STITCH. [*Rising.*] Perhaps, Madam, I have a heart as warm in the interest of my country as you can have; tho' I pay money for the papers I read, Madam, and that's more than you can say.

MISS.

MISS. Miss, Miss, my papers are paid for too by somebody, tho' I don't pay for them; I don't suppose the Old Woman, as you call her, sends 'em about at her own expence; but I'd have you to know, Miss, I value my money as little as you in my country's cause; and rather than have no army, I would part with every farthing of these sixteen shillings to maintain it.

MISS STITCH. And if my sweetheart was to vote for the Colonel, tho' I like this fan of all the fans I ever saw in my life, I would tear it all to pieces, because it was his Valentine's gift to me—Oh! heavens! I have torn my fan; I would not have torn my fan for the world! Oh! my poor dear fan!—I wish all parties were at the devil, for I am sure I shall never get a fan by them.

MISS. Notwithstanding all you have said, Madam, I should be a brute not to pity you under this calamity; comfort yourself, child, I have a fan the exact fellow to it; if you will bring your sweetheart over to vote for the Colonel, you shall have it.

MISS STITCH. And can I sell my country for a fan?—What's my country to me? I shall never get a fan by it.—And will you give it me for nothing?

MISS. I'll make you a free present of it.

MISS STITCH. I am ashamed of your conquest, but I'll take the fan.

MISS. And now, my dear, we'll go and drink a dish of tea together.

And let all parties blame me, if they can,

Who're brib'd by honours trifling as a fan.

[*Exeunt Misses.*]

TRAP. There ends act the fourth. If you want to know the moral of this, the devil must be in you: Faith, this incident of the fan struck me so strongly, that I was once going to call this comedy by the name of the Fan. But, come, now for act the fifth.

PROMP. Sir, the player who is to begin it is just
stept

stept aside on some business; he begs you would stay a few minutes for him.

TRAP. Come, Fustian, you and I will step into the green-room, and chat with the actresses mean while.

FUST. But don't you think these girls improper persons to talk of parties?

TRAP. Sir, I assure you it is not out of nature: And I have often heard these affairs canvass'd by men, who had not one whit more understanding than these girls. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter TRAPWIT, FUSTIAN *and*
SNEERWELL.

TRAPWIT.

FIE upon't, fie upon't, make no excuses.

SNEER. Consider, Sir, I am my own enemy.

TRAP. I do consider that you might have past your time, perhaps, here as well as in another place.

SNEER. But I hope I have not transgress'd much —

TRAP. All's over, Sir, all's over; you might as well have stay'd away entirely; the fifth act's beginning, and the plot's at an end.

SNEER. What's the plot at an end before the fifth act is begun?

TRAP. No, no, no, no, I don't mean at an end, — but we are so far advanced in it, that it will be impossible for you to comprehend or understand any thing of it.

FUST. You have too mean an opinion of Mr. Sneerwell's capacity; I'll engage he shall understand as much of it as I, who have heard the other four.

TRAP.

TRAP. Sir, I can't help your want of understanding, or apprehension; 'tis not my fault if you cannot take a hint, Sir; would you have a catastrophe in every act? Oons and the devil, have not I promised you, you should know all by and by—— but you are so impatient.——

FUST. I think you have no reason to complain of my want of patience; Mr. Sneerwell, be easy; 'tis but one short act before my tragedy begins; and that I hope will make you amends for what you are to undergo before it. Trapwit, I wish you would begin.

TRAP. I wish so too. Come, Prompter; are the members in their chairs?

PROMP. Yes, Sir.

TRAP. Then carry them over the stage; but hold, hold, hold, where is the women to strew the flowers? [*The Members are carried over the Stage.*] Hollow, Mob, hollow, hollow; Oons, Mr. Prompter, you must get more mob to hollow, or these gentlemen will never be believed to have had the majority.

PROMP. Sir, I can get no more mob, all the rest of the mob are gone to St. James's Park to see the show.

SNEER. Pray, Mr. Trapwit, who are these gentlemen in the chairs?

TRAP. Ay, Sir, this is your staying away so long; if you had been here the first four acts, you would have known who they were.

FUST. Dear Sneerwell, ask him no more questions; if you enquire into every absurdity you see, we shall have no tragedy to-day.

TRAP. Come, Mr. Mayor and Mrs. Mayoress.

Enter MAYOR and Mrs. MAYORESS.

MAYOR. So, now you have undone yourself your own way; you have made me vote against my conscience

conscience and interest too, and now I have lost both parties!

Mrs. MAY. How have you lost both parties?

MAYOR. Why, my Lord will never remember my voting for him, now he has lost the day; and Sir Harry, who has won it, will never forgive my voting against him: Let which side will be uppermost, I shall have no place till the next election.

Mrs. MAY. It will be your own fault then, Sir; for you have it now in your power to oblige my Lord more than ever; go and return my Lord and the Colonel as duly elected, and I warrant you I do your business with him yet.

MAYOR. Return 'em, my dear? Why there was a majority of two or three score against 'em.

Mrs. MAY. A fig for a majority of two or three score; if there had been a majority of as many hundreds, you'll never be call'd to an account for returning them; and when you have return'd 'em, you'll have done all in your power: How can you expect that great men should do any thing to serve you, if you stick at any thing to serve them?

MAYOR. My conscience boggles at this thing — but yet it is impossible I should ever get any thing by the other side.

Mrs. MAY. Ay, let that satisfy your conscience, that is the only way to get any thing.

MAYOR. Truly, I think it has.

SNEER. I think, Mr. Trapwip, Interest would be a better word there than Conscience.

TRAP. Ay, Interest, or Conscience, they are words of the same meaning: But I think Conscience rather politer of the two, and most used at court.

Mrs. MAY. Besides, it will do a service to your town, for half of them must be carried to London at the candidate's expence; and I dare swear there is not one of them, whatever side he votes of, but would be glad to put the candidate to as much expence as he can in an honest way.

[Exit. Mayor.

[Enter

Enter MISS crying.

MISS. Oh, Mama, I have grieved myself to death at the court party's losing the day; for if the others shou'd have a majority in the house, what would become of us? alas, we should not go to London!

Mrs. MAY. Dry up your tears, my dear, all will be well; your father shall return my lord and the colonel; and we shall have a controverted election; and we will go to London, my dear.

MISS. Shall we go to London? Then I am easy; but if we had staid here, I should have broke my heart for the love of my country.——Since my father returns them, I hope justice will find some friends above, where people have sense enough to know the right side from the left; however, happen what will, there is some consolation in going to London.

Mrs. MAY. But I hope you have considered well what my lord told you; that you will not scruple going into keeping: Perhaps you will have it in your power to serve your family, and it would be a great sin not to do all you can for your family.

MISS. I have dreamt of nothing but coaches and six, and balls, and treats, and shows, and masquerades ever since.

FUST. Dreamt, Sir? Why, I thought the time of your comedy had been confined to the same day, Mr. Trapwit.

TRAP. No, Sir, it is not; but suppose it was, might she not have taken an afternoon's nap?

SNEER. Ay, or dreamt waking, as several people do.

Enter Lord PLACE and Colonel PROMISE.

Lord PLACE. Madam, I am come to take my leave of you; I am very sensible of my many obligations

gations to you, and shall remember them till the next election, when I will wait on you again; nay, I don't question but we shall carry our point yet, tho' they have given us the trouble of a petition.

Mrs. MAY. No, no, my lord, you are not yet reduced to that; I have prevail'd on my husband to return you and the colonel.

Lord PLACE. To return us, Madam?

Mrs. MAY. Yes, my Lord, as duly elected; and when we have return'd you so, it will be your own fault if you don't prove yourself so.

Lord PLACE. Madam, this news has so transported my spirits, that I fear some ill effect, unless you instantly give me a dram.

Mrs. MAY. If your lordship please to walk with me into my closet, I'll equip your lordship. *[Exit.]*

TRAP. How do you like that dram, Sir?

SNEER. Oh! most excellent!

FUST. I can't say so, unless I tasted it.

TRAP. Faith, Sir, if it had not been for that dram, my play had been at an end.

FUST. The devil take the dram, with all my heart.

TRAP. Now, Mr. Fustian, the plot, which has hitherto been only carried on by hints, and open'd itself like the infant spring by small and imperceptible degrees to the audience, will display itself, like a ripe matron, in its full summer's bloom; and cannot, I think, fail with its attractive charms, like a loadstone, to catch the admiration of every one like a trap, and raise an applause like thunder, till it makes the whole house like a hurricane. I must desire a strict silence through this whole scene. Colonel, stand you still on this side of the stage; and, Miss, do you stand on the opposite.—There, now look at each other. *[A long silence here.]*

FUST. Pray, Mr. Trapwit, is no body ever to speak again?

TRAP. Oh! the devil! You have interrupted the

the scene; after all my precautions the scene's destroyed; the best scene of silence that ever was penn'd by man. Come, come, you may speak now; you may speak as fast as you please.

COL. Madam, the army is very much obliged to you for the zeal you shew for it: me it has made your slave for ever; nor can I ever think of being happy, unless you consent to marry me.

MISS. Ha! and can you be so generous to forgive all my ill usage of you?

FUST. What ill usage, Mr. Trapwit! For if I mistake not, this is the first time these lovers spoke to one another.

TRAP. What ill usage, Sir? a great deal, Sir.

FUST. When, Sir? Where, Sir?

TRAP. Why, behind the scenes, Sir. What would you have every thing brought upon the stage? I intend to bring ours to the dignity of the French stage; and I have Horace's advice on my side; we have many things both said and done in our comedies, which might be better perform'd behind the scenes: The French, you know, banish all cruelty from their stage; and I don't see why we should bring on a lady in ours, practising all manner of cruelty upon her lover: besides, Sir, we do not only produce it, but encourage it; for I could name you some comedies, if I would, where a woman is brought in for four acts together, behaving to a worthy man in a manner for which she almost deserves to be hang'd; and in the fifth, forsooth, she is rewarded with him for a husband: Now, Sir, as I know this hits some tastes, and am willing to oblige all, I have given every lady a latitude of thinking mine has behaved in whatever manner she would have her.

SNEER. Well said, my little Trap: But pray let us have the scene.

TRAP. Go on, Miss, if you please.

MISS. I have struggled with myself to put you to

so many trials of your constancy; nay, perhaps have indulged myself a little too far in the innocent liberties of abusing you, tormenting you, coqueting, lying, and jilting; which as you are so good to forgive, I do faithfully promise to make you all the amends in my power, by making you a good wife.

TRAP. That single promise, Sir, is more than any of my brother authors had ever the grace to put into the mouth of any of their fine ladies yet; so that the hero of a comedy is left in a much worse condition than the villain of a tragedy, and I would choose rather to be hang'd with the one, than married with the other.

SNEER. Faith, Trapwit, without a jest, thou art in the right on't.

FUST. Go on, go on, dear Sir, go on.

COL. And can you be so generous, so great, so good? Oh! load not thus my heart with obligations, lest it sink beneath its burden: Oh! could I live a hundred thousand years, I never could repay the bounty of that last speech; Oh! my paradise!

Eternal honey drops from off your tongue,
And when you spoke, then Farinelli sung!

TRAP. Open your arms, Miss, if you please; remember you are no coquet now: How pretty this looks! don't it? [*Mimicking her.*] Let me have one of your best embraces, I desire; do it once more, pray—There, there, that's pretty well; you must practise this behind the scenes. [*Exeunt Miss and Col.*]

SNEER. Are they gone to practise now, Mr. Trapwit?

TRAP. You're a joker, Mr. Sneerwell; you're a joker.

Enter Lord PLACE, MAYOR, and Mrs. MAYORESS.

LORD PLACE. I return you my hearty thanks, Mr. Mayor, for this return; and in return of the favour I will certainly do you a very good turn very soon.

FUST;

FUST. I wish the audience don't do you an ill turn, Mr. Trapwit, for that last speech.

SNEER. Yes, faith, I think I would cut out a turn or two.

TRAP. Sir, I'll sooner cut off an ear or two; Sir, that's the very best thing in the whole play—— Come, enter the colonel and Miss—— married.

SNEER. Upon my word they have been very expeditious.

TRAP. Yes, Sir, the Parson understands his business, he has ply'd several years at the fleet.

Enter COLONEL and MISS. [They kneel.

COL. } Sir and Madam your blessing.
MISS. }

MAYOR. } Ha!
Mrs. MAY. }

COL. Your daughter, Sir and Madam, has made me the happiest of mankind.

Mrs. MAY. Colonel, you know you might have had my consent; why did you choose to marry without it? However I give you both my blessing.

MAYOR. And so do I.

Lord PLACE. Then call in my brother candidates, we will spend this night in feast and merriment.

FUST. What has made these two parties so suddenly friends, Mr. Trapwit?

TRAP. What? why the marriage, Sir; the usual reconciler at the end of a comedy. I would not have concluded without every person on the stage for the world.

Lord PLACE. Well, Colonel, I see you are setting out for life, and so I wish you a good journey.

And you, gallants, from what you've seen to-night,

If you are wrong, may set your judgments right;
Nor like our misses, about bribing quarrel,
When better herring is in neither barrel.

[*Man. Fust. Trap. and Sneer.*

TRAP. Thus ends my play, Sir.

FUST. Pray, Mr. Trapwit, how has the former part of it conduced to this marriage?

TRAP. Why, Sir, do you think the Colonel would ever have had her, but on the prospect her father has from this election?

SNEER. Ay, to strengthen his interest with the returning officer.

TRAP. Ay, Sir, I was just going to say so.

SNEER. But where's your epilogue?

TRAP. Faith, Sir, I can't tell what I shall do for an epilogue.

SNEER. What! have you writ none?

TRAP. Yes, faith, I have writ one, but——

SNEER. But what?

TRAP. Faith, Sir, I can get no one to speak it; the actresses are so damn'd difficult to please—— When first I writ it they would not speak it, because there were not double entendres enough in it; upon which I went to Mr. Watts's, and borrow'd all his plays; went home, read over all the epilogues, and cramm'd it as full as possible; and now, forsooth, it has too many in it. Oons, I think we must get a pair of scales, and weigh out a sufficient quantity of that same——

FUST. Come, come, Mr. Trapwit, clear the stage if you please.

TRAP. With all my heart; for I have overstay'd my time already; I am to read my play to-day to six different companies of quality.

FUST. You'll stay and see the tragedy rehears'd, I hope.

TRAP. Faith, Sir, it is my great misfortune that I can't; I deny myself a great pleasure, but cannot possibly stay——to hear such damn'd stuff as I know it must be. [Aside.]

SNEER. Nay, dear Trapwit, you shall not go—— Consider your advice may be of some service to Mr. Fustian;

FUSTIAN; beside he has stay'd the rehearsal of your play——

FUST. Yes, I have——and kept myself awake with much difficulty. *[Aside.]*

TRAP. Nay, nay, you know I can't refuse you——tho' I shall certainly fall asleep in the first act. *[Aside.]*

SNEER. If you'll let me know who your people of quality are, I'll endeavour to bring you off.

TRAP. No, no, hang me if I tell you, Ha, ha, ha! I know you too well——But, pr'ythee now tell me, Fustian, how dost thou like my play? Dost think it will do?

FUST. 'Tis my opinion it will.

TRAP. Give me a guinea, and I'll give you a crown a night as long as it runs.

SNEER. That's laying against yourself, Mr. Trapwit.

TRAP. I love a hedge, Sir.

FUST. Before the rehearsal begins, Gentlemen, I must beg your opinion of my dedication; you know, a dedication is generally a bill drawn for value therein contained; which value is a set of nauseous fulsome compliments, which my soul abhors and scorns; for I mortally hate flattery, and therefore have carefully avoided it.

SNEER. Yes, faith, a dedication without flattery will be worth the seeing.

FUST. Well, Sir, you shall see it. Read it, dear Trapwit; I hate to read my own works.

TRAP. *[Reads]* *My Lord, at a time when nonsense, dulness, lewdness, and all manner of profaneness and immorality are daily practised on the stage, I have prevail'd on my modesty to offer to your lordship's protection a piece, which, if it has no merit to recommend it, has at least no demerit to disgrace it; nor do I question at this, when every one else is dull, you will be pleas'd to find one exception to the number.*

I cannot indeed help assuming to myself some little me-

rit from the applause, which the town has so universally conferr'd upon me.——

FUST. That you know, Mr. Sneerwell, may be omitted, if it should meet with any ill-natured opposition; for which reason I shall not print off my dedication 'till after the play is acted.

TRAP. [Reads.] *I might here indulge myself with a delineation of your lordship's character; but as I abhor the least imputation of flattery, and as I am certain your lordship is the only person in this nation that does not love to hear your praises, I shall be silent——only this give me leave to say, That you have more wit, sense, learning, honour and humanity, than all mankind put together; and your person comprehends in it every thing that is beautiful; your air is every thing that is graceful, your look every thing that is majestic, and your mind is a storehouse where every virtue and every perfection are lodged: To pass by your generosity, which is so great, so glorious, so diffusive, that like the sun it eclipses, and makes stars of all your other virtues——I could say more——*

SNEER. Faith, Sir, that's more than I could——

TRAP. *But shall commit a violence upon myself, and conclude with assuring your lordship, that I am, my lord, your lordship's most obedient, most devoted, most obsequious, and most obliged humble servant.*

FUST. There you see it, Sir, concise, and not fulsome.

SNEER. Very true, Sir, if you had said less it would not have done.

FUST. No, I think less would have been downright rude, considering it was to a person of the first quality.

SNEER. Pr'ythee, Trapwit, let's see yours.

TRAP. I have none, Sir.

FUST. How, Sir, no dedication?

TRAP. No, Sir; for I have dedicated so many plays, and received nothing for them, that I am resolved

solved to trust no more: I'll let no more flattery go out of my shop without being paid beforehand.

FUST. Sir, flattery is so cheap, and every man of quality keeps so many flatterers about him, that e'gad our trade is quite spoil'd; but if I am not paid for this dedication, the next I write shall be a satirical one; if they won't pay me for opening my mouth, I'll make them pay me for shutting it. But since you have been so kind, gentlemen, to like my dedication, I'll venture to let you see my prologue. Sir, I beg the favour of you to repeat the prologue, if you are perfect in it. *[To a Player.]*

PLAYER. Sir, I'll do it the best in my power.

FUST. This prologue was writ by a friend.

PROLOGUE.

*When death's sharp scythe has mow'd the hero down,
The muse again awakes him to renown;
She tells proud fate that all her darts are vain,
And bids the hero live, and strut about again:
Nor is she only able to restore,
But she can make what ne'er was made before:
Can search the realms of Fancy, and create
What never came into the brain of Fate.*

*Forth from these realms to entertain to-night,
She brings imaginary kings and queens to light,
Bids Common-sense in person mount the stage,
And Harlequin to storm in tragick rage.
Britons, attend; and decent reverence show
To her, who made th' Athenian bosoms glow;
Whom the undaunted Romans could revere,
And who in Shakespear's time was worshipp'd here;
If none of these can her success presage,
Your hearts at least a wonder may engage:
Ob! love her like her sister monsters of the age.* }

SNEER. Faith, Sir, your friend has writ a very fine prologue.

FUST.

FUST. Do you think so? Why then, Sir, I must assure you, that friend is no other than myself. But come, now for the tragedy. Gentlemen, I must desire you all to clear the stage, for I have several scenes which I could wish it as big again for.

2d PLAYER *enters, and whispers* TRAPWIT.

2d. PLAYER. Sir, a gentlewoman desires to speak to you.

TRAP. Is she in a chair?

2d. PLAYER. No, Sir, she is in a riding-hood, and says she has brought you a clean shirt.

[*Exit* Player.

TRAP. I'll come to her——Mr. Fustian, you must excuse me a moment; a Lady of quality hath sent to take some boxes.

[*Exit* Trap.

PROMP. Common-sense, Sir, desires to speak with you in the green-room.

FUST. I'll wait upon her.

SNEER. You ought, for it is the first message, I believe you ever received from her.

[*Aside.*

[*Exeunt* Fust. and Sneer.

Enter a D A N C E R.

DANC. Look'e, Mr. Prompter, I expect to dance first goddess; I will not dance under Miss Minuet; I am sure I shew more to the audience than any lady upon the stage.

PROMP. Madam, it is not my business.

DANC. I don't know whose business it is; but I think the town ought to be the judges of a dancer's merit; I am sure they are on my side; and if I am not us'd better, I'll go to France; for now we have got all their dancers away, perhaps they may be glad of some of ours.

PROMP. Hey-day, what's the matter?

[*A noise within.*

Enter

Enter PLAYER.

PLAYER. The author and Common-sense are quarrelling in the green-room.

PROMP. Nay, then that's better worth seeing than any thing in the play. *[Exit Promp.]*

DANC. Hang this play, and all plays; the dancers are the only people that support the house; if it were not for us, they might act their Shakespear to empty benches.

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter FUSTIAN *and* SNEERWELL.

F U S T I A N.

TH E S E little things, Mr. Sneerwell, will sometimes happen. Indeed a poet undergoes a great deal before he comes to his third night; first with the muses, who are humorous ladies, and must be attended; for if they take it into their head at any time to go abroad and leave you, you will pump your brain in vain: then, Sir, with the master of a playhouse to get it acted, whom you generally follow a quarter of a year before you know whether he will receive it or no; and then perhaps he tells you it won't do, and returns it you again, reserving the subject, and perhaps the name, which he brings out in his next pantomime; but if he should receive the play, then you must attend again to get it writ out into parts, and rehears'd. Well, Sir, at last the rehearsals begin; then, Sir, begins another scene of trouble with the actors, some of whom don't like their parts, and all are continually plaguing you with alterations: at length, after having waded thro' all these difficulties, his play appears on the stage, where one man hisses out of resentment to the author; a second out of dislike to the house; a third out of dislike

like to the actor; a fourth out of dislike to the play; a fifth for the joke's sake; a sixth to keep all the rest in company. Enemies abuse him, friends give him up, the play is damn'd, and the author goes to the devil: so ends the farce.

SNEER. The tragedy rather, I think, Mr. Fustian. But what's become of Trapwit?

FUST. Gone off, I suppose; I knew he would not stay; he is so taken up with his own performances, that he has no time to attend any others. But come, Prompter, will the tragedy never begin?

Enter PROMPTER.

PROMP. Yes, Sir, they are all ready; come draw up the curtain.

FIREBRAND, LAW *and* PHYSICK
discover'd.

SNEER. Pray, Mr. Fustian, who are these personages?

FUST. That in the middle, Sir, is Firebrand, priest of the Sun; he on the right represents Law, and he on the left Physick.

FIREB. Avert these omens, ye auspicious stars!

FUST. What omens? where the devil is the thunder and lightning?

PROMP. Why don't you let go the thunder there? and flash your rosin? [*Thunder and lightning.*]

FUST. Now, Sir, begin if you please. I desire, Sir, you will get a larger thunderbowl, and two pennyworth more of lightning against the representation. Now, Sir, if you please.

FIREB. Avert these omens, ye auspicious stars!
Oh Law! oh Physick! As last even late
I offered sacred incense in the temple,
The temple shook: strange prodigies appear'd;
A cat in boots did dance a rigadoon,
While a huge dog play'd on the violin;
And whilst I trembling at the altar stood,

Voices

Voices were heard i' th' air, and seem'd to say,
 Awake my drowsy sons, and sleep no more :
 They must mean something! ———

LAW. Certainly they must ———
 We have our omens too ! The other day
 A mighty deluge swam into our hall,
 As if it meant to wash away the law :
 Lawyers were forc'd to ride on porters shoulders ;
 One, O prodigious omen ! tumbled down,
 And he and all his briefs were fous'd together.
 Now, if I durst my sentiments declare,
 I think it is not hard to guess the meaning.

FIREB. Speak boldly ; by the powers I serve, I
 swear
 You speak in safety, even tho' you speak
 Against the gods, provided that you speak
 Not against priests.

LAW. What then can the powers
 Mean by these omens, but to rouse us up
 From the lethargick sway of Common-sense ?
 And well they urge, for while that drowsy queen
 Maintains her empire, what becomes of us ?

PHYS. My Lord of Law, you speak my sentiments ;
 For tho' I wear the mask of loyalty,
 And outward shew a reverence to the queen,
 Yet in my heart I hate her : yes, by heav'n
 She stops my proud ambition ! keeps me down
 When I would soar upon an eagle's wing,
 And thence look down and dose the world below.

LAW. Thou know'st, my Lord of Physick, I had
 long
 Been privileg'd by custom immemorial,
 In tongues unknown, or rather none at all,
 My edicts to deliver thro' the land ;
 When this proud queen, this Common-sense, abridg'd
 My power, and made me understood by all.

PHYS. My Lord, there goes a rumour thro' the
 court,
 That you descended from a family

Related

Related to the queen; Reason is said
T' have been the mighty founder of your house.

LAW. Perhaps so; but we have rais'd ourselves so
high,
And shook this founder from us off so far,
We hardly deign to own from whence we came.

FIREB. My Lords of Law and Physick, I have
heard,

With perfect approbation, all you've said;
And since I know you men of noble spirit,
And fit to undertake a glorious cause,
I will divulge myself: know, thro' this mask,
Which to impose on vulgar minds I wear,
I am an enemy to Common-sense;
But this not for ambition's earthly cause,
But to enlarge the worship of the Sun:
To give his priests a just degree of power,
And more than half the profits of the land.
Oh! my good Lord of Law, would'st thou assist,
In spite of Common-sense it may be done.

LAW. Propose the method.

FIREB. Here survey this list,
In it you'll find a certain set of names,
Whom well I know sure friends to Common-sense;
These it must be our care to represent
The greatest enemies to the gods and her.
But hush, the queen approaches.

Enter the Queen attended by two Maids of Honour.

FUST. What! but two maids of honour?

PROMP. Sir, a Jew carried off the other, but I
shall be able to pick up some more against the play
is acted.

Q. C. S. My lord of Law, I sent for you this
morning;
I have a strange petition given to me;
Two men, it seems, have lately been at law
For an estate, which both of them have lost,
And their attorneys now divide between them.

LAW

LAW. Madam, these things will happen in the law.

Q. C. S. Will they, my Lord? then better we had none:

But I have also heard a sweet bird sing,
That men unable to discharge their debts
At a short warning, being sued for them,
Have, with both power and will their debts to pay,
Lain all their lives in prison for their costs.

LAW. That may perhaps be some poor person's case,
Too mean to entertain your royal ear.

Q. C. S. My Lord, while I am queen I shall not think

One man too mean, or poor, to be redress'd;
Moreover, Lord, I am inform'd your laws
Are grown so large, and daily yet increase,
That the great age of old Methusalem
Would scarce suffice to read your statutes out.

FIREB. Madam, a more important cause demands
Your royal care; strange omens have appear'd,
Sights have been seen, and voices have been heard;
The gods are angry, and must be appeas'd,
Nor do I know to that a readier way
Than by beginning to appease their priests,
Who groan for power, and cry out after honour.

Q. C. S. The gods indeed, have reason for their anger,
And sacrifices shall be offered to them;
But would you make 'em welcome; Priest, be meek,
Be charitable, kind, nor dare affront
The fun you worship, while yourselves prevent
That happiness to men you ask of him.

Enter an OFFICER.

Q. C. S. What means this hasty message in your looks?

OFFIC. Forgive me, Madam, if my tongue declares

News for your sake, which most my heart abhors;
Queen Ignorance is landed in your realm,
With a vast power from Italy and France
Of singers, fiddlers, tumblers, and rope-dancers.

Q. C. S. Order our army instantly to get
Themselves in readiness; ourself will head 'em.
My Lords, you are concern'd as well as we,
T'oppose this foreign force, and we expect
You join us with your utmost levies straight;
Go, Priest, and drive all frightful omens hence;
To fright the vulgar they are your pretence,
But sure the gods will side with Common-sense. }

[*Exit cum suis.*]

FIREB. They know their interest better; or at least

Their priests do for 'em, and themselves. Oh!
Lords

This queen of Ignorance, whom you have heard
Just now describ'd, in such a horrid form,
Is the most gentle, and most pious queen;
So fearful of the gods, that she believes
Whate'er their priests affirm. And by the Sun,
Faith is no faith, if it falls short of that.
I'd be infallible! And that, I know,
Will ne'er be granted me by Common-sense:
Wherefore I do disclaim her, and will join
The cause of Ignorance. And now, my Lords,
Each to his post.—The rostrum I ascend,
My Lord of Law, you to your courts repair;
And you, my good Lord Physick, to the queen;
Handle her pulse, potion and pill her well.

PHYS. Oh! my good Lord, had I her royal ear,
Would she but take the council I would give,
You'd need no foreign power to overthrow her:
Yes, by the gods; I would with one small pill
Unhinge her soul, and tear it from her body;
But to my art and me a deadly foe,

She

She has averr'd, ay, in the publick court,
That Water Gruel is the best physician;
For which, when she's forgiven by the college,
Or when we own the sway of Common-Sense,
May we be forc'd to take our own prescriptions.

FIREB. My Lord of Physick, I applaud thy spirit;
Yes, by the Sun, my heart laughs loud within me,
To see how easily the world's deceiv'd;
To see this Common-Sense thus tumbled down
By men, whom all the cheated nations own
To be the strongest pillars of her throne.

[*Exeunt* Fireb. Law, and Physf.

FUST. Thus ends the first act, Sir.

SNEER. This tragedy of yours, Mr. Fustian, I observe to be emblematical; do you think it will be understood by the audience?

FUST. Sir, I cannot answer for the audience; tho' I think the panegyrick intended by it is very plain, and very seasonable.

SNEER. What panegyrick?

FUST. On our clergy, Sir, at least the best of them, to shew the difference between a heathen and a christian priest. And as I have touch'd only on generals, I hope I shall not be thought to bring any thing improper on the stage, which I would carefully avoid.

SNEER. But is not your satire on law and physick somewhat too general?

FUST. What is said here cannot hurt either an honest lawyer, or a good physician; and such may be, nay, I know such are: if the opposites to these are the most general, I cannot help that; as for the professors themselves, I have no great reason to be their friend, for they once join'd in a particular conspiracy against me.

SNEER. Ay, how so?

FUST. Why, an apothecary brought me in a long bill, and a lawyer made me pay it.

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L

SNEER.

SNEER. Ha, ha, ha! a conspiracy indeed.

FUST. Now, Sir, for my second act; my tragedy consists but of three.

SNEER. I thought that had been immethodical in tragedy.

FUST. That may be; but I spun it out as long as I could keep Common-Sense alive; ay, or even her ghost. Come begin the second act.

The SCENE draws, and discovers COMMON-SENSE asleep.

SNEER. Pray, Sir, who's that upon the couch there?

FUST. I thought you had known her better, Sir. That's Common-Sense asleep.

SNEER. I should rather have expected her at the head of her army.

FUST. Very likely, but you do not understand the practical rules of writing as well as I do; the first and greatest of which is protraction, or the art of spinning, without which the matter of a play would lose the chief property of all other matter, namely, extension; and no play, Sir, could possibly last longer than half an hour. I perceive, Mr. Sneerwell, you are one of those who would have no character brought on, but what is necessary to the business of the play. — Nor I neither — But the business of the play, as I take it, is to divert, and therefore every character that diverts, is necessary to the business of the play.

SNEER. But how will the audience be brought to conceive any probable reason for this sleep?

FUST. Why, Sir, she has been meditating on the present general peace of Europe, 'till by too intense an application, being not able thoroughly to comprehend it, she was overpower'd, and fell fast asleep. Come, ring up the first ghost. [*Ghost arises.*] You know that ghost?

SNEER.

SNEER. Upon my word, Sir, I can't recollect any acquaintance with him.

FUST. I am surpriz'd at that, for you must have seen him often : that's the ghost of Tragedy, Sir; he has walk'd all the stages of London several years; but why are not you flower'd?—What the devil is become of the barber?

GHOST. Sir, he's gone to Drury-Lane playhouse to shave the Sultan in the new entertainment.

FUST. Come, Mr. Ghost, pray begin.

GHOST. From the dark regions of the realms below,

The ghost of Tragedy has ridden post;
To tell thee, Common-Sense, a thousand things,
Which do import thee nearly to attend;

[Cock crows.]

But ha! the curst cock has warn'd me hence;
I did set out too late, and therefore must
Leave all my business to some other time.

[Ghost descends.]

SNEER. I presume this is a character necessary to divert; for I can see no great business he has fulfill'd.

FUST. Where's the second ghost?

SNEER. I thought the cock had crow'd.

FUST. Yes, but the second ghost need not be supposed to have heard it. Pray, Mr. Prompter, observe, the moment the first ghost descends, the second is to rise: they are like the twin-stars in that.

[Second ghost rises.]

2d GHOST. Awake, great Common-Sense, and sleep no more.

Look to thyself; for then, when I was slain,
Thyself was struck at: think not to survive
My murder long; for while thou art on earth,
The convocation will not meet again.
The lawyers cannot rob men of their rights;
Physicians cannot dose away their souls:
A courtier's promise will not be believ'd;

Nor broken citizens again be trusted.
 A thousand news-papers cannot subsist,
 In which there is not any news at all.
 Playhouses cannot flourish, while they dare
 To nonsense give an entertainment's name.
 Shakespear and Johnson, Dryden, Lee, and Row,
 Thou wilt not bear to yield to Sadler's-Wells;
 Thou wilt not suffer men of wit to starve,
 And fools, for only being fools, to thrive.
 Thou wilt not suffer eunuchs to be hired,
 At a vast price, to be impertinent.

[*Third ghost rises.*

3d GHOST. Dear Ghost, the cock has crow'd;
 you cannot get

Under the ground a mile before 'tis day.

2d GHOST. Your humble servant then, I cannot
 stay. [*Ghost descends.*

FUST. Thunder and light'ning! thunder and
 light'ning! Pray don't forget this when it is acted.

SNEER. Pray, Mr. Fustian, why must a ghost
 always rise in a storm of thunder and light'ning?
 for I have read much of that doctrine, and don't
 find any mention of such ornaments.

FUST. That may be, but they are very necessary:
 they are indeed properly the paraphernalia of a
 ghost.

SNEER. But, pray, whose ghost was that?

FUST. Whose should it be, but Comedy's. I
 thought when you had been told the other was Tra-
 gedy, you would have wanted no intimation who
 this was. Come, Common-Sense, you are to awake
 and rub your eyes.

Q. C. S. [*Waking.*] Who's there?

Enter MAID of Honour.

Did you not hear or see some wond'rous thing?

MAID. No, may it please your majesty, I did
 not.

Q. C. S. I was a-dream'd I overheard a ghost.

MAID.

MAID. In the next room I closely did attend,
And had a ghost been here I must have heard him.

Enter FIREBRAND.

Q. C. S. Priest of the Sun, you come most opportune,
For here has been a dreadful apparition :
As I lay sleeping on my couch, methought
I saw a ghost.

SNEER. Then I suppose she sleeps with her eyes open.

FUST. Why, you would not have Common-Sense see a ghost, unless in her sleep, I hope.

FIREB. And if such toleration
Be suffer'd, as at present you maintain,
Shortly your court will be a court of ghosts.
Make a huge fire, and burn all unbelievers,
Ghosts will be hang'd 'ere venture near a fire.

Q. C. S. Men cannot force belief upon themselves,
And shall I then by torture force it on them ?

FIREB. The Sun will have it so.

Q. C. S. How do I know that ?

FIREB. Why I, his priest infallible, have told you.

Q. C. S. How do I know you are infallible ?

FIREB. Ha ! do you doubt it ? nay, if you doubt that,

I will prove nothing — But my zeal inspires me,
And I will tell you, Madam, you yourself
Are a most deadly enemy to the Sun,
And all his priests have greatest cause to wish
You had been never born.

Q. C. S. Ha ! say'st thou, priest ?
Then know I honour and adore the Sun !
And when I see his light, and feel his warmth,
I glow with flaming gratitude toward him ;
But know, I never will adore a priest,
Who wears pride's face beneath religion's mask,

And makes a picklock of his piety,
To steal away the liberty of mankind.
But while I live, I'll never give thee power.

FIREB. Madam, our power is not deriv'd from
you,

Nor any one: 'twas sent us in a box
From the great Sun himself, and carriage paid;
Phaeton brought it when he overturn'd
The chariot of the Sun into the sea.

Q. C. S. Shew me the instrument, and let me
read it.

FIREB. Madam, you cannot read it; for being
thrown

Into the sea, the water has so damag'd it,
That none but priests could ever read it since.

Q. C. S. And do you think I can believe this
tale?

FIREB. I order you to believe it, and you must.

Q. C. S. Proud and imperious man, I can't be-
lieve it.

Religion, law, and physick, were design'd
By heaven the greatest blessings on mankind;
But priests, and lawyers, and physicians made
These general goods to each a private trade;
With each they rob, with each they fill their purses,
And turn our benefits into our curses. [Exit.

FUST. Law and Physick. Where's Law?

Enter PHYSICK.

PHYS. Sir, Law, going without the playhouse
passage, was taken up by a lord chief-justice's war-
rant.

FIREB. Then we must go on without him.

FUST. No, no, stay a moment; I must get some-
body else to rehearse the part. Pox take all warrants
for me; if I had known this before, I would have
satirized the law ten times more than I have.

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter FUSTIAN, SNEERWELL, PROMPTER,
FIREBRAND, LAW, *and* PHYSICK.

FUSTIAN.

I AM glad you have made your escape; but I hope you will make the matter up before the day of action: come, Mr. Firebrand, now if you please go on; the moment Common-Sense goes off the stage, Law and Physick enter.

FIREB. Oh! my good Lords of Physick and of Law,

Had you been sooner here you would have heard
The haughty queen of Common-Sense throw out
Abuses on us all.

LAW. I am not now
To learn the hatred which she bears to me.
No more of that——for now the warlike queen
Of Ignorance, attended with a train
Of foreigners, all foes to Common-Sense,
Arrives at Covent-Garden; and we ought
To join her instantly with all our force.
At Temple-Bar some regiments parade,
The colonels, Clifford, Thaves, and Furnival,
Thro' Holborn lead their powers to Drury-Lane,
Attorneys all compleatly arm'd in brass;
These, bailiffs and their followers will join;
With justices, and constables, and watchmen.

PHYS. In Warwick-Lane my powers expect me
now,
A hundred chariots with a chief in each,
Well-fam'd for slaughter, in his hand he bears
A feather'd dart, that seldom errs in flight.
Next march a band of choice apothecaries,
Each arm'd with deadly pill; a regiment
Of surgeons terrible maintain the rear,

All ready first to kill, and then dissect.

FIREB. My Lords, you merit greatly of the queen,

And Ignorance shall well repay your deeds;
For I foretel, that by her influence,
Men shall be brought, (what scarce can be believ'd,)
To bribe you with large fees to their undoing.
Success attend your glorious enterprize;
I'll go and beg it earnest of the Sun:
I, by my office, am from fight debarr'd,
But I'll be with you ere the booty's shar'd.

[*Exeunt Firebrand, Law, and Physick,*

FUST. Now, Mr. Sneerwell, we shall begin my third and last act; and I believe I may defy all the poets who have ever writ, or ever will write, to produce its equal: it is, Sir, so cram'd with drums and trumpets, thunder and light'ning, battles and ghosts, that I believe the audience will want no entertainment after it; it is as full of shew as Merlin's cave itself, and for wit——no ropedancing or tumbling can come near it. Come, begin.

[*A ridiculous March is play'd.*

Enter Queen IGNORANCE, *attended with Singers, Fiddlers, Rope-dancers, Tumblers, &c.*

Q. IGN. Here fix our standard; what is this place call'd?

1st ATTEN. Great Madam, Covent-Garden is its name.

Q. IGN. Ha! then methinks we have ventured too far,

Too near those theatres, where Common-Sense
Maintains her garrisons of mighty force;
Who, should they fall on us ere we're join'd
By Law and Physick, may offend us much.

[*Drum beats within.*

But ha! what means this drum?

1st ATTEN. It beats a parly, not a point of war.

Enter

Enter HARLEQUIN.

HARL. To you, great queen of Ignorance, I come
Embassador from the two theatres;
Who both congratulate you on your arrival;
And to convince you with what hearty meaning
They sue for your alliance, they have sent
Their choicest treasure here as hostages,
To be detain'd 'till you are well convinc'd,
They're not less foes to Common-Sense than you.

Q. IGN. Where are the hostages?

HARL. Madam, I have brought
A catalogue, and all therein shall be
Deliver'd to your order; but consider,
Oh mighty Queen! they offer you their all;
And gladly, for the least of these would give
Their poets and their actors in exchange.

Q. IGN. Read the catalogue.

HARL. [*Reads.*] A tall man, and a tall woman,
hired at a vast price.

A strong man exceeding dear.

Two dogs that walk on their hind legs only, and personate human creatures so well, they might be mistaken for them.

A human creature that personates a dog so well, that he might almost be taken for one.

Two human cats.

A most curious set of puppies.

A pair of pigeons.

A set of ropedancers and tumblers from Sadler's Wells.

Q. IGN. Enough, enough; and is it possible
That they can hold alliance with my friends
Of Sadler's Wells? then are they foes indeed
To Common-Sense, and I'm indebted to 'em.
Take back their hostages, for they may need 'em;
And take this play, and bid 'em forthwith act it;
There is not in it either head or tail.

HARL.

HARL. Madam, they will most gratefully receive it.

The character you give would recommend it,
Tho' it had come from a less powerful hand.

Q. IGN. The Modish Couple is its name; myself
Stood gossip to it, and I will support
This play against the town.

1st ATTEN. Madam, the queen
Of Common-Sense advances with her powers.

Q. IGN. Draw up my men; I'll meet her as I
ought;
This day shall end the long dispute between us.

Enter Queen COMMON-SENSE, *with a*
DRUMMER.

FUST. Hey day! where's Common-Sense's army?

PROMPT. Sir, I have sent all over the town, and
could not get one soldier for her, except that poor
Drummer, who was lately turn'd out of an Irish re-
giment.

DRUM. Upon my shoul but I have been a drum-
mer these twenty years, master, and have seen no
wars yet; and I was willing to learn a little of my
trade before I died.

FUST. Hush, firrah, don't you be witty; that is
not in your part.

DRUM. I don't know what is in my part, Sir; but
I desire to have something in it; for I have been
tired of doing nothing a great while.

FUST. Silence.

Q. C. S. What is the reason, Madam, that you
bring
These hostile arms into my peaceful realm?

Q. IGN. To ease your subjects from that dire op-
pression

They groan beneath, which longer to support
Unable, they invited my redress.

Q. C. S. And can my subjects then complain of
wrong?

Base

Base and ungrateful! what is their complaint?

Q. IGN. They say, you do impose a tax of thought
Upon their minds, which they're too weak to bear.

Q. C. S. Would'st thou from thinking then absolve
mankind?

Q. IGN. I wou'd, for thinking only makes men
wretched;

And happiness is still the lot of fools.

Why should a wise man wish to think, when thought
Still hurts his pride? in spite of all his art,

Malicious fortune, by a lucky train

Of accidents, shall still defeat his schemes,

And set the greatest blunderer above him.

Q. C. S. Urge'st thou that against me, which
thyself

Has been the wicked cause of? Which thy power,

Thy artifice, thy favourites have done?

Could Common-Sense bear universal sway,

No fool could ever possibly be great.

Q. IGN. What is this folly, which you try to
paint

In colours so detestable and black?

Is't not the general gift of fate to men?

And tho' some few may boast superior sense,

Are they not call'd odd fellows by the rest?

In any science, if this sense peep forth,

Shew men the truth, and strive to turn their steps

From ways wherein their gross forefathers err'd,

Is not the general cry against them straight?

SNEER. This Ignorance, Mr. Fustian, seems to
know a great deal.

FUST. Yes, Sir, she knows what she has seen so
often; but you find she mistakes the cause, and
Common-Sense can never beat it into her.

Q. IGN. Sense is the parent still of fear; the fox,
Wise beast, who knows the treachery of men,
Flies their society, and sculks in woods,
While the poor goose, in happiness and ease,
Fearless grows fat within its narrow coop,

And thinks the hand that feeds it is its friend.
Then yield thee, Common-Sense, nor rashly dare
Try a vain combat with superior force.

Q. C. S. Know, queen, I never will give up the
cause

Of all these followers; when at the head
Of all these heroes I resign my right,
May my curst name be blotted from the earth.

SNEER. Methinks Common-Sense tho' ought to
give it up, when she has no more to defend it.

FUST. It does indeed look a little odd at present;
but I'll get her an army strong enough against it's
acted. Come, go on.

Q. IGN. Then thus I hurl defiance at thy head.
Draw all your swords.

Q. C. S. And, Gentlemen, draw yours.

Q. IGN. Fall on, have at thy heart. [*A Fight.*

Q. C. S. And have at thine.

FUST. Oh, fy upon't, fy upon't, I never saw a
worse battle in all my life upon any stage. Pray,
Gentlemen, come some of you over to the other
side.

SNEER. These are Swiss soldiers, I perceive, Mr.
Fustian; they care not which side they fight of.

FUST. Now, begin again, if you please, and
fight away; pray fight as if you were in earnest,
Gentlemen. [*They fight.*] Oons, Mr. Prompter,
I fancy you hired these soldiers out of the train'd-
bands, they are afraid to fight even in jest. [*They
fight again.*] There, there, pretty well; I think, Mr.
Sneerwell, we have made a shift to make out a good
sort of a battle at last.

SNEER. Indeed I cannot say I ever saw a better.—

FUST. You don't seem, Mr. Sneerwell, to relish
this battle greatly.

SNEER. I cannot profess myself the greatest ad-
mirer of this part of tragedy; and I own my ima-
gination can better conceive the idea of a battle
from a skilful relation of it, than from such a repre-
sentation;

sentation; for my mind is not able to enlarge the stage into a vast plain, nor multiply half a score into several thousands.

FUST. Oh! your humble servant; but if we write to please you, and half a dozen others, who will pay the charges of the house? Sir, if the audience will be contented with a battle or two, instead of all the raree-fine shows exhibited to them in what they call entertainments——

SNEER. Pray, Mr. Fustian, how came they to give the name of entertainments to their pantomimical farces?

FUST. Faith, Sir, out of their peculiar modesty: intimating that after the audience have been tired with the dull works of Shakespear, Johnson, Vanbrugh, and others, they are to be entertain'd with one of these Pantomimes, of which the master of the playhouse, two or three painters, and half a score dancing-masters are the compilers: What these entertainments are, I need not inform you who have seen 'em; but I have often wondered how it was possible for any creature of human understanding, after having been diverted for three hours with the productions of a great genius, to sit for three more, and see a set of people running about the stage after one another, without speaking one syllable, and playing several juggling tricks, which are done at Fawks's after a much better manner; and for this, Sir, the town does not only pay additional prices, but lose several fine parts of their best authors, which are cut out to make room for the said farces.

SNEER. 'Tis very true, and I have heard a hundred say the same thing, who never fail'd being present at them.

FUST. And while that happens, they will force any entertainment upon the town they please, in spite of its teeth. [*Ghost of Common-Sense rises.*] Oons, and the devil, Madam! What's the meaning of this? You have left out a scene; was ever such

such an absurdity, as for your ghost to appear before you are kill'd.

GHOST. I ask pardon, Sir, in the hurry of the battle I forgot to come and kill myself.

FUST. Well, let me wipe the flour off your face then; and now if you please rehearse the scene; take care you don't make this mistake any more tho'; for it would inevitably damn the play, if you should. Go to the corner of the scene, and come in as if you had lost the battle.

Q. C. S. Behold the ghost of Common-Sense appears.

FUST. 'Sdeath, Madam, I tell you, you are no ghost, you are not kill'd.

Q. C. S. Deserted and forlorn, where shall I fly? The battle's lost, and so are all my friends.

Enter a POET.

POET. Madam, not so, still have you one friend left.

Q. C. S. Why, what art thou?

POET. Madam, I am a poet.

Q. C. S. Whoe'er thou art, if thou'rt a friend to misery,

Know Common-Sense disclaims thee.

POET. I have been damn'd
Because I was your foe, and yet I still
Court'd your friendship with my utmost art.

Q. C. S. Fool, thou art damn'd because thou
didst pretend

Thyself my friend; for hadst thou boldly dar'd,
Like Hurllothrombo, to deny me quite;
Or like an opera or pantomime,
Profess'd the cause of Ignorance in publick,
Thou might'st have met with thy desir'd success;
But men can't bear even a pretence to me.

POET. Then take a ticket for my benefit night.

Q. C. S.

Q. C. S. I will do more, for Common-Sense will
stay

Quite from your house, so may you not be damn'd.

POET. Ha! Say'st thou? By my soul a better
play

Ne'er came upon a stage; but since you dare

Contemn me thus, I'll dedicate my play

To Ignorance, and call her Common-Sense:

Yes, I will dress her in your pomp, and swear

That Ignorance knows more than all the world.

[Exit.

Enter FIRE BRAND.

FIREB. Thanks to the Sun for this desir'd en-
counter.

Q. C. S. Oh! Priest, all's lost; our forces are
o'erthrown,

Some gasping lie, but most are run away.

FIREB. I knew it all before, and told you too
The Sun has long been out of humour with you.

Q. C. S. Dost thou then lay upon the Sun the
faults

Of all those cowards, who forsook my cause?

FIREB. Those cowards all were most religious
men,

And I beseech thee, Sun, to shine upon them.

Q. C. S. Oh impudence, and dar'st thou to my
face? ———

FIREB. Yes I dare more——the Sun presents
you this, [Stabs her.

Which I his faithful messenger deliver.

Q. C. S. Oh! Traitor, thou hast murder'd Com-
mon-Sense.

Farewel vain world! to Ignorance I give thee,

Her leaden sceptre shall henceforward rule.

Now, Priests, indulge thy wild ambitious thoughts,

Men shall embrace thy schemes, 'till thou hast drawn

All worship from the Sun upon thyself:

Henceforth all things shall topsy-turvy turn;

Phyick

Physick shall kill, and Law enslave the world !
 Cits shall turn beaus, and taste Italian songs,
 While courtiers are stockjobbing in the city.
 Places, requiring learning and great parts,
 Henceforth shall all be hussled in a hat,
 And drawn by men deficient in them both.
 Statesmen——but oh ! cold death will let me say
 No more——and you must guess & cætera. [*Dies.*

FIREB. She's gone, but ha ! It may beseem me ill
 T' appear her murderer ; I'll therefore lay
 This dagger by her side, and that will be
 Sufficient evidence, with a little money,
 To make the coroner's inquest find self-murder.
 I'll preach her funeral sermon, and deplore
 Her loss with tears, praise her with all my art ;
 Good Ignorance will still believe it all. [*Exit.*

Enter Queen IGNORANCE, &c.

Q. IGN. Beat a retreat, the day is now our own,
 The powers of Common-Sense are all destroy'd ;
 Those that remain are fled away with her.
 I wish, Mr. Fustian, this speech be common-sense.

SNEER. How the devil should it, when she's dead ?

FUST. One would think so, when a cavil is made
 against the best thing in the whole play ; and I would
 willingly part with any thing else but those two lines.

HARL. Behold ! where welt'ring in her blood she
 lies.——

I wish, Sir, you would cut out that line, or alter it
 if you please.

FUST. That's another line that I won't part with ;
 I would consent to cut out any thing, but the chief
 beauties of my play.

HARL. Behold the bloody dagger by her side,
 With which she did the deed.

Q. IGN. 'Twas nobly done !
 I envy her her exit, and will pay
 All honours to her dust,——bear hence her body,
 And let her lie in state in Goodman's-fields.

Enter

Enter MESSENGER.

MESS. Madam, I come an envoy from Crane-Court,

The great society that there assemble
Congratulate your victory, and request
That firm alliance henceforth may subsist
Between your Majesty's society
Of Grubstreet and themselves: They rather beg
That they may be united both in one;
They also hope your Majesty's acceptance
Of certain curiosities, which in
That hamper are contain'd; wherein you'll find
A horse's tail, which has a hundred hairs
More than are usual in it; and a tooth
Of elephant, full half an inch too long;
With turnpike ticket like an ancient coin.

Q. IGN. We gratefully accept their bounteous gifts;

And order they be kept with proper care,
Till we do build a place most fit to hold
These precious toys: Tell your society
We ever did esteem them of great worth,
And our firm friends: And tell 'em 'tis our pleasure

They do prepare to dance a jig before us.

[Exit Messenger.]

My Lords of Law and Physick, you shall find
I will not be ungrateful for your service;
To you, good Harlequin, and your allies,
And you, Squeekaronelly, I will be
A most propitious queen——But ha!

[Musick under the stage.]

What hideous musick, or what yell is this?

Sure 'tis the ghost of some poor opera tune.

SNEER. The ghost of a tune, Mr. Fustian?

FUST. Ay, Sir, did you never hear one before?
I had once a mind to have brought the apparition of
musick in person upon the stage, in the shape of an

English opera. Come, Mr. Ghost of the Tune, if you please to appear in the sound of soft musick, and let the Ghost of Common-Sense rise to it.

[*Ghost of Common-Sense rises to soft Musick.*

GHOST. Behold the Ghost of Common-Sense appears.

Caitiffs avaunt, or I will sweep you off;
And clean the land from such infernal vermin.

Q. IGN. A ghost! a ghost! a ghost! haste, scamper off

My friends; we've kill'd the body, and I know
The ghost will have no mercy upon us.

OMN. A ghost! a ghost! a ghost! [Run off.

GHOST. The coast is clear, and to her native realms

Pale Ignorance with all her host is fled;
Whence she will never dare invade us more:
Here, tho' a ghost, I will my power maintain,
And all the friends of Ignorance shall find,
My ghost, at least, they cannot banish hence.
And all henceforth, who murder Common-Sense,
Learn from these scenes that tho' success you boast,
You shall at last be haunted with her ghost.

SNEER. I am glad you make Common-Sense get the better at last; I was under terrible apprehensions for your moral.

FUST. Faith, Sir, this is almost the only play where she has got the better lately. But now for my epilogue: if you please to begin, Madam.

EPILOGUE.

GHOST.

THE play once done, the Epilogue, by rule,
Should come and turn it all to ridicule ;
Should tell the ladies that the tragic-bards,
Who prate of virtue and her vast rewards,
Are all in jest, and only fools should heed 'em ;
For all wise Women flock to Mother Needham.
This is the method Epilogues pursue,
But we to-night in every thing are new.
Our author then in jest thro'out the play,
Now begs a serious word or two to say.
Banish all childish entertainment hence ;
Let all that boast your favour have pretence,
If not to sparkling wit, at least to sense.
With soft Italian notes indulge your ear,
But let those fingers, who are bought so dear,
Learn to be civil for their cheer at least ;
Nor use like beggars those who give the feast.
And tho' while Musick for herself may carve,
Poor Poetry, her sister-art, must starve ;
Starve her, at least with shew of approbation,
Nor slight her, while you search the whole creation,
For all the tumbling-scum of every nation.

Can the whole World in science match our soil ?
Have they a LOCKE, a NEWTON, or a BOYLE ?
Or dare the greatest genius of their stage,
With SHAKESPEAR, or immortal BEN engage ?

Content with nature's bounty, do not crave
The little which to other lands she gave ;
Nor, like the cock, a barleycorn prefer
To all the jewels which you owe to her.

EPILOGUE

GHOST

THE EPILOGUE, the English, the
Should come and meet all the world

Should tell the world that the world is
The world of the world and the world of the world

The all is right, and only fools should be
The all is right, and only fools should be

For it is the world, the world of the world
But the world is not the world of the world

Our world is the world of the world
Our world is the world of the world

Let us be the world of the world
Let us be the world of the world

It is not the world of the world
It is not the world of the world

Let us be the world of the world
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**THE
HISTORICAL REGISTER**

For the Year 1736.

**As acted at the
NEW THEATRE in the HAY-MARKET.**

First acted in May 1737.

M 3

THE
HISTORICAL REGISTER

For the Year 1736.

As acted at the

NEW THEATRE in the MARY-MANOR.

It was acted in May 1736.

M. 3

P R E F A C E

TO THE

D E D I C A T I O N.

AS no man hath a more stern and inflexible hatred to flattery than myself, it hath been usual with me to send most of my performances into the world without the ornament of those epistolary prefaces, commonly called Dedications; a custom however highly censured by my bookseller, who affirms it a most unchristian practice: a patron is, says he, a kind of godfather to a book, and a good author ought as carefully to provide a patron to his works, as a good parent should a godfather to his children: he carries this very far, and draws several resemblances between those two offices (for having, in the course of his trade with dramattick writers, purchased, at a moderate computation, the fee-simple of one hundred thousand families, he is perhaps the most expert in their application, and most capable of shewing likenesses, in things utterly unlike, of any man living.) What, says he, does more service to a book, or raises curiosity in the reader, equal with—Dedicated to his Grace the Duke of—or the Right Honourable the Earl of—in an advertisement? I think the patron here may properly be said *to give a name* to the book—

168 PREFACE to the DEDICATION.

and if he gives a present also; what doth he less than a godfather? which present, if the author applies to his own use, what doth he other than the parent? He proceeds to shew how a bookseller is a kind of dry-nurse to our works, with other instances which I shall omit, having already said enough to prove the exact analogy between children and books, and of the method of providing for each; which I think affords a sufficient precedent for throwing the following piece on the public, it having been usual for several very prudent parents to act by their children in the same manner.

DEDI-

DEDICATION

TO THE

PUBLICK.

I HOPE you will pardon the presumption of this Dedication, since I really did not know in what manner to apply for your leave; and since I expect no present in return: (the reason I conceive, which first introduc'd the ceremony of asking leave among Dedicators :) for surely it is somewhat absurd to ask a man leave to flatter him; and he must be a very impudent or simple fellow, or both, who will give it. Asking leave to dedicate, therefore, is asking, whether you will pay for your Dedication? and in that sense I believe it understood by both authors and patrons.

BUT farther, the very candid reception which you have given these pieces, pleads my excuse. The least civility to an author or his works, hath been held, time immemorial, a just title to a Dedication, which is perhaps no more than an honest return of flattery, and in this light I am certain no one ever had so great (I may call it) an obligation as myself, seeing that you have honoured this my performance with your presence every night of its exhibition, where you have never failed shewing the greatest delight and approbation; nor am I less oblig'd to you for those eulogiums which you have been heard in all places to—but hold, I am afraid this is an ingenious way which authors have discovered to convey inward flattery to themselves, while outwardly they address it to their patron: wherefore I shall be
silent

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silent on this head, having more reasons to give why I chose you to patronize these pieces: and,

FIRST, The design with which they are writ; for tho' all dramatick entertainments are properly calculated for the publick, yet these, I may affirm, more particularly belong to you: as your diversion is not merely intended by them, their design being to convey some hints, which may, if you please, be of infinite service in the present state of that theatrical world whereof they treat, and which is, I think, at present so far from flourishing as one could wish, that I have with concern observed some steps lately taken, and others too justly apprehended, that may much endanger the constitution of the British theatre: for tho' Mr. — be a very worthy man, and my very good friend, I cannot help thinking his manner of proceeding somewhat too arbitrary, and his method of buying actors at exorbitant prices to be of very ill consequence: for the town must reimburse him these expences, on which account those advanced prices so much complained of, must be always continued; which tho' the people in their present flourishing state of trade and riches may very well pay, yet in worse times (if such can be supposed) I am afraid they may fall too heavy, the consequence of which I need not mention. Moreover, should any great genius produce a piece of most exquisite contrivance, and which would be highly relished by the publick, tho' perhaps not agreeable to his own taste or private interest; if he should buy off the chief actors, such play, however excellent, must be unavoidably sunk, and the publick lose all the benefit thereof. Not to trouble the reader with more inconveniencies arising from this *Argumentum Argentarium*, many of which are obvious enough—I shall only observe, that corruption has the same influence on all societies, all bodies, which it hath on corporal bodies, where we see it always produce an entire destruction and total change: for which reason,

whoever

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whoever attempteth to introduce corruption into any community, doth much the same thing, and ought to be treated in much the same manner, with him who poisoneth a fountain, in order to disperse a contagion, which he is sure every one will drink of.

THE last excuse I shall make for this presumption, is the necessity I have of so potent a patron to defend me from the iniquitous surmises of a certain anonymous dialogous author, who in the *Gazetteer* of the 17th instant has represented The Historical Register as aiming, in conjunction with The Miller of Mansfield, the overthrow of the m——y. If this suggestion had been inserted in The *Craftsman* or *Common-sense*, or any of those papers which nobody reads, it might have past unanswered; but as it appears in a paper of so general a reception as The *Gazetteer*, which lies in the window of almost every post-house in England, it behoves me, I think, in the most serious manner, to vindicate myself from aspersions of so evil a tendency to my future prospects. And here I must observe, that had not mankind been either very blind or very dishonest, I need not have publicly informed them that, The Register is a ministerial pamphlet, calculated to infuse into the minds of the people a great opinion of their ministry, and thereby procure an employment for the author, who has been often promised one, whenever he would write on that side. And, first,

CAN any thing be plainer than the first stanza of the ode?

This is a * day, in days of yore,
Our fathers never saw before;
This is a day 'tis one to ten,
Our sons will never see again.

Plainly

* For *day* in the first and third line, you may read *man*, if you please.

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Plainly intimating that such times as these never were seen before, nor will ever be seen again; for which the present age are certainly obliged to their ministry.

WHAT can be meant by the scene of politicians, but to ridicule the absurd and inadequate notions persons among us, who have not the honour to know them, have of the ministry and their measures: nay, I have put some sentiments into the mouths of these characters, which I was a little apprehensive were too low even for a conversation at an alehouse ——— I hope The Gazetteer will not find any resemblance here, as I hope he will not make such a compliment to any m——y, as to suppose that such persons have been ever capable of the assurance of aiming at being at the head of a great people, or to any nation, as to suspect them contentedly living under such an administration.

THE eagerness which these gentlemen express at applying all manner of evil characters to their patrons, brings to my mind a story I have somewhere read; as two gentlemen were walking the street together, the one said to the other, upon spying the figure of an ass hung out ——— Bob, Bob, look yonder, some impudent rascal has hung out your picture on a signpost: The grave companion, who had the misfortune to be extremely short-sighted, fell into a violent rage, and calling for the master of the house, threatened to prosecute him for exposing his features in that publick manner: The poor landlord, as you may well conceive, was extremely astonished, and denied the fact; upon which the witty spark, who had just mentioned the resemblance, appeals to the mob now assembled together, who soon smoked the jest, and agreed with him that the sign was the exact picture of the gentleman: At last a good-natur'd man, taking compassion of the poor figure, whom he saw the jest of the multitude, whispered in his ear; Sir, I see your eyes are bad, and that

that your friend is a rascal and imposes on you; the sign hung out is the sign of an ass, nor will your picture be here unless you draw it yourself.

BUT I ask pardon for troubling the reader with an impertinent story, which can be apply'd only in the above-mentioned instance to my present subject.

I PROCEED in my defence to the scene of the patriots; a scene which I thought would have made my fortune, seeing that the favourite scheme of turning patriotism into a jest is so industriously pursued, and I will challenge all the ministerial advocates, to shew me, in the whole bundle of their writings, one passage where false patriotism (for I suppose they have not the impudence to mean any other) is set in a more contemptible and odious light than in the aforesaid scene. I hope too it will be remarked, that the politicians are represented as a set of blundering blockheads, rather deserving pity than abhorrence, whereas the others are represented as a set of cunning self-interested fellows, who for a little paltry bribe would give up the liberties and properties of their country. Here is the danger, here is the rock on which our constitution must, if ever it does, split. The liberties of a people have been subdued by the conquest of valour and force, and have been betrayed by the subtle and dexterous arts of refined policy, but these are rare instances; for geniuses of this kind are not the growth of every age, whereas, if a general corruption be once introduced, and those, who should be the guardians and bulwarks of our liberty, once find, or think they find, an interest in giving it up, no great capacity will be required to destroy it: On the contrary, the meanest, lowest, dirtiest fellow, if such a one should have ever the assurance in future ages to mimic power, and browbeat his betters, will be as able, as Machiavel himself could have been, to root out the liberties of the bravest people.

BUT

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BUT I am aware I shall be asked, who is this Quidam, that turns the patriots into ridicule, and bribes them out of their honesty? Who but the devil could act such a part? Is not this the light wherein he is every where described in scripture, and the writings of our best divines? Gold hath been always his favourite bait, wherewith he fisheth for sinners; and his laughing at the poor wretches he seduceth, is as diabolical an attribute as any. Indeed it is so plain who is meant by this Quidam, that he who maketh any wrong application thereof might as well mistake the name of Thomas for John, or old Nick for old Bob.

I THINK I have said enough to assure every impartial person of my innocence, against all malicious insinuations; and farther to convince them that I am a ministerial writer, (an honour I am highly ambitious of attaining) I shall proceed now to obviate an opinion entertain'd by too many, that a certain person is sometimes the author, often the corrector of the press, and always the patron of the Gazetteer. To shew the folly of this supposition I shall only insist, that all persons, tho' they should not afford him any extraordinary genius, nor any (the least) taste in polite literature, will grant me this Datum, that the said certain person is a man of an ordinary capacity, and has a moderate share of common-sense: Which, if allowed, I think it will follow, that it is impossible he should either write or countenance a paper written, not only without the least glimmering of genius, the least pretension to taste, but in direct opposition to all common-sense whatever. If any one should ask me, How then is it carried on? I shall only answer with my politicians, I cannot tell, unless by the assistance of the old gentleman just before mentioned, who would, I think, alone protect or patronize, as I think, indeed, he is the only person who could invent some of the schemes avowed in that paper; which, if it does
not

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not immediately disappear, I do intend shortly to attempt conjuring it down, intending to publish a paper in defence of the m——y against the wicked, malicious, and sly insinuations conveyed in the said paper.

You will excuse a digression so necessary to take off surmises, which may prove so prejudicial to my fortune; which however, if I should not be able to accomplish, I hope you will make me some amends for what I suffer by endeavouring your entertainment. The very great indulgence you have shewn my performances at the little theatre these two last years, have encouraged me to the proposal of a subscription for carrying on that theatre, for beautifying and enlarging it, and procuring a better company of actors. If you think proper to subscribe to these proposals, I assure you no labour shall be spared on my side, to entertain you in a cheaper and better manner than seems to be the intention of any other. If nature hath given me any talents at ridiculing vice and imposture, I shall not be indolent, nor afraid of exerting them, while the liberty of the press and stage subsists, that is to say, while we have any liberty left among us. I am, to the Publick,

a most sincere Friend,

and most devoted Servant.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

MEDLEY,

SOURWIT,

LORD DAPPER,

GROUND-IVY,

HEN, the Auctioneer,

APOLLO's Bastard Son,

PISTOL,

QUIDAM,

POLITICIANS,

PATRIOTS,

BANTER,

DANGLE,

Mr. ROBERTS.

Mr. LACY.

Mr. WARD.

Mr. JONES.

Mrs. CHARKE.

Mr. BLAKES.

Mr. DAVIS.

Mr. SMITH.

Mr. JONES.

Mr. TOPHAM.

Mr. WOODBURN.

Mr. SMITH.

Mr. MACHEN.

Mr. TOPPING.

Mr. MACHEN.

Mr. PULLEN.

Mr. WOODBURN.

Mr. SMITH.

Mr. LOWTHER.

W O M E N.

Mrs. SCREEN,

Mrs. BARTER,

LADIES,

Mrs. HAYWOOD.

Miss KAWER.

Mrs. CHARKE.

Mrs. HAYWOOD.

Mrs. LACY.

Miss JONES.

PROMPTER, ACTORS, &c.

T H E

THE
HISTORICAL REGISTER

For the Year 1736.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, the Playhouse.

Enter several PLAYERS.

1st PLAYER.

MR. Emphasis, good-morrow, you are early at the rehearsal this morning.

EMPH. Why, faith, Jack, our beer and beer fat but ill on my stomach, so I got up to try if I could not walk it off.

1st PLAY. I wish I had any thing in my stomach to walk off; if matters do not go better with us shortly, my teeth will forget their office.

2d PLAY. These are poor times, indeed, not like the days of Pasquin.

1st PLAY. Oh! name 'em not! those were glorious days indeed, the days of beef and punch; my friends, when come there such again?

2d PLAY. Who knows what this new author may produce? Faith I like my part very well.

1st PLAY. Nay, if variety will please the town, I am sure there is enough of it; but I could wish, methinks, the satire had been a little stronger, a little plainer.

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2d PLAY.

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2d PLAY. Now I think it is plain enough.

1st PLAY. Hum! Ay, it is intelligible; but I wou'd have it downright; 'gad, I fancy I could write a thing to succeed, myself.

2d PLAY. Ay, prithee, what subject wou'dst thou write on?

1st PLAY. Why, no subject at all, Sir; but I would have a humming deal of satire, and I would repeat in every page, that courtiers are cheats and don't pay their debts, that lawyers are rogues, physicians blockheads, soldiers cowards, and ministers——

2d PLAY. What, what, Sir?

1st PLAY. Nay, I'll only name 'em, that's enough to set the audience a hooting.

2d PLAY. Zounds, Sir, here is wit enough for a whole play in one speech.

1st PLAY. For one play, why, Sir, it's all I have extracted out of above a dozen.

2d PLAY. Who have we here?

1st PLAY. Some gentlemen, I suppose, come to hear the rehearsal.

Enter SOURWIT and Lord DAPPER.

LORD DAP. Pray, gentlemen, don't you rehearse the Historical Register this morning?

1st PLAY. Sir, we expect the author every minute.

SOUR. What is this Historical Register, is it a Tragedy? or a Comedy?

1st PLAY. Upon my word, Sir, I can't tell.

SOUR. Then I suppose you have no part in it.

1st PLAY. Yes, Sir, I have several, but——O, here is the author himself, I suppose he can tell, Sir.

SOUR. Faith, Sir, that's more than I suppose.

Enter

Enter MEDLEY.

MED. My Lord, your most obedient servant; this is a very great and unexpected favour indeed, my Lord. Mr. Sourwit, I kiss your hands; I am very glad to see you here.

SOUR. That's more than you may be by-and-by, perhaps.

LORD DAP. We are come to attend your rehearsal, Sir; Pray, when will it begin?

MED. This very instant, my Lord: gentlemen, I beg you would be all ready, and let the prompter bring me some copies for these gentlemen.

SOUR. Mr. Medley, you know I am a plain speaker, so you will excuse any liberties I take.

MED. Dear Sir, you can't oblige me more.

SOUR. Then I must tell you, Sir, I am a little stagger'd at the name of your piece; doubtless, Sir, you know the rules of writing, and I can't guess how you can bring the actions of a whole year into the circumference of four and twenty hours.

MED. Sir, I have several answers to make to your objection; in the first place, my piece is not of a nature confin'd to any rules, as being avowedly irregular, but if it was otherwise, I think I could quote you precedents of plays that neglect them; besides, Sir, if I comprise the whole actions of a year in half an hour, will you blame me, or those who have done so little in that time? My Register is not to be fill'd like those of vulgar news writers, with trash for want of news, and therefore if I say little or nothing, you may thank those who have done little or nothing.

Enter PROMPTER with Books.

Oh! here are my books.

SOUR. In print already, Mr. Medley?

MED. Yes, Sir, it is the safest way, for if a man stays till he is damn'd, it is possible he never may

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get into print at all; the town is capricious, for which reason, always print as fast as you write, that if they damn your play, they may not damn your copy too.

SOUR. Well, Sir, and pray what is your design, your plot?

MED. Why, Sir, I have several plots, some pretty deep, and some but shallow.

SOUR. I hope, Sir, they all conduce to the main design.

MED. Yes, Sir, they do.

SOUR. Pray, Sir, what is that?

MED. To divert the town, and bring full houses.

SOUR. Pshaw! you misunderstand me, I mean what is your moral, your, your, your——

MED. Oh! Sir, I comprehend you——Why, Sir, my design is to ridicule the vicious and foolish customs of the age, and that in a fair manner, without fear, favour, or ill-nature, and without scurrility, ill-manners, or common-place; I hope to expose the reigning follies in such a manner, that men shall laugh themselves out of them before they feel that they are touch'd.

SOUR. But what thread or connexion can you have in this history? For instance, how is your political connected with your theatrical?

MED. O very easily—When my politicks come to a farce, they very naturally lead me to the play-house, where, let me tell you, there are some politicians too, where there is lying, flattering, dissembling, promising, deceiving, and undermining, as well as in any court in Christendom.

Enter a PLAYER.

PLAY. Won't you begin your rehearsal, Sir?

MED. Ay, ay, with all my heart, is the musick ready for the prologue?

SOUR. Musick for the prologue!

MED.

MED. Ay, Sir, I intend to have every thing new; I had rather be the author of my own dulness than the publisher of other men's wit; and really, Mr. Sourwit, the subjects for prologues are utterly exhausted: I think the general method has been either to frighten the audience with the author's reputation, or to flatter them to give their applause, or to beseech them to it, and that in a manner that will serve for every play alike: now, Sir, my prologue will serve for no play but my own, and to that I think nothing can be better adapted, for as mine is the history of the year, what can be a properer prologue than an Ode to the New Year?

SOUR. An Ode to the New Year?

MED. Yes, Sir, an Ode to the New Year—Come, begin, begin.

Enter PROMPTER.

PROMP. Sir, the prologue is ready.

SOUR. Dear Medley, let me hear you read it, possibly it may be sung so fine I may not understand a word of it.

MED. Sir, you can't oblige me more.

O D E to the N E W Y E A R.

*This is a day, in days of yore,
Our fathers never saw before:
This is a day, 'tis one to ten,
Our sons will never see again.*

*Then sing the day,
And sing the song,
And thus be merry,
All day long.*

*This is the day,
And that's the night,
When the sun shall be gay,
And the moon shall be bright.*

*The sun shall rise,
All in the skies;
The moon shall go,
All down below.*

*Then sing the day,
And sing the song,
And thus be merry
All day long.*

Ay, ay, come on, and sing it away.

Enter SINGERS, who sing the Ode.

MED. There, Sir, there's the very quintessence and cream of all the odes I have seen for several years last past.

SOUR. Ay, Sir, I thought you would not be the publisher of another man's wit?

MED. No more I an't, Sir, for the devil of any wit did I ever see in any of them.

SOUR. Oh! your most humble servant, Sir.

MED. Yours, Sir, yours; now for my play, Prompter, are the politicians all ready at the table?

PROMP. I'll go and see, Sir. *[Exit.]*

MED. My first scene, Mr. Sourwit, lies in the island of Corfica, being at present the chief scene of politicks of all Europe.

Enter PROMPTER.

PROMP. Sir, they are ready.

MED. Then draw the scene, and discover them.

SCENE *draws, and discovers five* POLITICIANS *sitting at a Table.*

SOUR. Here's a mistake in the print, Mr. Medley, I observe the second politician is the first person who speaks.

MED.

MED. Sir, my first and greatest politician never speaks at all, he is a very deep man, by which, you will observe, I convey this moral, that the chief art of a politician is to keep a secret.

SOUR. To keep his politicks a secret, I suppose you mean.

MED. Come, Sir, begin.

2d POLIT. Is King Theodore return'd yet?

3d POLIT. No.

2d POLIT. When will he return?

3d POLIT. I cannot tell.

SOUR. This politician seems to me to know very little of the matter.

MED. Zounds, Sir, would you have him a prophet as well as a politician? You see, Sir, he knows what's past, and that's all he ought to know; 'sblood, Sir, would it be in the character of a politician to make him a conjurer? Go on, gentlemen: pray, Sir, don't interrupt their debates, for they are of great consequence.

2d POLIT. These mighty preparations of the Turks are certainly design'd against some place or other: now, the question is, What place they are design'd against? And that is a question which I cannot answer.

3d POLIT. But it behoves us to be upon our guard.

4th POLIT. It does, and the reason is, because we know nothing of the matter.

2d POLIT. You say right, it is easy for a man to guard against dangers which he knows of, but to guard against dangers which no body knows of, requires a very great politician.

MED. Now, Sir, I suppose you think that no body knows any thing.

SOUR. Faith, Sir, it appears so.

MED. Ay, Sir, but there is one who knows, that little gentleman, yonder in the chair, who says nothing, knows it all.

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SOUR. But how do you intend to convey this knowledge to the audience?

MED. Sir, they can read it in his looks; 'sblood, Sir, must not a politician be thought a wise man without his giving instances of his wisdom?

5th POLIT. Hang foreign affairs, let us apply ourselves to money.

OMNES. Ay, ay, ay.

MED. Gentlemen, that over again—and be sure to snatch hastily at the money; you're pretty politicians truly.

5th POLIT. Hang foreign affairs, let us apply ourselves to money.

OMNES. Ay, ay, ay.

2d POLIT. All we have to consider relating to money, is how we shall get it.

3d POLIT. I think we ought first to consider whether there is any to be got, which, if there be, I do readily agree that the next question is how to come at it.

OMNES. Hum.

SOUR. Pray, Sir, what are these gentlemen in Corsica?

MED. Why, Sir, they are the ablest heads in the kingdom, and consequently the greatest men; for you may be sure all well-regulated governments, as I represent this of Corsica to be, will employ in their greatest posts men of the greatest capacity.

2d POLIT. I have consider'd the matter, and I find it must be by a tax.

3d POLIT. I thought of that, and was considering what was not tax'd already.

2d POLIT. Learning; suppose we put a tax upon learning.

3d POLIT. Learning, it is true, is a useless commodity, but I think we had better lay it on ignorance, for learning being the property but of a very few, and those poor ones too, I am afraid we can get little among

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among them; whereas ignorance will take in most of the great fortunes in the kingdom.

OMNES. Ay, ay, ay. [*Exeunt Politicians.*]

SOUR. Faith, it's very generous in these gentlemen to tax themselves so readily.

MED. Ay, and very wise too, to prevent the people's grumbling, and they will have it all among themselves.

SOUR. But what is become of the politicians?

MED. They are gone, Sir, they're gone; they have finish'd the business they met about, which was to agree on a tax, that being done—they are gone to raise it; and this, Sir, is the full account of the whole history of Europe, as far as we know of it, compriz'd in one scene.

SOUR. The devil it is! Why, you have not mention'd one word of France, or Spain, or the Emperor.

MED. No, Sir, I turn those over to the next year, by which time, we may possibly know something what they are about; at present our advices are so very uncertain, I know not what to depend on; but come, Sir, now you shall have a council of ladies.

SOUR. Does this scene lie in Corsica too?

MED. No, no, this lies in London—You know, Sir, it would not have been quite so proper to have brought English politicians (of the male kind I mean) on the stage, because our politicks are not quite so famous; but in female politicians, to the honour of my countrywomen I say it, I believe no country can excel us; come, draw the scene, and discover the ladies.

PROMP. Sir, they are not here; one of them is practising above stairs with a dancing-master, and I can't get her down.

MED. I'll fetch 'em, I warrant you. [*Exit.*]

SOUR. Well, my Lord, what does your lordship think of what you have seen?

Lord

LORD DAP. Faith, Sir, I did not observe it; but it's damn'd stuff, I am sure.

SOUR. I think so, and I hope your lordship will not encourage it. They are such men as your lordship, who must reform the age; if persons of your exquisite and refined taste will give a sanction to politer entertainments, the town will soon be ashamed of laughing at what they do now.

LORD DAP. Really, this is a very bad house.

SOUR. It is not indeed so large as the others, but I think one hears better in it.

LORD DAP. Pox of hearing, one can't see——one's self I mean; here are no looking-glasses, I love Lincoln's-Inn-Fields for that reason better than any house in town.

SOUR. Very true, my Lord, but I wish your lordship would think it worth your consideration, as the morals of a people depend, as has been so often and well prov'd, entirely on their publick diversions, it would be of great consequence that those of the sublimest kind should meet with your lordship's and the rest of the nobility's countenance.

LORD DAP. Mr. Sourwit, I am always ready to give my countenance to any thing of that kind, which might bring the best company together; for as one does not go to see the play but the company, I think that's chiefly to be consider'd, and therefore I am always ready to countenance good plays.

SOUR. No one is a better judge what is so than your lordship.

LORD DAP. Not I, indeed, Mr. Sourwit——but as I am one half of the play in the Green-room talking to the actresses, and the other half in the boxes talking to the women of quality, I have an opportunity of seeing something of the play, and perhaps may be as good a judge as another.

Enter

Enter MEDLEY.

MED. My Lord, the ladies cannot begin yet, if your lordship will honour me in the Green-room, there you will find it pleasanter than upon this cold stage.

Lord DAP. With all my heart——Come, Mr. Sourwit.

SOUR. I attend your lordship. *[Exeunt.]*

PROMP. Thou art a sweet judge of plays, indeed! and yet it is in the power of such sparks as these to damn an honest fellow, both in his profit and reputation. *[Exit.]*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter MEDLEY, Lord DAPPER, SOURWIT and PROMPTER.

MEDLEY.

COME, draw the scene, and discover the ladies in Council; pray, my Lord, sit.

[The scene draws and discovers four Ladies.]

SOUR. What are these ladies assembled about?

MED. Affairs of great importance, as you will see——Please to begin all of you.

[The Ladies all speak together.]

All LADIES. Was you at the opera, Madam, last night?

2 LADY. Who can miss an opera while Farinello stays?

3 LADY. Sure he's the charmingest creature.

4 LADY. He's every thing in the world one could wish.

1 LADY. Almost every thing one could wish.

2 LADY. They say there's a lady in the city has a child by him.

All

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All LADIES. Ha, ha, ha!

1 LADY. Well, it must be charming to have a child by him.

3 LADY. Madam, I met a lady in a visit the other day with three.

All LADIES. All Farinello's.

3 LADY. All Farinello's, all in wax.

1 LADY. O Gemini! Who makes them, I'll send and bespeak half a dozen to-morrow morning.

2 LADY. I'll have as many as I can cram into a coach with me.

SOUR. Mr. Medley, Sir, is this history? this must be invention.

MED. Upon my word, Sir, it's fact, and I take it to be the most extraordinary accident that has happen'd in the whole year, and as well worth recording. Faith, Sir, let me tell you, I take it to be ominous, for if we go on to improve in luxury, effeminacy and debauchery, as we have done lately, the next age, for aught I know, may be more like the children of squeaking Italians than hardy Britons.

All LADIES. Don't interrupt us, dear Sir.

1 LADY. What mighty pretty company they must be?

2 LADY. Oh, the prettiest company in the world.

3 LADY. If one could but teach them to sing like their father.

4 LADY. I am afraid my husband won't let me keep them, for he hates I shou'd be fond of any thing but himself.

All LADIES. O the unreasonable creature!

1 LADY. If my husband was to make any objection to my having 'em, I'd run away from him, and take the dear babies with me.

MED. Come, enter beau Dangle.

Enter DANGLE.

DANG. Fy upon it, Ladies, what are you doing here?

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here? Why are not you at the auction? Mr. Hen has been in the pulpit this half-hour.

1 LADY. Oh, dear Mr. Hen, I ask his pardon, I never miss him.

2 LADY. What's to be sold to-day?

1 LADY. Oh, I never mind that; there will be all the world there.

DANG. You'll find it almost impossible to get in.

All LADIES. Oh! I shall be quite miserable if I don't get in.

DANG. Then you must not lose a moment.

All LADIES. O! not a moment for the world.

[Exeunt Ladies.]

MED. There they are gone.

SOUR. I am glad on't with all my heart.

LORD DAP. Upon my word, Mr. Medley, that last is an exceeding good scene, and full of a great deal of politeness, good sense, and philosophy.

MED. It's nature, my Lord, it's nature.

SOUR. Faith, Sir, the ladies are much oblig'd to you.

MED. Faith, Sir, it's more than I desire such ladies, as I represent here, shou'd be; as for the nobler part of the sex, for whom I have the greatest honour, their characters can be no better set off, than by ridiculing that light, trifling, giddy-headed crew, who are a scandal to their own sex, and a curse on ours.

PROMP. Gentlemen, you must make room, for the curtain must be let down, to prepare the auction-room.

MED. My Lord, I believe you will be best before the curtain, for we have but little room behind, and a great deal to do.

SOUR. Upon my word, Mr. Medley, I must ask you the same question which one of your ladies did just now; what do you intend to sell at this auction, the whole stock in trade of some milliner or mercer who has left off business.

MED.

MED. Sir I intend to sell such things as were never sold in any auction before, nor ever will again: I can assure you, Mr. Sourwit, this scene, which I look on as the best in the whole performance, will require a very deep attention; Sir, if you should take one pinch of snuff during the whole scene, you will lose a joke by it, and yet they lie pretty deep too, and may escape observation from a moderate understanding, unless very closely attended to.

SOUR. I hope, however, they don't lie as deep as the dumb gentleman's politicks did in the first act; if so, nothing but an inspir'd understanding can come at 'em.

MEL. Sir, this scene is writ in allegory, and tho' I have endeavour'd to make it as plain as possible; yet all allegory will require a strict attention to be understood, Sir.

PROMP. Sir, every thing is ready.

MED. Then draw up the curtain——Come, enter Mrs. Screen, and Mrs. Barter.

The AUCTION.

SCENE, *an Auction-Room, a Pulpit and Forms plac'd, and several people walking about, some seated near the Pulpit.*

Enter Mrs. SCREEN and Mrs. BARTER.

Mrs. SCREEN. Dear Mrs. Barter.

Mrs. BART. Dear Madam, you are early to-day?

Mrs. SCREEN. Oh, if one does not get near the pulpit, one does nothing, and I intend to buy a great deal to-day; I believe I shall buy the whole auction, at least if things go cheap; you won't bid against me?

Mrs. BART. You know I never bid for any thing?

Enter

Enter BANTER and DANGLE.

BANT. That's true, Mrs. Barter, I'll be your evidence.

Mrs. SCREEN. Are you come? now I suppose we shall have fine bidding; I don't expect to buy cheaper than at a shop.

BANT. That's unkind, Mrs. Screen, you know I never bid against you; it would be cruel to bid against a lady who frequents auctions, only with a design one day or other to make one great auction of her own: No, no, I will not prevent the filling your warehouse; I assure you, I bid against no haberdashers of all wares.

Mrs. BART. You are a mighty civil person, truly.

BANT. You need not take up the cudgels, Madam, who are of no more consequence at an auction, than a mayor at a sessions; you only come here where you have nothing to do, to shew people you have nothing to do any where else.

Mrs. BART. I don't come to say rude things to all the world, as you do.

BANT. No, the world may thank heaven, that did not give you wit enough to do that.

Mrs. SCREEN. Let him alone, he will have his jest.

Mrs. BART. You don't think I mind him, I hope; but pray, Sir, of what great use is your friend Mr. Dangle, here?

BANT. Oh, he is of very great use to all women of understanding.

DANG. Ay! of what use am I, pray?

BANT. To keep 'em at home, that they may not hear the silly things you say to 'em.

Mrs. SCREEN. I hope, Mr. Banter, you will not banish all people from places where they are of no consequence; you will allow 'em to go to an assembly, or a masquerade, without either playing, dancing or intriguing; you will let people go to an opera
without

without any ear, to a play without any taste, and to a church without any religion?

Enter Mr. HEN Auctioneer (bowing.)

Mrs. SCREEN. Oh! dear Mr. Hen, I am glad you are come, you are horrible late to-day.

HEN. Madam, I am just mounting the pulpit; I hope you like the catalogue, ladies?

Mrs. SCREEN. There are some good things here, if you are not too dilatory with your hammer.

BANT. Boy, give me a catalogue.

HEN. [*in the Pulpit.*] I dare swear, Gentlemen and Ladies, this auction will give general satisfaction; it is the first of its kind which I ever had the honour to exhibit, and I believe I may challenge the world to produce some of the curiosities which this choice cabinet contains: A catalogue of curiosities which were collected by the indefatigable pains of that celebrated virtuoso, Peter Humdrum, Esq; which will be sold by auction, by Christopher Hen, on Monday, the 21st day of March, beginning at lot 1. Gentlemen and Ladies, this is lot 1. A most curious remnant of Political Honesty. Who puts it up, Gentlemen? It will make you a very good cloke, you see it's both sides alike, so you may turn it as often as you will—— Come, five pounds for this curious remnant: I assure you, several great men have made their birthday suits out of the same piece—— It will wear for ever, and never be the worse for wearing—— Five pounds is bid—— nobody more than five pounds for this curious piece of Political Honesty, five pound, no more—— [*knocks*] Lord Both-Sides. Lot 2, a most delicate piece of Patriotism, Gentlemen, who bids? ten pounds for this piece of Patriotism?

I COURT. I would not wear it for a thousand pound.

HEN. Sir, I assure you, several gentlemen at

court

court have worn the same; it's quite a different thing within to what it is without.

I COURT. Sir, it is prohibited goods, I shan't run the risque of being brought into Westminster-hall for wearing it.

HEN. You take it for the Old Patriotism, whereas it is indeed like that in nothing but the cut; but alas! Sir, there is a great difference in the stuff: But, Sir, I don't propose this for a town-suit, this is only proper for the country; consider, Gentlemen, what a figure this will make at an election——Come, five pound——One guinea——put Patriotism by.

BANT. Ay, put it by, one day or other it may be in fashion.

HEN. Lot 3. Three grains of Modesty: Come, Ladies, consider how scarce this valuable commodity is.

Mrs. SCREEN. Yes, and out of fashion too, Mr. Hen.

HEN. I ask your pardon, Madam, it is true French I assure you, and never changes colour on any account——Half a crown for all this Modesty——Is there not one lady in the room who wants any Modesty?

I LADY. Pray, Sir, what is it, for I can't see it at this distance.

HEN. It cannot be seen at any distance, Madam, but it is a beautiful powder which makes a fine wash for the complexion.

Mrs. SCREEN. I thought you said it was true French, and wou'd not change the colour of the skin?

HEN. No, it will not, Madam; but it serves mighty well to blush behind a Fan with, or to wear under a lady's mask at a masquerade——What, no body bid——Well, lay Modesty aside——Lot 4. One bottle of Courage, formerly in the possession of lieutenant-colonel Ezekiel Pipkin, citizen, alderman and tallowchandler——What, is there no officer of

the train'd-bands here? Or it will serve an officer of the army as well in time of peace, nay even in war, Gentlemen; it will serve all of you who fell out?

I OFF. Is the bottle whole? is there no crack in it?

HEN. None, Sir, I assure you; tho' it has been in many engagements in Tothill-fields; nay it has serv'd a campaign or two in Hide-park, since the alderman's death—it will never waste while you stay at home, but it evaporates immediately if carried abroad.

I OFF. Damn me, I don't want it; but a man can't have too much Courage——Three shillings for it.

HEN. Three shillings are bid for this bottle of Courage.

I BEAU. Four.

BANT. What do you bid for Courage for?

I BEAU. Not for myself, but I have a commission to buy it for a lady.

I OFF. Five.

HEN. Five shillings, five shillings for all this Courage; no body more than five shillings? [*knocks.*] your name, Sir?

I OFF. Mackdonald O Thunder.

HEN. Lot 5, and lot 6. All the Wit lately belonging to Mr. Hugh Pantomime, composer of entertainments for the playhouses, and Mr. William Goosequil, composer of political papers in defence of a ministry; shall I put up these together?

BANT. Ay, it is a pity to part them, where are they?

HEN. Sir, in the next room, where any gentleman may see them, but they are too heavy to bring in; there are near three hundred volumes in folio.

BANT. Put them by, who the devil would bid for them unless he was the manager of some house or other? The town has paid enough for their works already.

HEN.

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HEN. Lot 7. A very clear Conscience, which has been worn by a judge, and a bishop.

Mrs. SCREEN. Is it as clean as if it was new?

HEN. Yes, no dirt will stick to it, and pray observe how capacious it is; it has one particular quality, put as much as you will into it, it is never full: Come, Gentlemen, don't be afraid to bid for this, for whoever has it will never be poor.

BEAU. One shilling for it.

HEN. O fy, Sir, I am sure you want it, for if you had any Conscience, you would put it up at more than that: Come, fifty pound for this Conscience.

BANT. I'll give fifty pound to get rid of my Conscience with all my heart.

HEN. Well, Gentlemen, I see you are resolv'd not to bid for it, so I'll lay it by: Come, lot 8. a very considerable quantity of Interest at Court; Come, a hundred pound for this Interest at Court.

OMNES. For me, Mr. HEN?

HEN. A hundred pound is bid in a hundred places, Gentlemen.

BEAU. Two hundred pound.

HEN. Two hundred pound, two hundred and fifty, three hundred pound, three hundred and fifty, four hundred, five hundred, six hundred, a thousand; a thousand pound is bid, Gentlemen, no body more than a thousand pounds for this Interest at Court; no body more than one thousand? [*knocks.*] Mr. Littlewit.

BANT. Damn me, I know a shop where I can buy it for less.

Lord DAP. Egad, you took me in, Mr. Medley, I could not help bidding for it.

MED. It's a sure sign it's nature, my Lord, and I should not be surpriz'd to see the whole audience stand up and bid for it too.

HEN. All the Cardinal Virtues, lot 9. Come, Gentlemen, put in these Cardinal Virtues.

GENT. Eighteen pence.

HEN. Eighteen pence is bid for these Cardinal Virtues; no body more than eighteen pence? Eighteen pence for all these Cardinal Virtues, no body more? All these Virtues, Gentlemen are going for eighteen pence; perhaps there is not so much more Virtue in the world, as here is, and all going for eighteen pence [*Knocks.*] Your name, Sir?

GENT. Sir, here's a mistake; I thought you had said a Cardinal's Virtues; 'sblood, Sir, I thought to have bought a pennyworth; here's Temperance and Chastity, and a pack of stuff that I would not give three farthings for?

HEN. Well, lay 'em by: Lot 10, and lot 11. a great deal of Wit, and a little Common-Sense.

BANT. Why do you put up these together? they have no relation to each other.

HEN. Well, the Sense by itself; then lot 10. a little Common-Sense——I assure you, Gentlemen, this is a very valuable commodity: Come, who puts it in?

MED. You observe as valuable as it is, no body bids; I take this, if I may speak in the stile of a great writer, to be a most emphatical silence; you see, Mr. Sourwit, no one speaks against this lot, and the reason no body bids for it, is because every one thinks he has it.

HEN. Lay it by, I'll keep it myself; lot 12. [*Drum beats.*]

SOUR. Hey-day! What's to be done now, Mr. Medley?

MED. Now, Sir, the sport begins.

Enter a Gentleman laughing. [*Huzza within.*]

BANT. What's the matter?

GENT. There's a fight without would kill all mankind with laughing: Pistol is run mad, and thinks himself a great man, and he's marching thro' the streets with a drum and fiddles.

BANT.

BANT. Please heaven, I'll go and see this sight.

[Exit.

OMNES. And so will I.

[Exeunt.

HEN. Nay, if every one else goes, I don't know why I should stay behind.

LORD DAP. Mr. Sourwit, we'll go too.

MED. If your lordship will have but a little patience 'till the scene be chang'd, you shall see him on the stage.

SOUR. Is not this jest a little overacted?

MED. I warrant, we don't overact him half so much as he does his parts; tho' 'tis not so much his acting capacity which I intend to exhibit as his ministerial.

SOUR. His ministerial!

MED. Yes, Sir, you may remember I told you before my rehearsal, that there was a strict resemblance between the states political and theatrical; there is a ministry in the latter as well as the former, and I believe as weak a ministry as any poor kingdom could ever boast of; parts are given in the latter to actors, with much the same regard to capacity as places in the former have sometimes been, in former ages I mean; and tho' the publick damn both, yet while they both receive their pay, they laugh at the publick behind the scenes; and if one considers the plays that come from one part, and the writings from the other, one would be apt to think the same authors were retain'd in both: But, come, change the scene into the street, and then enter Pistol *cum suis*———Hitherto, Mr. Sourwit, as we have had only to do with inferior characters, such as beaux and tailors, and so forth, we have dealt in the profaick; now we are going to introduce a more considerable person, our muse will rise in her stile: Now, Sir, for a taste of the sublime; come, enter, Pistol.

[Drum beats and fiddles play.

Enter PISTOL and Mob.

PIST. Associates, brethren, countrymen and friends,
Partakers with us in this glorious enterprize,
Which for our confort we have undertaken;
It grieves us much, yes by the gods it does!
That we whose great ability and parts
Have rais'd us to this pinnacle of power,
Entitling us prime minister theatrical;
That we shou'd with an upstart of the stage
Contend successless on our confort's side;
But tho' by just hereditary right
We claim a lawless power, yet for some reasons,
Which to ourself we keep as yet conceal'd;
Thus to the publick, deign we to appeal:
Behold how humbly the great Pistol kneels.
Say then, Oh Town, is it your royal will,
That my great confort represent the part
Of Polly Peachum in the Beggar's Opera? [*Mob hiss.*

PIST. Thanks to the town, that hiss speaks their
assent;

Such was the hiss that spoke the great applause,
Our mighty father met with, when he brought
His Riddle on the stage; such was the hiss,
Welcom'd his Cæsar to the Egyptian shore;
Such was the hiss, in which great John shou'd have
expir'd:

But, wherefore do I try in vain to number
Those glorious hisses, which from age to age
Our family has borne triumphant from the stage?

MED. Get thee gone for the prettiest hero that
ever was shown on any stage. [*Exit Pistol.*

SOUR. Short and sweet, faith, what, are we to
have no more of him?

MED. Ay, ay, Sir; he's only gone to take a little
breath.

Lord DAP. If you please, Sir, in the mean time,
we'll go take a little fire, for 'tis confounded cold
upon the stage.

MED.

MED. I wait upon your lordship: stop the rehearsal a few moments, we'll be back again instantly.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter MEDLEY, SOURWIT, *and* Lord DAPPER.

MEDLEY.

NOW, my Lord, for my modern Apollo: come, make all things ready, and draw the scene as soon as you can.

SOUR. Modern, why modern? You commonplace satirists are always endeavouring to persuade us, that the age we live in, is worse than any other has been, whereas mankind have differ'd very little since the world began; for one age has been as bad as another.

MED. Mr. Sourwit, I do not deny that men have been always bad enough; vice and folly are not the invention of our age; but I will maintain, that what I intend to ridicule in the following scene, is the whole and sole production and invention of some people now living; and faith, let me tell you, tho' perhaps the publick may not be the better for it, it is an invention exceeding all the discoveries of every philosopher or mathematician, from the beginning of the world to this day.

SOUR. Ay, pray what is it?

MED. Why, Sir, it is a discovery lately found out, that a man of great parts, learning, and virtue, is fit for no employment whatever; that an estate renders a man unfit to be trusted; that being a block-head is a qualification for business; that honesty is the only sort of folly for which a man ought to be

utterly neglected and contemned. And—But here is the inventor himself.

SCENE *draws, and discovers* APOLLO *in a great Chair, surrounded by attendants.*

Come, bring him forward, that the audience may see and hear him: you must know, Sir, this is a bastard of Apollo, begotten on that beautiful nymph Moria, who sold oranges to Thespis's company, or rather cart-load, of comedians; and being a great favourite of his father's, the old gentleman settled upon him the entire direction of all our playhouses and poetical performances whatever.

APOL. Prompter.

PROMP. Sir.

APOL. Is there any thing to be done?

PROMP. Yes, Sir, this play to be cast.

APOL. Give it me. The life and death of king John, written by Shakespear: who can act the king?

PROMP. Pistol, Sir, he loves to act it behind the scenes.

APOL. Here are a parcel of English lords.

PROMP. Their parts are but of little consequence, I will take care to cast them.

APOL. Do; but be sure you give them to actors who will mind their cues——Faulconbridge——What sort of a character is he?

PROMP. Sir, he is a warrior, my cousin here will do him very well.

1st PLAY. I do a warrior! I never learnt to fence.

APOL. No matter, you will have no occasion to fight; can you look fierce, and speak well?

1st PLAY. Boh!

APOL. I would not desire a better warrior in the house than yourself——Robert Faulconbridge! What is this Robert?

PROMP.

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PROMP. Really, Sir, I don't well know what he is, his chief desire seems to be for land, I think; he is no very considerable character, any body may do him well enough; or if you leave him quite out, the play will be little the worse for it.

APOL. Well, I'll leave it to you——Peter of Pomfret, a prophet——Have you any body that looks like a prophet?

PROMP. I have one that looks like a fool.

APOL. He'll do——Philip of France.

PROMP. I have cast all the French parts except the ambassador.

APOL. Who shall do it? His part is but short, have you never a good genteel figure, and one that can dance? for as the English are the politest people in Europe, it will be mighty proper that the ambassador should be able at his arrival to entertain them with a jig or two.

PROMP. Truly, Sir, here are abundance of dancing-masters in the house, who do little or nothing for their money.

APOL. Give it to one of them; see that he has a little drollery tho' in him, for Shakespear seems to have intended him as a ridiculous character, and only to make the audience laugh.

SOUR. What's that, Sir? Do you affirm that Shakespear intended the ambassador Chatilion a ridiculous character?

MED. No, Sir, I don't.

SOUR. Oh, Sir, your humble servant, then I misunderstood you; I thought I had heard him say so.

MED. Yes, Sir, but I shall not stand to all he says.

SOUR. But, Sir, you should not put a wrong sentiment into the mouth of the god of wit.

MED. I tell you, he is the god only of modern wit, and he has a very just right to be god of most of the modern wits that I know; of some who are
lik'd

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lik'd for their wit; of some who are preferr'd for their wit; of some who live by their wit; of those ingenious gentlemen who damn plays, and those who write them too perhaps. Here comes one of his votaries; come, enter, enter——Enter Mr. Groundivy.

Enter GROUNDIVY.

GROUND. What are you doing here?

APOL. I am casting the parts in the tragedy of King John.

GROUND. Then you are casting the parts in a tragedy that won't do.

APOL. How, Sir! Was it not written by Shakespear, and was not Shakespear one of the greatest genius's that ever lived?

GROUND. No, Sir, Shakespear was a pretty fellow, and said some things which only want a little of my licking to do well enough; king John, as now writ, will not do——But a word in your ear, I will make him do.

APOL. How?

GROUND. By alterations, Sir, it was a maxim of mine, when I was at the head of theatrical affairs, that no play, tho' ever so good, would do without alteration——For instance, in the play before us, the bastard Faulconbridge is a most effeminate character, for which reason I would cut him out, and put all his sentiments in the mouth of Constance, who is so much properer to speak to them——Let me tell you, Mr. Apollo, propriety of character, dignity of diction, and emphasis of sentiment, are the things I chiefly consider on these occasions.

PROMP. I am only afraid, as Shakespear is so popular an author, and you, asking your pardon, so unpopular.

GROUND. Damn me, I'll write to the town and desire them to be civil, and that in so modest a manner, that an army of Cossacks shall be melted: I'll
tell

tell them that no actors are equal to me, and no authors ever were superior : and how do you think I can insinuate that in a modest manner ?

PROMP. Nay, faith I can't tell.

GROUND. Why, I'll tell them that the former only tread on my heels, and that the greatest among the latter have been damn'd as well as myself; and after that, what do you think of your popularity ? I can tell you, Mr. Prompter, I have seen things carried in the house against the voice of the people before to-day.

APOL. Let them hiss, let them hiss, and grumble as much as they please, as long as we get their money.

MED. There, Sir, is the sentiment of a great man, and worthy to come from the great Apollo himself.

SOUR. He's worthy his fire, indeed, to think of this gentleman for altering Shakespear.

MED. Sir, I will maintain this gentleman as proper as any man in the kingdom for the business.

SOUR. Indeed !

MED. Ay, Sir, for as Shakespear is already good enough for people of taste, he must be alter'd to the palates of those who have none ; and if you will grant that, who can be properer to alter him for the worse ? But if you are so zealous in old Shakespear's cause, perhaps you may find by-and-by all this come to nothing—Now for Pistol.

PISTOL *enters, and overturns his Father.*

GROUND. Pox on't, the boy treads close on my heels in a literal sense.

PIST. Your Pardon, Sir, why will you not obey Your son's advice, and give him still his way ? For you, and all who will oppose his force, Must be o'erthrown in his triumphant course.

SOUR. I hope, Sir, your Pistol is not intended to burlesque Shakespear.

MED.

MED. No, Sir, I have too great an honour for Shakespear to think of burlesquing him, and to be sure of not burlesquing him, I will never attempt to alter him, for fear of burlesquing him by accident, as perhaps some others have done.

LORD DAP. Pistol is the young captain.

MED. My Lord, Pistol is every insignificant fellow in town, who fancies himself of great consequence, and is of none; he is my Lord Pistol, Captain Pistol, Counsellor Pistol, Alderman Pistol, Beau Pistol, and —and—Odso, what was I going to say? Come, go on.

APOL. Prompter, take care that all things well go on;

We will retire, my friend, and read King John.

[*Exeunt.*]

SOUR. To what purpose, Sir, was Mr. Pistol introduced?

MED. To no purpose at all, Sir; it's all in character, Sir, and plainly shews of what mighty consequence he is—And there ends my article from the theatre.

SOUR. Hey-day! What's become of your two Pollicies?

MED. Damn'd, Sir, damn'd; they were damn'd at my first rehearsal, for which reason I have cut them out; and to tell you the truth, I think the town has honour'd 'em enough with talking of 'em for a whole month; tho', faith, I believe it was owing to their having nothing else to talk of. Well, now for my patriots—You will observe, Mr. Sourwit, that I place my politicians and my patriots at opposite ends of my piece, which I do, Sir, to shew the wide difference between them; I begin with my politicians, to signify that they will always have the preference in the world to patriots, and I end with patriots to leave a good relish in the mouths of my audience.

SOUR.

SOUR. Ay? by your dance of patriots, one would think you intended to turn patriotism into a jest.

MED. So I do—But don't you observe I conclude the whole with a dance of patriots? which plainly intimates, that when patriotism is turn'd into a jest, there is an end of the whole play: come, enter four patriots——You observe I have not so many patriots as politicians; you will collect from thence that they are not so plenty.

SOUR. Where does the scene lie now, Sir?

MED. In Corfica, Sir, all in Corfica.

Enter four PATRIOTS from different Doors, who meet in the Center and shake hands.

SOUR. These patriots seem to equal your greatest politicians in their silence.

MED. Sir, what they think now cannot well be spoke, but you may conjecture a great deal from their shaking their heads; they will speak by-and-by——as soon as they are a little heated with wine: you cannot, however, expect any great speaking in this scene, for tho' I do not make my patriots politicians, I don't make them fools.

SOUR. But, methinks, your patriots are a set of shabby fellows.

MED. They are the cheaper dress'd; besides, no man can be too low for a patriot, tho' perhaps it is possible he may be too high.

1st PATR. Prosperity to Corfica.

2d PATR. Liberty and property.

3d PATR. Success to trade.

4th PATR. Ay, to trade—to trade—particularly to my shop.

SOUR. Why do you suffer that actor to stand laughing behind the scenes, and interrupt your rehearsal?

MED. O, Sir, he ought to be there, he's a laughing in his sleeve at the patriots; he's a very considerable character—and has much to do by-and-by.

SOUR.

SOUR. Methinks the audience shou'd know that, or perhaps they may mistake him as I did, and hiss him.

MED. If they should, he is a pure impudent fellow, and can stand the hisses of them all; I chose him particularly for the part—Go on, Patriots.

1st PATR. Gentlemen, I think this our island of Corsica is in an ill state, I do not say we are actually in war, for that we are not; but however we are threatened with it daily, and why may not the apprehension of a war, like other evils, be worse than the evil itself; for my part, this I will say, this I will venture to say, That let what will happen I will drink a health to peace.

MED. This gentleman is the noisy patriot, who drinks and roars for his country, and never does either good or harm in it—The next is the cautious patriot.

2d PATR. Sir, give me your hand; there's truth in what you say, and I will pledge you with all my soul, but remember, it is all under the rose.

3d PATR. Look'e, Gentlemen, my shop is my country, I always measure the prosperity of the latter by that of the former. My country is either richer or poorer, in my opinion, as my trade rises or falls; therefore, Sir, I cannot agree with you that a war wou'd be disserviceable: on the contrary, I think it the only way to make my country flourish; for as I am a sword-cutler, it would make my shop flourish, so here's to war.

MED. This is the self-interested patriot, and now you shall hear the fourth and last kind, which is the indolent patriot, one who acts as I have seen a prudent man in company, fall asleep at the beginning of a fray, and never wake 'till the end on't.

4th PATR. [*Waking.*] Here's to peace or war, I do not care which.

SOUR. So this gentleman being neutral, peace has it two to one.

MED.

MED. Perhaps neither shall have it, perhaps I have found a way to reconcile both parties : But go on.

1st PATR. Can any one, who is a friend to Corsica, wish for war, in our present circumstances?—
——I desire to ask you all one question, are we not a set of miserable poor dogs?

OMNES. Ay, ay.

3d PATR. That we are sure enough, that no body will deny.

Enter QUIDAM.

QUID. Yes, Sir, I deny it. [*All start.*] Nay, Gentlemen, let me not disturb you, I beg you will all sit down, I am come to drink a glass with you—Can Corsica be poor while there is this in it. [*Lays a Purse on the Table.*] Nay, be not afraid of it, Gentlemen, it is honest gold I assure you; you are a set of poor dogs, you agree; I say you are not, for this is all yours, there, [*Pours it on the Table.*] take it among you.

1st PATR. And what are we to do for it?

QUID. Only say you are rich, that's all.

OMNES. Oh, if that be all!

[They snatch up the Money.]

QUID. Well, Sir, what is your opinion now? tell me freely.

1st PATR. I will, a man may be in the wrong through ignorance, but he's a rascal who speaks with open eyes against his conscience—I own I thought we were poor; but, Sir, you have convinc'd me that we are rich.

OMNES. We are all convinc'd.

QUID. Then you are all honest fellows, and here is to your healths, and since the bottle is out, hang sorrow, cast away care, e'en take a dance, and I will play you a tune on the fiddle.

OMNES. Agreed.

1st PATR. Strike up when you will, we are ready to attend your motions. [*Dance here; Quidam dances out, and they all dance after him.*]

MED. Perhaps there may be something intended by this dance which you don't take.

SOUR. Ay, what prithee?

MED. Sir, every one of these patriots have a hole in their pockets, as Mr. Quidam the fiddler there knows; so that he intends to make them dance 'till all the money is fall'n through, which he will pick up again, and so not lose one halfpenny by his generosity; so far from it, that he will get his wine for nothing, and the poor people, alas! out of their own pockets, pay the whole reckoning. This, Sir, I think is a very pretty Pantomime trick, and an ingenious burlesque on all the fourberies which the great Lun has exhibited in all his entertainments: And so ends my play, my farce, or what you please to call it; may I hope it has your lordship's approbation?

Lord DAP. Very pretty, indeed, it's very pretty.

MED. Then, my Lord, I hope I shall have your encouragement; for things in this town do not always succeed according to their merit; there is a vogue, my Lord, which if you will bring me into, you will lay a lasting obligation on me: and you, Mr. Sourwit, I hope, will serve me among the criticks, that I may have no elaborate treatise writ to prove that a farce of three acts is not a regular play of five. Lastly, to you, Gentlemen, whom I have not the honour to know, who have pleas'd to grace my rehearsal; and you, Ladies, whether you be Shakespear's Ladies, or Beaumont and Fletcher's Ladies, I hope you will make allowances for a rehearsal,

And kindly all report us to the town;
No borrow'd, nor no stol'n goods we've shown,
If witty, or if dull, our play's our own.

E U R Y D I C E,

A

F A R C E:

As it was d—mn'd

AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE.

VOL. III.

P

Dramatis Personæ.

PLUTO.

ORPHEUS.

PROSERPINE.

EURYDICE.

CHARON.

GHOSTS, &c.

E U R Y D I C E.

(The Musick-bell rings.)

*Enter the AUTHOR in a hurry. A CRIT-
TICK following.*

AUTHOR.

HOLD, hold, Mr. Chetwood; don't ring for the overture yet, the devil is not dressed. He has but just put on his cloven foot.

CRIT. Well, Sir, how do you find yourself? In what state are your spirits?

AUTH. Oh! never better. If the audience are but in half so good a humour, I warrant for the success of my farce.

CRIT. I wish it may succeed; but as it is built (you say) on so ancient a story as that of Orpheus and Eurydice, I fear some part of the audience may not be acquainted with it. Would it not have been adviseable to have writ a sheet or two by a friend, addressed to the spectators of Eurydice, and let them a little into the matter?

AUTH. No, no; any man may know as much of the story as myself, only by looking at the end of Littleton's Dictionary, whence I took it. Besides, Sir, the story is vulgarly known. Who has not heard that Orpheus went down to the shades after his wife who was dead, and so enchanted Proserpine with his musick, that she consented he should carry her back, with a proviso he never turned to look on her in his way, which he could not refrain from, and so lost her?——Dear Sir, every schoolboy knows it.

CRIT. But for the instructions of those beaux who never were at school.

AUTH. They may learn it from those who have. If you will secure me from the criticks, I don't fear the beaux.

CRIT. Why, Sir, half the beaux are criticks.

AUTH. Ay! s'gad, I should as soon have suspected half the Dutchmen to be dancing-masters. If I had known this, I would have spared them a little. I must leave out the first scene, I believe.

CRIT. Why that?

AUTH. Why, it is a scene between the ghosts of two beaux. And if the substance of a beau be such an unsubstantial thing as we see it, what must the shadow of that substance be?

CRIT. Ha, ha, ha. Ridiculous.

AUTH. Ay, I think so. I think, we do come up to the ridiculous in our farce, and that is what a farce ought to be, and all it ought to be: for as your beaux set up for criticks, so these criticks on farces may set up for beaux. But come, I believe by this the devil and the ghosts are ready, so now, Mr. Chetwood, you may ring away. Sir, if you please to sit down with me between the scenes, I shall be glad of your opinion of my piece.

(They sit: the Overture is played)

CRIT. Pray, Sir, who are these two gentlemen that stand ready to rush on the stage? Are they the two ghosts you mention?

AUTH. Yes, Sir, they are. Mr. Spindle and captain Weazel, the one belongs to the court, the other to the army; and they are the representatives of their several bodies. You must know farther, the one has been dead some time, the other but just departed: but hush, they are gone on.

Enter Captain WEAZEL, Mr. SPINDLE.

Capt. WEAZ. Mr. Spindle, your very humble servant. You are welcome, Sir, on this side the
river

river Styx. I am glad to see you dead, with all my heart.

Mr. SPIN. Capt. Weazel, I thank you. I hope you are well.

Capt. WEAZ. As well as a dead man can be, my dear.

Mr. SPIN. And faith! that's better than any living man can be, at least any living beau. Dead men (they say) feel no pain; and I am sure, we beaux, while alive, feel little else: but however, at last, thanks to a little fever and a great doctor, I have shaken off a bad constitution: and now I intend to take one dear swing of raking, drinking, whoring, and playing the devil, as I have done in the other world.

Capt. WEAZ. I suppose then you think this world exactly like that you have left?

Mr. SPIN. Why, you have whores here, have you not?

Capt. WEAZ. Oh, in abundance.

Mr. SPIN. Give me a buss for that, my dear. And some of our acquaintance, fine ladies, are there not?

Capt. WEAZ. Ay, scarce any other.

Mr. SPIN. Thou dear dog! Well, and how dost thou lead thy life, thy death, I should say, among 'em?

Capt. WEAZ. Faith! Jack, even as I led my life between cards, dice, musick, taverns, wenches, masquerades.

Mr. SPIN. Masquerades! Have you those too?

Capt. WEAZ. Those! Ay, they were borrow'd hence.

Mr. SPIN. What a delicious place this hell is!

Capt. WEAZ. Sir, it is the only place a fine gentleman ought to be in.

Mr. SPIN. How it was misrepresented to us in the other world!

Capt. WEAZ. Pshaw! that hell did not belong to our religion; for you and I, Jack, you know, and most of our acquaintance, were always heathens.

Mr. SPIN. Well, but what sort of a fellow is the old gentleman, the devil, hey?

Capt. WEAZ. Is he? Why a very pretty sort of a gentleman, a very fine gentleman; but, my dear, you have seen him five hundred times already. The moment I saw him here, I remembered to have seen him shuffle cards at White's and George's; to have met him often on the Exchange, and in the Alley, and never missed him in or about Westminster-hall. I will introduce you to him.

Mr. SPIN. Ay, do. And tell him I was hanged, that will recommend me to him.

Capt. WEAZ. No, hanged, no; then he will take you for a poor rogue, a sort of people he abominates so, that there are scarce any of them here. No, if you would recommend yourself to him, tell him you deserved to be hanged, and was too great for the law.

Mr. SPIN. Won't he find me out?

Capt. WEAZ. If he does, nothing pleases him so much as lying: for which reason, he is so fond of no sort of people as the lawyers.

Mr. SPIN. Methinks, he might, for the same reason, be fond of us courtiers too.

Capt. WEAZ. Sir, we have no cause to complain of our reception.

Mr. SPIN. But have you no news here, Jack?

Capt. WEAZ. Yes, truly we have some, and pretty remarkable news too. Here is a man come hither after his wife.

Mr. SPIN. What! to desire the devil to take great care of her, that she may not come back again?

Capt. WEAZ. No, really, to desire her back again; and 'tis thought he will obtain his request.

Mr. SPIN. Ay; he must be a hard-hearted devil indeed, to deny a man such a request as that.

Capt.

Capt. WEAZ. Did you never hear of him in the other world? he is a very fine singer, and his name is Orpheus.

Mr. SPIN. Oh ay! he's an Italian. Signior Orpheo—I have heard him sing in the opera in Italy. I suppose, when he goes back again they will have him in England. But who have we here?

Capt. WEAZ. This is the woman I spoke of, Madam Eurydice.

Mr. SPIN. Faith! she is handsome, and if she had been any body's wife but my own, I would have come hither for her with all my heart.

AUTH. That sentiment completes the character of my courtier, who is so complaisant, that he sins only to comply with the mode; and goes to the devil, not out of any inclination, but because it is the fashion. Now for Madam Eurydice, who is the fine lady of my play: And a fine lady she is, or I am mistaken.

Enter EURYDICE.

EUR. Capt. Weazel, your very humble servant.

Capt. WEAZ. Your servant, Lady fair. A gentleman of my acquaintance, desires the honour of kissing your hands.

EUR. Any gentleman of your acquaintance. From England, I presume.

Mr. SPIN. Just arrived thence, Madam.

EUR. You have not been at court yet, Sir, I suppose. You will meet with a very hearty welcome from his majesty. He has a particular kindness for people of your nation.

Mr. SPIN. I hope, Madam, we shall always deserve it.

Capt. WEAZ. But I hope the news is not true, that we are to lose you, Madam Eurydice?

EUR. How can you doubt it, when my husband is come after me? Do you think Pluto can refuse

me, or that I can refuse to go back with a husband who came hither for me?

MR. SPIN. Faith! I don't know; but if a husband was to go back to the other world after his wife, I believe, he would scarce persuade her to come hither with him.

EUR. Oh but, Sir, this place alters us much for the better. Women are quite different creatures after they have been here some time.

CAPT. WEAZ. And so you will go?

EUR. It is not in my power. You know it is positively against the law of the realm. In desiring to go, I discharge the duty of a wife. And if the devil won't let me, I can't help it.

CAPT. WEAZ. I am afraid of the power of his voice, I wish he be able to resist that charm; and I fancy, if you was to confess ingenuously, it is his voice that charms you to go back again.

EUR. Indeed, Sir, you are mistaken. I do not think the merit of a man, like that of a nightingale, lies in his throat. It is true, he has a fine pipe, and if you will carry your friend to court this morning, he may hear him; but though it is possible my heart may have its weak sides, I solemnly protest no one will ever reach it through my ears.

MR. SPIN. That's strange: for it is the only way to all the ladies hearts in the other world.

EUR. Ha, ha, ha! I find you beaus know just as much of a woman as you ever did. Do you imagine when a lady expires at an opera, she thinks of the signior that's singing? No, no, take my word for it, musick puts softer and better things in her head.

A I R I.

Do not ask me, *Charming Phillis.*

*When a woman lies expiring
at fal, lal, lal, lal, la.*

De

*Do you think her, Sir, desiring
Nothing more than ha, ha ha!*

[Exit between the Beaus.]

CRIT. If you will give me leave, Sir, I think you have not enough distinguished the character of your courtier from your soldier.

AUTH. What soldier! Have you mistaken my army-beau for a soldier? You might as well take a Temple-beau for a lawyer. Sir, a beau is a beau still, whatever profession he belongs to; the beaus in all professions differ in nothing but in dress; and therefore, Sir, to distinguish the character of my army-beau from my court-beau, I clap a cockade into his hat, and that is all the distinction I can make between them——But mum: Pluto is going on.

SCENE, *the Court of* PLUTO.

Enter PLUTO, PROSERPINE, *and*
ORPHEUS.

PLUTO. Indeed, friend Orpheus, I am concerned I cannot grant your request without infringing the laws of my realm. Ask me any thing else, and be certain of obtaining: riches, power, or whatever is in my gift. Indeed, you ought to be contented with the common fate of men. Consider you had the possession of your wife something more than a twelvemonth.

PROS. Long enough, I am sure, for any poor woman to be confined within the fetters of matrimony.

PLUTO. Is it possible that that voice, which can lull the cares of every other asleep, should not be able to assuage those of your own breast?

AUTH. Now for a taste of Recitativo. My farce is an Oglio of tid-bits.

O R-

ORPHEUS, (*in Recitativo.*)

*Curst be the cruel scissars of the fates,
That snipt her thread of life, and curst that law
Which now forbids her to my arms.
No, cruel king, detain your offer'd wealth,
And hang my harp forsaken in your realm:
For all things useless are to me
Without Eurydice.*

A I R II.

*Riches, can you ease restore,
Riches make me wish the more
The possession of my sweet,
To bestow them at her feet.*

2.

*What Relief in softest lays
Warbling all my charmer's praise,
Bidding fiercer passion rise,
Teaching languish to my eyes.*

3.

*Then can wealth and musick please,
When my charmer smiles at these;
But lest envy these bemoan,
Give me, give me her alone.*

PLUTO. (*in raptures.*) O caro, caro.—(What shall I do? If I hear another song I am vanquished. Should he desire thee, my dear, I could hardly deny him.) [*Aside to Proserpine.*

PROS. That may possibly be, my dear, (and I wish he would with all my heart.) [*Aside.*

PLUTO. Consider, Child, there is no danger in the precedent: for as he is the first man who ever desired to have his wife again, it is possible he may be the last.

PROS. I own the request odd enough; nor do I know any miracle that would equal it, unless she should consent to go along with him, which I much question:

question: for I don't remember to have ever heard her mention her husband's name 'till his arrival here. And though you may make free with your own laws, and your own people, I hope, Mr. Pluto, you will not usurp any authority over mine. By Styx, if you give one dead wife back again to her husband, against her will, I will make hell too hot to hold you.

PLUTO. Do not be in a passion, my dear.

PROS. My dear, I will be in a passion. Shall you prescribe to me what to be in?

PLUTO. You need not fear the loss of your subjects; tho' you should promise to return every wife that was asked.

PROS. How, Sir! have I not several widows, whose jointures died with them; whose husbands would not only ask, but walk hither barefoot to get them again? But you are always despising my subjects. I am sure no goddess of quality was ever used as I am. It would never be believed upon earth, that the devil is a worse husband than any there.

AUTH. Considering where the scene lies, I think these sentiments are not *mal-à-propos*.

Enter EURYDICE, WEAZEL, SPINDLE.
WEAZEL *introduces* SPINDLE to PLUTO and PROSERPINE. EURYDICE *goes to* ORPHEUS.

ORPHEUS (*Recitativo.*)

*Oh my Eurydice! the cruel king,
Still obdurate, refuses to my arms
The repossession of my love.*

EURYDICE (*Recitativo.*)

*Unkind Fate,
So soon to put an end to all our joys!
And barbarous law of Erebus
That will not reinstate us in our blifs.*

ORPH.

ORPH. *And must you stay?*

EUR. *And must you go?*

ORPH. *Oh no!*

EUR. *'Tis so.*

ORPH. *Oh no!*

EUR. *'Tis so.*

CRIT. Why does Eurydice speak in recitativo?

AUTH. Out of complaisance to her husband. As you will find her behave through my whole piece, like a very polite and well-bred lady.—I intend this couple as a contrast to the devil and his wife.

A I R III.

ORPH. *Farewel, ye groves and mountains,
Ye once delightful fountains,
Where my charmer us'd to stray,
Where in gentle am'rous play,
Wanton, willing,
Burning, billing,
Ever cheerful, ever gay,
We have spent the summer-day.*

2.

*Where herds forgot their lowing,
And trees forgot their blowing,
Joining with the fleecy flocks,
And the hard and massy rocks,
All came prancing,
Skipping, dancing:
Not the magick of my song
But thy eyes drew all along.*

PLUTO. I am conquer'd; by Styx, you shall have her back. Take my wife too; take every thing; another song, and take my crown.

PROS. Hold, hold, not so generous, good king Pluto. If the young lady pleases to return with her husband, as you have sworn by Styx, she may.

AUTH. There, Sir, there. I have carried the
power

power of musick beyond Orpheus, Amphion, and all of them; I have made it inspire a man to get the better of his wife.

PROS. But I insist on her consent being asked.

SPIND. [*to Weaz.*] I find in hell the grey mare is the better horse.

WEAZ. Yes, faith! Jack, and no where else, I believe.

ORPH. *Thanks most infernal majesty;
I ask no greater boon.*

EUR. You may depend too surely on your Eurydice, to doubt her consent to whatever would make you happy. But—it is a long way from hence to the other world; and you know by experience, my dear, I am an exceeding bad traveller.

ORPH. I'll carry you on my shoulders.

EUR. O, dear creature! your shoulders would fail; indeed, they would. And if I should be taken sick on the road, what should I do? Indeed, in this world, I might make a tolerable shift; but on the other side the river Styx, if I was fainting, no publick-house dare sell me a dram.

ORPH. I will buy two gallons, and carry them with me.

EUR. Life, child, is so very uncertain, that who knows but as soon as I am got hence, I may be summoned back the next day; and consider what an intolerable fatigue two such journeys taken together would be.

ORPH. Is it not a journey which I have undertaken for you?

EUR. O you great creature, you! You are a man, and I am a poor weak woman. I hope you don't compare your strength with mine. Besides, if I was able to go, it is really so much better to be here than to be married, that I must be mighty silly to think of returning.—Indeed, dear Orphy, I should be ashamed to shew my face after it.

A I R

A I R IV.

*Oh Lud! I should be quite asham'd,
 My former friends to see;
 In an assembly if I'm nam'd,
 They'd point and cry that's she.
 From husbands when 'tis thought so fine
 For wives to run away,
 Should I return again with mine,
 What can the world all say?*

ORPH. Can you go then? will you refuse me?

EUR. My dear, you know I always hated to refuse you so much, that I hated you should ask me any thing; if it was reasonable, I should do it of my own accord: but I never will be persuaded out of my reason.

A I R V.

ORPH. *That marriage is a great evil,
 Who'll ever dispute more in life,
 When they hear I've prevail'd on the devil,
 And cannot prevail on my wife, poor man!
 And cannot prevail on my wife.*

EUR. *But when those who hear your sad ditty,
 Shall the date of your wedding explore,
 Do you think men a husband will pity,
 Who should have known better before, poor
 man!
 Who should have known better before?*

PLUTO. The doom is fix'd, I ask your pardon, my dear, (*to Pros.*) but I swore by Styx before I thought of it, that she should go.

PROS. Ay, you are always swearing before you think of it: However, Eurydice, since that's the case, the oath must be kept. But I can add a clause to the bill, if he looks back on you once in the way, you shall return, and that I swear by Styx.

PLUTO.

PLUTO. Do you hear, Sir, what my wife says?

MR. SPIN. (*to Weaz.*) This river Styx, seems a pretty way of ending controversies between man and wife. It is pity the Thames had not the same virtue.

ORPH. Thanks, most diabolical majesty, for your infernal kindness.

PLUTO. I hope you will take care, and not forfeit the advantage of this favour I have granted you.

PROS. Which I have granted, if you please, Sir.

PLUTO. Ay, which my wife has granted.

CAPT. WEAZ. (*to Spin.*) You see how ill people express themselves, when they call a bad husband the devil of a husband.

EUR. I thank your majesty, Madam, for your interposition in my behalf, and if I did not improve it, I should be unworthy of your royal favour.

PROS. I doubt not but you have been here long enough to learn to outwit your husband.

EUR. Few women, Madam, need come hither to learn that art.

PROS. I am glad they behave so well.——Dear Eurydice, I wish you a good journey with all my heart, and hope to see you soon again.

EUR. The first moment it is in my power, I assure your Majesty.

PLUTO. Friend Orpheus, farewell, I give thee thy wife with greater pleasure, since I hope, as thou hast come hither now to get her, thou wilt return hither shortly to get rid of her.

[*Exeunt Pluto, Pros. Capt. Weaz. and Spin.*]

EUR. Well, Sir; and so I must take a trip with you to the other world. How was it possible, you could come hither to fetch me back when I was dead, who had so often wished me here, while alive?

ORPH. Those were only the sudden blasts of passion. Besides, as is the common fate of mortals, I never knew my happiness 'till I lost it.

EUR.

EUR. And was you then really concern'd for me?

ORPH. Yes, my dear, and I think you was so for me; your tears at our parting, gave me sufficient assurance.

EUR. Ha, ha, ha! I was afraid of dying, child, that was all. Upon my word, my dear, parting with thee was all the little comfort I had.

ORPH. Did you desire it then?

EUR. Most heartily, upon my word. I seldom prayed for any thing else.

ORPH. Why, did we not live comfortably together?

EUR. O very comfortably! Did you not leave me to run after the golden fleece?

ORPH. Nay, if you come to that, did you not run away from me, and stay at Thebes by yourself a whole winter?

EUR. And did not you keep a mistress in my absence, when you might have come to me?

ORPH. Did not you spend in diversions and play, what should have kept your family?

EUR. And did not you spend on mistresses what should have kept your wife?

ORPH. Was not you almost eternally in the vapours?

EUR. And was not you the occasion of my vapours? Did not you kill my favourite monkey, because I would not dance with that rake Hercules, and the rest of your brother Argonauts.

ORPH. You have dined with that rake Hercules when I have not been by, I believe; and did not you crack one of my best fiddles, only because I would not dance with that coquette Miss Atalanta, and the rest of your flirts.

EUR. You have danced with her in private, I fancy; and I would break your fiddle again, Sir, on the same occasion.

ORPH.

ORPH. And I would see you and your monkey at the devil, if you affronted my friends.

EUR. Ha, ha, ha! Then you would come after me again, as you have now; ha, ha, ha!

ORPH. Nay, do not laugh so immoderately.

EUR. How can I avoid it, at this comfortable state of life which you are so fond of, as to desire over again?

ORPH. But experience might teach us to amend our faults for the future.

EUR. Experience rather ought to teach us the impossibility of such an amendment: for if we could have learnt so, we might have learnt from the examples of others, when we were first married, and from our own in a short time; but I never perceived any better effect from the remembrance of a past quarrel, than the working up a new one. Could experience cure folly, men would not want that cure very early in life.

A I R VI.

*If men from experience a lesson could reap,
To fly from the folly they'd seen,
What madman at forty a mistress would keep,
What woman would love at eighteen!
What woman, &c.*

*The levees of statesmen and courts of the law,
Boys only would haunt very soon;
And all married broils to conclusion would draw,
At the end of the sweet honey-moon.
At the end, &c.*

So if you have a mind to improve and profit by your own experience, e'en look back at the third step, and return single as you came.

ORPH. No, I will be so complacent, that I had rather prove your hypothesis than my own.

VOL. III.

Q

EUR.

EUR. Then, pray, set out: In those last words of your's matrimony seemed to begin again: for to refuse his wife with civility, is the true complacence of a husband——So, a good journey to us.

A I R VII.

Turn, O turn thee, dearest creature.

Turn, O turn, dear, do not fly me;

I could ever thus hold out:

If you lov'd, you'd not deny me;

If you lov'd, you'd look about.

[Exit, *she following.*]

SCENE, *The Banks of the River Styx.*

(They call Charon several times without.)

AUTH. So now Charon is out of the way, and the audience will be put out of humour.

CRIT. But pray, Sir, why does Orpheus talk sometimes in Recitativo, and sometimes out of it?

AUTH. Why, Sir, I do not care to tire the audience with too much Recitativo; I observe they go to sleep at it at an opera. Besides, you may give yourself a good reason why he leaves off singing; for I think his wife may very well be supposed to put him out of tune—Are you satisfied?

CRIT. I could ask another question.——Why have you made the devil henpecked?

AUTH. Sir, you know where I have laid the scene, and how could hell be better represented than by supposing the people under petticoat-government?
——But O! Charon is come at last.

Enter CHARON and MACCAHONE.

CHA. You, Mr. Maccahone, will you please to pay me my fare?

MAC.

MAC. Ay, fet would I with all my shoule, but honey, I did die not worth a fi pence, and that I did leave behind me.

CHA. Sir, if you do not pay me, I shall carry you back again.

MAC. To my own country! Arrah do, honey. Uboboo! what a shoy it will be to my relations, that are now singing an anthem called the Irish Howl over me, to see me alive, when they know that I am dead.

CHA. If you do not pay your fare, I shall carry you to the other side of the river, where you shall wander on the banks a thousand years.

MAC. Shall I? what, where I did see half a dozen gentlemen walking alone? Uboboo! upon my shoule, the laugh is coming upon my face.

CHA. Prithee, what dost thou laugh at?

MAC. I laugh to think how I will bite you.

CHA. What wilt thou do?

MAC. Upon my shoule, I will get a bridge and swim over upon it, and I will send upon the post to the other world to buy a bridge, and I know where I can buy one very cheap; and when there is a bridge, I believe no one will come into your boat that can go over the water upon dry land.

CHA. Here, take this fellow some of you, and ferry him back again, where he shall stay till his bridge is built. But whom have we here? I suppose the couple who are by Pluto's special order to be ferry'd over to the other side.

Enter ORPHEUS and EURYDICE.

ORPH. If you please, Mr. Charon, to prepare your boat. I suppose you have received your orders.

CHA. Master, the boat is just gone over, it will be back again instantly. I wish you would be so good in the mean time, master, to give us one of your Italian catches.

Q 2

ORPH.

ORPH. Why dost thou love musick then, friend Charon?

CHA. Yes, fags! Master, I do. It went to my heart t'other day, that I did not dare ferry over Signior Quaverino.

ORPH. Why didst thou not dare?

CHA. I don't know, Sir; judge Rhadamanthus said it was against the law: for that no body was to come into this country but men and women; and that the Signior was neither the one nor the other.

ORPH. Your lawyers, I suppose, have strange quirks here in hell.

CHA. Nay, for that matter, they are pretty much the same here as on earth.

EUR. Help, help, I shall be drowned, I shall be drowned!

ORPH. (*turning*) Ha! Eurydice's voice!

EUR. O unlucky misfortune! why would you look behind you, when you knew the queen's command?

ORPH. Thou wicked woman, why wouldst thou tempt me?

EUR. How unreasonable is that, to lay the blame on me! Can I help my fears? You know I was always inclined to be hysterical: but it is like you, to lay the blame on me, when you know yourself to be guilty; when you know you are tired of me already, and looked back purposely to lose me.

ORPH. And dost thou accuse me?

EUR. I don't accuse you. I need not accuse you. Your own wicked conscience must do it. Oh! had you loved like me, you could have borne to have gone a million of miles, I am sure, I could have gone farther, and never once have looked back upon you. (*Pretending to cry.*)

ORPH. Curst accident! but still we may go on. Proserpine can never know it.

EUR. (*speaking brisk*) No, I promised to return the moment you looked back; and a woman of honour

nour must keep her promise, tho' it be to leave her husband.

A I R VIII.

*Farewel, my dear,
Since fate severe
Has cut us twice in twain.*
ORPH. *Say not farewell,
I'll back to hell,
And sing thee back again.*
EUR. *No, Orpheus, no
You shall not go.*
ORPH. *And must we, must we part?*
EUR. *We must away,
For if you stay,
Indeed 'twill break my heart.
Your servant, dear,
I downward steer,
You upward to the light;
Take no more leave,
For I must grieve
'Till you are out of sight.*

CHA. Come, master Orpheus, never take it to heart: but e'en part as merrily as your lady did. I believe the devil would be very glad to go with you, if he could leave his wife behind him.

Orpheus, (Recitativo.)

*Ungrateful, barbarous woman!
Infernal Stygian monster!
Henceforth mankind
I'll teach to hate the sex.*

A I R IX.

*If a husband henceforth, who has buried his wife,
Of Pluto, request her again brought to life:*

Q 3

Pluto,

*Pluto, grant his request as he enters thy portal,
 And Jove for his comfort
 And Jove for his comfort,
 O make her, O make her, O make her immortal!*

AUTH. There, now the audience must stay a little, while the grave scene is preparing. Pray, Mr. Chetwood, hasten things as much as possible.

CRIT. I see Mr. Orpheus is come to his Recitativo again.

AUTH. Yes, Sir, just as he lost his senses. I wish our opera composers could give as good a reason for their Recitativo.

CRIT. What would you have them bring nothing but mad people together into their operas?

AUTH. Sir, if they did not bring abundance of mad people together into their operas, they would not be able to subsist long at the extravagant prices they do, nor their fingers to keep useless mistresses; which, by the by, is a very ingenious burlesque on our taste.

CRIT. Ay, how so?

AUTH. Why, Sir, for an English people to support an extravagant Italian opera, of which they understand nor relish neither the sense nor the sound, is heartily as ridiculous, and much of a piece with an eunuch's keeping a mistress: nor do I know whether his ability is more despised by his mistress, or our taste by our fingers.

CRIT. Hush, hush, don't disturb the play.

SCENE, Pluto's Court.

PLUTO, WEAZLE, SPINDLE.

PLUTO. Well, Mr. Spindle, pray how do you like your way of living here?

Mr. SPIN. Upon my word, may it please your majesty, it is so very like the life I used to lead, that I can scarce perceive any difference, unless (I hope
 your

your Majesty will not be offended) I think you are not quite so wicked here, as we used to be in the other world.

PLUTO. Why truly, that is what I am afraid of, Mr. Spindle, and that is what I regret very much: but I know no remedy for it; for as it is impossible to make the people here worse, so I believe it is impracticable to make them there better. (How little these wretches know, that the vices which were their pleasures in the other world, are their punishment here; and that the most vicious man need scarce any other punishment than that of being confined to his vice!) [Aside.

AUTH. There, Sir! There is morality for you out of the mouth of the devil, if that be not *à fuco dare lucem*, let another handle the pen for me.

MR. SPIN. One vice in particular, that we excel you in, is hypocrisy.

WEAZ. It cannot be otherwise: for as his diabolical majesty is known to have such an antipathy to virtue, you may be certain, no one here will affect it.

PLUTO. Why not? I am no enemy to the affectation of it; and if they were to counterfeit never so nicely, they might depend on it, I should see through them. But ha! my wife and Eurydice!

Enter PROSERPINE and EURYDICE.

PROS. Yes, Sir, the gentleman could not stay, it seems, 'till he got home; but looked back on his treasure, and so forfeited it.

EUR. And yet, I took all the pains in my power to prevent it, continually intreating him to look forward, frightened out of my wits every step, lest he should see me by a side-glance, and yet all would not do; he would, (*sobbing*) he would look back upon me, and so I have lost him for ever.

PROS. Be comforted, Madam.

EUR. It is in your power to comfort me.

PLUTO. And, be assured, it is in my will.

EUR. Then you must promise me never to send me back: for, truly, there is (*composed*) so much pain in parting, that, since it must happen, I am resolved never to see my husband again, if I can help it.

PROS. Be easy: for, by Styx, he never shall send you back.

MR. SPIN. However, there is some hypocrisy here, I find, [*Aside to Weaz.*]

WEAZ. Ay, among the women.

PROS. Well, my dear Eurydice, I am so pleased to see you returned, that I will celebrate a holiday in all my dominions. Let Tantalus drink, and take Ixion off the wheel. Let every one's punishment be remitted a whole day. Do you hear, husband? what are you thinking of?——Do you take care and signify my pleasure?

PLUTO. I shall, my dear. Do you hear, all of you? It is my wife's pleasure that you should all keep holiday.

PROS. And hark'e, Sir, I desire you would wave your wand, and conjure back some of your devils that dance at the playhouses in the other world.

PLUTO. My dear, I will obey your commands.

PROS. You see, my dear Eurydice, the manner in which I live with my husband. He settled one half of the government on me at my marriage, and I have, thank fate, pretty well worked him out of the other half: Thus I make myself some little amends for his immortality.

EUR. And sure a wife ought to have some amends made her for such a terrible circumstance.

PLUTO. My dear, the dancers are come.

EUR. Well, I am quite charmed with your majesty's behaviour to a husband.

PROS. And I am so charmed with yours, that you shall henceforth be my chief favourite.

A Grand

A Grand DANCE.

C H O R U S.

EUR. *From lessons like these
You may, if you please,
Good husbands, learn to be civil;
For you find 'tis in vain
To wish for us again,
When once we are gone to the devil.*

PROS. *At each little pet
Do not quarrel and fret,
And wish your wives dead, for I tell you,
If they once touch this shore,
You shall have them no more,
Tho' to fetch them you send Farinello.*

PLUTO. *Attend to Old Nick,
Ye brethbren, that stick
Like me in Hymen's fast fetters,
If you'd lead quiet lives,
Give way to your wives,
As you see must be done by your betters.*

CHOR. *Attend to Old Nick,
Ye brethbren, that stick,
Like him in Hymen's fast fetters,
If you'd lead quiet lives,
Give way to your wives,
As you see must be done by your betters.*

E U R Y D I C E

A Grand Dance

C H O R U S

Ever, From light and love,
The song of the heart,
Good friends, let us be true,
For we are all one,
And will be so,
When our eyes are open to the dawn.

Prose. All of us,
Do not forget the past,
And with your hearts and hands,
If they are true and good,
Let them be true and good,
For they are the best of us.

Prose. Stand to Old Time,
The best of all,
Like we in the past,
If you can find it,
Give me to your heart,
And you will find it.

Chorus. Stand to Old Time,
The best of all,
The best of all,
If you can find it,
Give me to your heart,
And you will find it.

EURYDICE HISS'D;

OR, A

WORD to the WISE.

Dramatis Personæ.

SPATTER,
SOURWIT,
Lord DAPPER,
PILLAGE,
HONESTUS,
MUSE,

Mrs. CHARKE,
Mr. LACEY.
Mr. WARD.
Mr. ROBERTS.
Mr. DAVIS.
Mrs. HAYWOOD,

ACTORS,

{ Mr. BLAKES.
Mr. LOWTHER.
Mr. PULLEN.
Mr. TOPPING.
Mr. WOODBURN.
Mr. MACHEN.

GENTLEMEN,

{ Mr. JONES.
Mr. MACHEN.
Mr. WOODBURN.

EURYDICE HISS'D,

OR,

A WORD to the WISE.

Enter SPATTER, SOURWIT, and Lord DAPPER.

SPATTER.

MY Lord, I am extremely obliged to you for the honour you shew me in staying to the rehearſal of my Tragedy: I hope it will pleaſe your lordſhip as well as Mr. Medley's Comedy has, for I aſſure you it is ten times as ridiculous.

SOUR. Is it the merit of a Tragedy, Mr. Spatter, to be ridiculous?

SPAT. Yes, Sir, of ſuch Tragedies as mine; and I think you, Mr. Sourwit, will grant me this, that a Tragedy had better be ridiculous than dull; and that there is more merit in making the audience laugh, than in ſetting them aſleep.

Lord DAP. I beg, Sir, you would begin, or I ſhan't get my hair powder'd before dinner; for I am always four hours about it.

SOUR. Why, pr'ythee, what is this Tragedy of thine?

SPAT. Sir, it is the damnation of Eurydice; I fancy, Mr. Sourwit, you will allow I have choſe this ſubject very cunningly, for as the town have damn'd my play, for their own ſakes, they will not damn the damnation of it.

SOUR.

SOUR. Faith, I must confess, there is something of singular modesty in the instance.

SPAT. And of singular prudence too; what signifies denying the fact after sentence, and dying with a lye in your mouth? No, no, rather, like a good pious criminal, rejoice, that in being put to shame, you make some atonement for your sins; and I hope to do so in the following play, for it is, Mr. Sourwit, of a most instructive kind, and conveys to us a beautiful image of the instability of human greatness, and the uncertainty of friends. You see here the author of a mighty farce at the very top and pinnacle of poetical or rather farcical greatness, follow'd, flatter'd, and ador'd by a crowd of dependants: on a sudden, fortune changing the scene, and his farce being damn'd, you see him become the scorn of his admirers, and deserted and abandon'd by all those who courted his favour, and appear'd the foremost to uphold and protect him. Draw the scene, and discover Mr. Pillage.

[Scene Draws.

SOUR. Who is he?

SPAT. The author of the farce.

SOUR. A very odd name for an author.

SPAT. Perhaps you will not remain long in that opinion: but silence.

PIL. Who'd wish to be the author of a farce,
Surrounded daily by a croud of actors,
Gaping for parts, and never to be satisfied?
Yet, say the wife, in loftier seats of life,
Solicitation is the chief reward;
And Wolsey's self, that mighty minister,
In the full height and zenith of his power,
Amid a croud of sycophants and slaves,
Was but perhaps the author of a farce,
Perhaps a damn'd one too. 'Tis all a cheat;
Some men play little farces, and some great. *Exit.*

SPAT. Now for the levee.

SOUR. Whose levee, Sir?

SPAT.

SPAT. My poet's, Sir.

SOUR. 'Sdeath, Sir, did ever any mortal hear of a poet's levee?

SPAT. Sir, my poet is a very great man.

SOUR. And pray, Sir, of what sort of people do you compose your great man's levee?

SPAT. Of his dependants, Sir: pray of what sort of people are all great mens levee compos'd? I have been forc'd, Sir, to do a small violence to history, and make my great man not only a poet, but a master of a playhouse; and so, Sir, his levee is compos'd of actors soliciting for parts, printers for copies, boxkeepers, scenemen, fiddlers, and candle-snuffers. And now, Mr. Sourwit, do you think I could have compos'd his levee of proper company? Come, enter, enter Gentlemen. [*The Levee enters, and range themselves to a ridiculous tune.*]

Enter PILLAGE.

1st Act. Sir, you have promis'd me a part a long time: if you had not intended to employ me, it would have been kind in you to have let me know it, that I might have turn'd myself to some trade or other.

PIL. Sir, one farce cannot find parts for all; but you shall be provided for in time. You must have patience; I intend to exhibit several farces, depend on me you shall have a part.

1st Act. I humbly thank you.

2d Act. Sir, I was to have had a principal part long ago.

PIL. Speak to me before the parts are cast, and I will remember you in my next farce; I shall exhibit several. I am very glad to see you, you remember my farce is to [*To 3d Actor.*] come on to-day, and will lend me your hands.

3d Act. Depend on me.

PIL. And you, Sir, I hope, will clap heartily.

4th Act. De'el o' my fal, but I will.

PIL.

PIL. Be sure and get into the house as soon as the doors are open.

4th ACT. Fear me not, I will but get a bet of denner, and I will be the first in the huse—but—

PIL. What, Sir?

4th ACT. I want money to buy a pair of gloves.

PIL. I will order it you out of the office.

4th ACT. De'el o' my sal, but I will clap every gud thing, 'till I bring the huse down.

PIL. That won't do: the town of its own accord will applaud what they like; you must stand by me; when they dislike—I don't desire any of you to clap unless when you hear a hiss——let that be your cue for clapping.

ALL. We'll observe.

5th ACT. But, Sir, I have not money enough to get into the house.

PIL. I cannot disburse it.

5th ACT. But I hope you will remember your promises, Sir.

PIL. Some other time, you see I am busy——
What are your commands, Sir?

1st PRINT. I am a printer, and desire to print your play.

2d PRINT. Sir, I'll give you the most money.

PIL. [*To 2d Printer, whispering*] You shall have it—Oh! I am heartily glad to see you. [*Takes him aside.*] You know my farce comes on to-day, and I have many enemies; I hope you will stand by me.

POET. Depend on me, never fear your enemies, I'll warrant we make more noise than they.

PIL. Thou art a very honest fellow.

[*Shaking him by the Hand.*]

POET. I am always proud to serve you.

PIL. I wish you would let me serve you, I wish you would turn actor, and accept of a part in some of my farces.

POET. No, I thank you, I don't intend to come upon the stage, myself; but I desire you would let me

me recommend this handsome, genteel, young fellow to act the part of a fine gentleman.

PIL. Depend on it, he shall do the very first I bring on the stage: I dare swear, Sir, his abilities are such that the town will be obliged to us both for producing them.

POET. I hope so; but I must take my leave of you, for I am to meet a strong party that I have engaged for your service.

PIL. Do, do, be sure, do clap heartily.

POET. Fear not, I warrant we bring you off triumphant. [Exeunt.]

PIL. Then I defy the town, if by my friends, Against their liking, I support my farce, And fill my loaded pockets with their pence; Let after ages damn me if they please.

SOUR. Well, Sir, and pray what do you principally intend by this levee scene?

SPAT. Sir, I intend first to warn all future authors from depending solely on a party to support them against the judgment of the town. Secondly, shewing that even the author of a farce may have his attendants and dependants; I hope greater persons may learn to despise them, which may be a more useful moral than you may apprehend; for perhaps the mean ambition of being worshipp'd, flatter'd, and attended by such fellows as these, may have led men into the worst of schemes from which they could promise themselves little more.

Enter HONESTUS.

HON. You sent me word that you desir'd to see me.

PIL. I did, Honestus, for my farce appears This day upon the stage ——— and I intreat Your presence in the pit, to help t'applaud it.

HON. Faith, Sir, my voice shall never be corrupt. If I approve your farce, I will applaud it; If not, I'll hiss it, tho' I hiss alone.

PIL. Now, by my soul, I hope to see the time,
When none shall dare to hiss within the house.

HON. I rather hope to see the time, when none
Shall come prepar'd to censure or applaud,
But merit always bear away the prize.

If you have merit, take your merit's due;
If not, why should a bungler in his art
Keep off some better genius from the stage?

I tell you, Sir, the farce you act to-night
I don't approve, nor will the house, unless
Your friends by partiality prevail.

Besides, you are most impolitick to affront
The army in the beginning of your piece;
Your satire is unjust, I know no ghost
Of army-beaus, unless of your own making.

SOUR. What do you mean by that?

SPAT. Sir, in the farce of Eurydice, a ghost of an
army-beau was brought on the stage.

SOUR. O! ay, I remember him.

PIL. I fear them not, I have so many friends,
That the majority will sure be mine.

HON. Curse on this way of carrying things by
friends.

This bar to merit; by such unjust means,
A play's success, or ill success is known,
And fix'd before it has been try'd i' th' house;
Yet grant it shou'd succeed, grant, that by chance,
Or by the whim and madness of the town,
A farce without contrivance, without sense,
Should run to the astonishment of mankind;
Think how you will be read in after-times,
When friends are not, and the impartial judge
Shall with the meanest scribbler rank your name;
Who would not rather with a Butler's fame,
Distress'd, and poor in every thing but merit,
Than be the blundering laureat to a court?

PIL. Not I—On me, ye gods, bestow the pence,
And give your fame to any fools you please.

HON. Your love of pence sufficiently you shew,

By raising still your prices on the town.

PIL. The town for their own sakes those prices pay,
Which the additional expence demands.

HON. Then give us a good tragedy for our money,
And let not Harlequin still pick our pockets,
With his low paltry tricks, and juggling cheats;
Which any schoolboy, was he on the stage,
Could do as well as he——In former times,
When better actors acted better plays,
The town paid less.

PIL. We have more actors now.

HON. Ay, many more, I'm certain, than you
need.

Make your additional expence apparent,
Let it appear quite necessary too,
And then, perhaps, they'll grumble not to pay.

PIL. What is a manager whom the publick rule?

HON. The servant of the publick, and no more:
For tho' indeed you see the actors paid,
Yet from the people's pockets come the pence,
They therefore shou'd decide what they will pay for.

PIL. If you assist me on this trial-day,
You may assure yourself a dedication.

HON. No bribe—I go impartial to your cause,
Like a just critick, to give worth applause;
But damn you if you write against our laws. [*Exit.*]

PIL. I wish I cou'd have gain'd one honest man
Sure to my side——But since the attempt is vain,
Numbers must serve for worth; the vessel sails
With equal rapid fury and success,
Borne by the foulest tide, as clearest stream.

Enter VALET DE CHAMBRE.

VAL. Your honour's Muse
Is come to wait upon you.

PIL. Shew her in.

I guess she comes to chide me for neglect,
Since twice two days have past since I invok'd her.

R 2

Enter

Enter MUSE.

SOURWIT. The devil **there have!** This is a mighty pretty way the gentleman has found out to insinuate his acquaintance with the muses; tho', like other ladies, I believe they are often wrong'd by fellows who brag of favours they never receiv'd.

PIL. Why wears my gentle Muse so stern a brow? Why awful thus affects she to appear, Where she delighted to be so serene?

MUSE. And dost thou ask, thou traitor, dost thou ask?

Art thou not conscious of the wrongs I bear,
Neglected, slighted for a fresher Muse?
I, whose fond heart too easily did yield
My virgin joys and honour to thy arms,
And bore thee Pasquin.

PIL. Where will this fury end?

MUSE. Ask thy base heart, whose is Eurydice?

PIL. By all that's great, begotten on no Muse,
The trifling offspring of an idle hour,
When you were absent, far below your care.

MUSE. Can I believe you had her by no Muse?

PIL. Ay, by your love, and more, by mine you shall;

My raptur'd fancy shall again enjoy thee;
Cure all thy jealousies, and ease thy fears.

MUSE. Wilt thou? make ready then thy pen and ink.

PIL. O, they are ever ready; when they fail,
May'st thou forsake me, may'st thou then inspire
The blundering brain of scribblers, who for hire
Would write away their country's liberties.

MUSE. O name not wretches so below the Muse:
No, my dear Pillage, sooner will I whet
The Ordinary of Newgate's leaden quill;
Sooner will I indite the annual verse,
Which city bellmen, or court laureats sing;

Sooner

Sooner with thee in humble garret dwell,
And thou, or else thy Muse disclaims thy pen,
Would'st sooner starve, ay, even in prison starve,
Than vindicate oppression for thy bread,
Or write down liberty to gain thy own.

SOUR. Heyday! methinks this merry tragedy is growing sublime.

SPAT. That last is, indeed, a little out of my present stile; it dropt from me before I was aware; talking of liberty made me serious in spite of my teeth, for between you and me, Mr. Sourwit, I think that affair is past a jest: But I ask your pardon, you shall have no more on't.

PIL. Come to my arms, inspire me with sweet thoughts.

And now thy inspiration fires my brain:
Not more I felt thy power, nor fiercer burnt
My vig'rous fancy, when thy blushing charms
First yielded trembling, and inspir'd my pen
To write nine scenes with spirit in one day.

MUSE. That was a day indeed!

SOUR. Ay, faith! so it was.

MUSE. And does my Pillage write with joy as then?

Would not a fresher subject charm his pen?

PIL. Let the dull fated appetite require
Variety to whet its blunted edge;
The subject which has once delighted me
Shall still delight, shall ever be my choice;
Come to my arms, thou masterpiece of nature.
The fairest rose, first op'ning to the sun,
Bears not thy beauty, nor sends forth thy sweets;
For that once gather'd loses all its pride,
Fades to the sight, and sickens to the smell;
Thou, gather'd, charmest every sense the more,
Can'st flourish, and be gather'd o'er and o'er. [*Exeunt.*]

SPAT. There, they are gone to write a scene, and the town may expect the fruit of it.

246 EURYDICE HISS'D.

SOUR. Yes, I think the town may expect an off-spring indeed.

SPAT. But now my catastrophe is approaching; change the scene to the outside of the playhouse, and enter two gentlemen.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1st GENT. Came you from the house?

2d GENT. I did.

1st GENT. How wears the farce?

2d GENT. The pit is cramm'd, I could not get admission,

But at the door I heard a mighty noise,
It seem'd of approbation, and of laughter.

1st GENT. If laughter, it was surely approbation,
For I've long studied the dramatick art,
Read many volumes, seen a thousand plays,
Whence I've at length found out this certain truth,
That laughs applaud a farce, and tears a tragedy.

SOUR. A very great discovery indeed, and very pompously introduced!

SPAT. You sneer, Mr. Sourwit; but I have seen discoveries in life of the same nature, introduced with much greater pomp.

SOUR. But don't you intend to lay the scene in the theatre, and let us see the farce fairly damn'd before us?

SPAT. No, Sir, it is a thing of too horrible a nature; for which reason I shall follow Horace's rule, and only introduce a description of it. Come, enter, Description; I assure you I have thrown myself out greatly in this next scene.

Enter third Gentleman.

3d GENT. Oh, friends, all's lost! Eurydice is damn'd.

2d GENT. Ha! damn'd! A few short moments past I came.

From

From the pitdoor, and heard a loud applause.

3d GENT. 'Tis true, at first the pit seem'd greatly pleas'd,

And loud applauses thro' the benches rung,
But as the plot began to open more,
(A shallow plot) the claps less frequent grew,
'Till by degrees a gentle hiss arose;
This by a catcall from the gallery
Was quickly seconded: Then follow'd claps,
And long 'twixt claps and hisses did succeed,
A stern contention: Victory hung dubious.
So hangs the conscience, doubtful to determine
When honesty pleads here and there a bribe;
At length, from some ill-fated actor's mouth,
Sudden there issued forth a horrid dram,
And from another rush'd two gallons forth:
The audience, as it were contagious air,
All caught it, halloo'd, catcall'd, hiss'd, and groan'd.

1st GENT. I always thought indeed, that joke would damn him;

And told him that the people would not take it.

3d GENT. But it was mighty pleasant to behold,
When the damnation of the farce was sure,
How all those friends who had begun the claps,
With greatest vigour strove who first should hiss,
And shew disapprobation. And John Watts,
Who was this morning eager for the copy,
Slunk hasty from the pit, and shook his head.

2d GENT. And so 'tis certain that his farce is gone?

3d GENT. Most certain.

2d GENT. Let us then retire with speed,
For see he comes this way.

3d GENT. By all means,
Let us avoid him with what haste we can. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter PILLAGE.

PIL. Then I am damn'd——Curst henceforth
be the bard,
Who e'er depends on fortune, or on friends.

SOUR. So, the play is over; for I reckon you will not find it possible to get any one to come near this honest gentleman.

SPAT. Yes, Sir, there is one, and you may easily guess who it is: The man who will not flatter his friend in prosperity, will hardly leave him in adversity——Come, enter Honestus.

PIL. Honestus here! will he not shun me too?

HON. When Pasquin ran, and the town lik'd you most,

And every scribbler loaded you with praise,
I did not court you, nor will shun you now.

PIL. Oh! had I taken your advice, my friend!
I had not now been damn'd——Then had I trusted
To the impartial judgment of the town,
And by the goodness of my piece had try'd
To merit favour, nor with vain reliance
On the frail promise of uncertain friends,
Produc'd a farce like this—friends who forsook me
And left me nought to comfort me, but this. [*Drinks.*]

HON. Forbear to drink.

PIL. Oh! it is now too late.
Already I have drank two bottles off
Of this fell potion, and it now begins
To work its deadly purpose on my brain;
I'm giddy, ha! my head begins to swim,
And see Eurydice all pale before me;
Why dost thou haunt me thus? I did not damn thee.
By Jove there never was a better farce:
She beckons me—Say—whether—blame the town,
And not thy Pillage—Now my brain's on fire!
My staggering senses dance——and I am——

HON. Drunk.

That word he should have said, that ends the verse;
Farewel, a twelve-hours nap compose thy senses.
May mankind profit by thy sad example,
May men grow wiser, writers grow more scarce,
And no man dare to make a simple farce.

TUMBLE-DOWN DICK:

OR,

PHAETON in the SUDS.

A Dramatick Entertainment of Walking, in
Serious and Foolish Characters.

Interlarded with

Burlesque, Grotesque, Comick Interludes,

CALL'D

HARLEQUIN A PICKPOCKET.

As it is performed at the

NEW THEATRE in the HAY-MARKET.

Being ('tis hop'd) the last Entertainment that will
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Invented by the Ingenious

MONSIEUR SANS ESPRIT.

The Musick compos'd by the Harmonious

SIGNIOR WARBLERINI.

And the Scenes painted by the Prodigious

MYNHEER VAN BOTTOM-FLAT.

Monstr' horrend' inform.——

First acted in 1744.

TUMBLE-DOWN DICK

PHATTON in the SUDS

A. D. 1811. The first of the series in
the series of the series.

Butcher, George, Clerk of the Court

HALLS OF A BARRISTER

NEW THEATRE in the SUDS

Long, George, Clerk of the Court

THEATRE in the SUDS

THEATRE in the SUDS

THEATRE in the SUDS

THEATRE in the SUDS

THEATRE in the SUDS

T O

Mr. J O H N L U N,

Vulgarly call'd EsQUIRE.

S I R,

THOUGH Pasquin has put Dedications in so ridiculous a light, that patrons may, perhaps, pay some shame for the future for reading their own praises ; yet, I hope you will not begin to be affected with so troublesome a passion, when I tell you, I know no man in England to whom I can so properly dedicate the following pages as yourself.

It is to you, Sir, we owe (if not the invention) at least the bringing into a fashion, that sort of writing which you have pleased to distinguish by the name of Entertainment. Your success herein (whether owing to your heels or your head, I will not determine) sufficiently entitles you to all respect from the inferior dabblers in things of this nature.

But, Sir, I have farther obligations to you than the success, whatever it be, which this little farce may meet with, can lay on me. It was to a play judiciously brought on by you in
the

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the May-month, to which I owe the original hint, as I have always own'd, of the contrasted poets, and two or three other particulars, which have received great applause on the stage. Nor am I less obliged to you for discovering in my imperfect performance the strokes of an author, any of whose wit, if I have preserved entire, I shall think it my chief merit to the town. Though I cannot enough cure myself of selfishness, while I meddle in dramatick writings, to profess a sorrow that one of so superior a genius is led, by his better sense and better fortune, to more profitable studies than the stage. How far you have contributed to this, I will not presume to determine. Farther, as Pasquin has proved of greater advantage to me, than it could have been at any other playhouse, under their present regulations, I am oblig'd to you for the indifference you shew'd at my proposal to you of bringing a play on your stage this winter, which immediately determin'd me against any farther pursuing that project; for as I never yet yielded to any mean or subservient solicitations of the great men in real life, I could by no means prevail on myself to play an underpart in that dramatick entertainment of greatness, which you are pleased to divert yourself with in private, and which, was you to exhibit it in publick, might prove as profitable to you, and as diverting a Pantomime to the town, as any you have hitherto favour'd us with.

I am, moreover, much oblig'd to you for that satire on Pasquin, which you was so kind to
bring

DEDICATION.

bring on your stage; and here I declare (whatever people may think to the contrary) you did it of your own mere goodness, without any reward or sollicitation from me. I own it was a sensible pleasure to me to observe the town, which had before been so favourable to Pasquin at his own house, confirming that applause, by thoroughly condemning the satire on him at yours.

Whether this was written by your command or your assistance, or only acted by your permission; I will not venture to decide. I believe every impartial honest man will conclude, that either lays me under the same obligation to you, and justly entitles you to this dedication. Indeed I am inclin'd to believe the latter; for I fancy you have too strong a head ever to meddle with Common-sense, especially since you have found the way so well to succeed without her, and you are too great and good a Manager, to keep a needless supernumerary in your house.

I suppose you will here expect something in the dedicatory style on your person and your accomplishments: But why should I entertain the town with a recital of your particular perfections, when they may see your whole merit all at once, whenever you condescend to perform the Harlequin? However, I shall beg leave to mention here (I solemnly protest, without the least design of flattery) your adequate behaviour in that great station to which you was born, your great judgment in plays and players, too well known to be here expatiated on; your generosity,

DEDICATION.

nerosity, in diverting the whole kingdom with your racehorses at the expence, I might almost say, of more than your purse. To say nothing of your wit and other perfections, I must force myself to add, tho' I know every man will be pleas'd with it but yourself, That the person who has the honour to know your very inmost thoughts best, is the most sensible of your great endowments.

But, Sir, while I am pleasing myself, and I believe the world, I am, I fear, offending you; I will therefore desist, tho' I can affirm what few dedicators can, that I can, and perhaps may, say much more; and only assure you that I am, with the sincerity of most of the foregoing lines,

Your most obedient,

and most humble Servant,

PASQUIN.

A R G U M E N T.

PHAETON was the Son of PHOEBUS, and CLYMENE a Grecian Oysterwench. The Parish-boys would often upbraid him with the infamy of his mother CLYMENE, telling him, she reported him to be the son of APOLLO, only to cover her adultery with a serjeant of the Foot-guards. He complains to CLYMENE of the affront put upon them both. She advises him to go to the Roundhouse (the temple of his father) and there be resolved from his own mouth of the truth of his Sire; bidding him at the same time beg some indubitable mark, that should convince the world that his mother was a virtuous woman, and whore to PHOEBUS. He goes to the said Roundhouse, where APOLLO grants his request, and gives him the guidance of his lanthorn for a day. The youth falling asleep, was tumbled out of the wheelbarrow, and what became of him I could never learn.

Dramatis Personæ.

MACHINE, the composer,	Mr. ROBERTS.
FUSTIAN, an Author,	Mr. LACEY.
SNEERWELL, a Critick,	Mr. MACHEN.
PROMPTER,	Mr. TURNER.
CLYMENE,	Mrs. CHARKE.
JUPITER,	Mr. FREEMAN.
NEPTUNE,	Mr. WALLIS.
PHOEBUS,	Mr. TOPING.
OLD PHAETON,	Mr. SMITH.
YOUNG PHAETON,	Mr. BOOTHBY.
AURORA,	Mrs. EGERTON.
AURORA's Maid,	Miss JONES.
TERRA,	Miss BURGESS.
GENIUS of GIN,	Miss FERGUSON.
HARLEQUIN	Mr. ROSAMOND.
JUSTICE,	Mr. JONES.
JUSTICE's Clerk,	MONS. CASTIGLIONE.
MANAGERS,	{ Mr. FREEMAN.
	{ Mr. TURNER.
STARS,	{ Master SHERWIN.
	{ Miss FERGUSON.
COLUMBINE,	Mademoiselle BEAUMAUNT.
1st COUNTRYMAN,	Mr. SMITH.
2d COUNTRYMAN,	Mr. LOWDER.
3d COUNTRYMAN,	Mr. COLLERD.
1st RAKE,	Mr. BOOTHBY.
2d RAKE,	Mr. PULLEN.
3d RAKE,	Mr. WALLIS.
4th RAKE,	Mr. PHENIX.
CHAIRMEN,	{ Mr. SMITH.
	{ Mr. COLLERD.
PISTOL,	Mr. LOWDER.
TRAGEDY KING,	Mr. PULLEN.
SCHOOL-MISTRESS,	Mrs. EGERTON.
TRAGEDY QUEEN,	Miss JONES.
WATCHMEN,	{ Mr. SMITH.
	{ Mr. LOWDER.
	{ Mr. COLLERD.
	{ Mr. CHAPMAN.
Constables, Watch, Fiddlers, Lanthorns, Suns,	
Moons, Whores, &c. &c. &c.	

TUMBLE-DOWN DICK:

O R,

PHAETON in the SUDS.

PROMPTER, FUSTIAN, SNEER-
WEL, *and* MACHINE.

PROMPTER.

MR. Fustian, I hope the tragedy is over, for Mr. Machine is just come, and we must practise the entertainment.

FUST. Sir, my tragedy is done; but you need not be in such haste about your entertainment, for you will not want it this season.

PROMP. That, Sir, I don't know; but we dare not disoblige Mr. Machine, for fear he should go to the other house.

SNEER. Dear Fustian, do let us stay and see the practice.

FUST. And can you bear, after such a luscious meal of tragedy as you have had, to put away the taste with such an insipid desert?

SNEER. It will divert me a different way.—— I can admire the sublime which I have seen in the tragedy, and laugh at the ridiculous which I expect in the entertainment.

FUST. You shall laugh by yourself then. [*Going.*

SNEER. Nay, dear Fustian, I beg you wou'd stay for me, for I believe I can serve you; I will carry you to dinner in a large company, where you may dispose of some tickets.

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FUST.

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FUST. Sir, I can deny you nothing.—Ay, I have a few tickets in my pockets.

[*Pulls out a vast quantity of Paper.*]

MACH. Gentlemen, I must beg you to clear the stage intirely; for in things of this serious nature, if we do not comply with the exactest decency, the audience will be very justly offended.

FUST. Things of a serious nature! oh the devil!

MACH. Harkye, Prompter, who is that figure there?

PROMP. That, Sir, is Mr. Fustian, author of the New Tragedy.

MACH. Oh! I smoke him, I smoke him. But, Mr. Prompter, I must insist that you cut out a great deal of Othello, if my Pantomime is perform'd with it, or the audience will be pall'd before the entertainment begins.

PROMP. We'll cut out the fifth act, Sir, if you please.

MACH. Sir, that's not enough, I'll have the first cut out too.

FUST. Death and the devil! Can I bear this? Shall Shakespear be mangled to introduce this trumpery?

PROMP. Sir, this gentleman brings more money to the house, than all the poets put together.

MACH. Pugh, pugh, Shakespear! ——— Come, let down the curtain, and play away the overture. — Prompter, to your post.

[*The curtain drawn up, discovers Phaeton leaning against the scene.*]

S C E N E, *A Cobler's Stall.*

Enter CLYMENE.

SNEER. Pray, Sir, who are these extraordinary figures?

MACH. He, leaning against the scene, is Phaeton; and the lady is Clymene; or Clymene, as they call her in Drury-Lane. This scene, Sir, is in the true

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altercative, or scolding style of the ancients. Come, Madam, begin.

CLYM. You lazy, lousy rascal, is't well done,
That you, the heir apparent of the Sun,
Stand with your arms before you, like a lout,
When your great father has two hours set out,
And bears his lanthorn all the world about? }

PHAE. Oh Mother, Mother! think you it sounds
well,
That the Sun's son in cobbler's stall should dwell?
Think you it does not on my soul encroach,
To walk on foot while father keeps a coach?
If he shou'd shine into the stall, d'ye think,
To see me mending shoes, he wou'd not wink?
Besides, by all the parish-boys I'm flamm'd,
You the Sun's son! You rascal, you be damn'd!

CLYM. And dost thou, Blockhead, then make all
this noise,
Because you're fleer'd at by the parish-boys?
When, Sirrah, you may know the mob will dare
Sometimes to scorn, and hiss at my Lord Mayor.

A I R I. *Gilliflower gentle Rosemary.*

PHAE. O Mother, *this story will never go down,*
'Twill ne'er be believ'd by the boys of the town;
'Tis true what you swore,
I'm the son of a whore,
They all believe that, but believe nothing more.

CLY. *You rascal, who dare your mama thus to doubt,*
Come along to the justice, and he'll make it out;
He knows very well,
When you first made me swell,
That I swore 'twas the Sun that had shin'd in my cell.

PHAE. O Mother, Mother, I must ever grieve;
Can I the justice, if not you, believe?
If to your oath no credit I afford,
Do you believe, I'll take his worship's word?

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CLY. Go, to the watchhouse, where your father
bright
That lanthorn keeps which gives the world its light;
Whence fallying, he does the day's gates unlock,
Walks thro' the world's great streets, and tells folks
what's o'clock.

PHAE. With joy I go; and ere two days are run,
I'll know if I am my own father's son. [Exit.

CLY. Go, clear my fame, for greater 'tis in life
To be a great man's whore, than poor man's wife.
If you are rich, your vices men adore,
But hate and scorn your virtues, if you're poor.

A I R II. *Pierot Tune.*

*Great courtiers palaces contain,
Poor courtiers fear a gaol;
Great parsons riot in Champaign,
Poor parsons sot in ale;
Great whores in coaches gang,
Smaller misses,
For their kisses,
Are in Bridewell bang'd;
Whilst in vogue
Lives the great rogue,
Small rogues are by dozens bang'd.*

[Exit.

[The scene draws and discovers the Sun in a great
chair in the roundhouse, attended by watchmen.

Enter PHAETON.

SNEER. Pray, Sir, what is the scene to represent?

MACH. Sir, this is the palace of the Sun.

FUST. It looks as like the Roundhouse as ever I
saw any thing.

MACH. Yes, Sir, the Sun is introduced in the cha-
racter of a watchman; and that lanthorn there repre-
sents his chariot.

FUST. The devil it does!

MACH. Yes, Sir, it does, and as like the chariot
of

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of the Sun it is, as ever you saw any thing on any stage.

FUST. I can't help thinking this a properer representation of the Moon, than the Sun.

SNEER. Perhaps the scene lies in the Antipodes, where the Sun rises at midnight.

MACH. Sir, the scene lies in Ovid's Metamorphoses; and so, pray Sir, don't ask any more questions, for things of this nature are above criticism.

PHAE. What do I see? What beams of candle-light

Break from that lanthorn, and put out my sight?

PHOEB. Oh little Phaey! pr'ythee tell me why Thou tak'st this ev'ning's walk into the sky?

PHAE. Father, if I may call thee by that name, I come to clear my own and mother's fame; To prove myself thy bastard, her thy miss.

PHOEB. Come hither first, and give me, boy, a kifs. *[Kisses him.]*

Now you shall see a dance, and that will show, We lead as merry lives as folks below.

[A dance of watchmen.]

PHAE. Father, the dance has very well been done, But yet that does not prove I am your son.

FUST. Upon my word, I think Mr. Phaeton is very much in the right on't; and I wou'd be glad to know, Sir, why this dance was introduc'd.

MACH. Why, Sir? why as all dances are introduc'd, for the sake of the dance. Besides, Sir, wou'd it not look very unnatural in Phoebus to give his son no entertainment after so long an absence? Go on, go on.

PHOEB. Thou art so like me, sure you must be mine;

I should be glad if you would stay and dine;
I'll give my bond, whate'er you ask, to grant;
I will, by Styx! an oath which break I can't.

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PHAE. Then let me, since that vow must ne'er be broke,

Carry one day that lanthorn for a joke.

PHOEB. Rash was my promise, which I now must keep;

But oh! take care you do not fall asleep.

PHAE. If I succeed, I shall no scandal rue;
If I shou'd sleep, 'tis what most watchmen do.

[Exit. Phaeton,

PHOEB. No more.—Set out, and walk around the skies;

My watch informs me it is time to rise. [Exit.

MACH. Now for the comic, Sir.

FUST. Why, what the devil has this been?

MACH. This has been the serious, Sir,—the sublime. The serious in an entertainment, answers to the sublime in writing. Come, are all the rakes and whores ready at King's coffeehouse?

PROMP. They are ready, Sir.

MACH. Then draw the scene. Pray, let the carpenters take care that all the scenes be drawn in exact time and tune, that I may have no bungling in the tricks; for a trick is no trick, if not perform'd with great dexterity. Mr. Fustian, in tragedies and comedies, and such sort of things, the audiences will make great allowances; but they expect more from an entertainment; here, if the least thing be out of order, they never pass it by.

FUST. Very true, Sir, tragedies do not depend so much upon the carpenter as you do.

MACH. Come, draw the scene.

[The scene draws, and discovers several men and women drinking in King's coffeehouse.

They rise and dance. The dance ended, they sing the following song.

A I R

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A I R III. *O London is a fine town.*

1 Rake. *O Gin, at length, is putting down,
And 'tis the more the pity;
Petition for it all the town,
Petition all the city.*

Chorus. *O Gin, &c.*

1 Rake. *'Twas Gin that made trainbands so stout,
To whom each castle yields;
This made them march the town about,
And take all Turtle-fields.*

Chorus. *O Gin, &c.*

1 Rake. *'Tis Gin, as all our neighbours know,
Has serv'd our army too;
This makes them make so fine a show,
At Hydepark, at review.*

Chorus. *O Gin, &c.*

1 Rake. *But what I hope will change your notes,
And make your anger sleep;
Consider, none can bribe his votes
With liquor half so cheap.*

Chorus. *O Gin, &c.*

FUST. I suppose, Sir, you took a cup of Gin to inspire you to write this fine song.

[*During the song, Harlequin enters, and picks pockets. A poet's pocket is pick'd of his play, which, as he was going to pawn for the reckoning, he misses. Harlequin is discover'd; constables and watch are fetch'd in; the watchmen walking in their sleep; they bind him in chains, confine him in the cellar, and leave him alone. The genius of Gin rises out of a tub.*]

GEN. Take, Harlequin, this magick wand,
All things shall yield to thy command:
Whether you wou'd appear incog.
In shape of monkey, cat, or dog;

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Or else to shew your wit, transform
Your mistress to a butterchurn;
Or else, what no magician can,
Into a wheelbarrow turn a man;
And please the gentry above stairs,
By sweetly crying, Mellow pears.
Thou shalt make jests without a head,
And judge of plays thou canst not read.
Whores and racehorses shall be thine,
Champaign shall be thy only wine;
While the best poet, and best player,
Shall both be forc'd to feed on air;
Gin's genius all these things reveals,
Thou shalt perform, by slight of heels.

[Exit Genius.

[Enter constable and watchmen. They take Harlequin out, and the scene changes to the street; a crowd before the justice's house. Enter a clerk in the character of Pierrot; they all go in. The scene changes to the justice's parlour, and discovers the justice learning to spell of an old schoolmistress.]

FUST. Pray, Sir, who are those characters?

MACH. Sir, that's a justice of peace; and the other is a schoolmistress, teaching the justice to spell; for you must know, Sir, the justice is a very ingenious man, and a very great scholar, but happen'd to have the misfortune in his youth never to learn to read.

[Enter Harlequin in custody; Columbine, poet, &c. The poet makes his complaint to the justice; the justice orders a Mittimus for Harlequin; Columbine courts the justice to let Harlequin escape; he grows fond of her, but will not comply till she offers him money; he then acquits Harlequin, and commits the poet.

FUST. Pray, how is this brought about, Sir?

MACH.

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MACH. How, Sir! why by bribery. You know, Sir, or may know, that Aristotle, in his book concerning entertainments, had laid it down as a principal rule, that Harlequin is always to escape; and I'll be judg'd by the whole world, if ever he escap'd in a more natural manner.

[The constable carries off the poet; Harlequin hits the justice a great rap upon the back, and runs off; Columbine goes to follow; Pierrot lays hold on her; the justice, being recover'd of his blow, seizes her, and carries her in. Pierrot sits down to learn to spell, and the scene shuts.]

[Scene the street. Harlequin re-enters, considering how to regain Columbine, and bite the justice. Two chairmen cross the stage with a China-jar, on a horse, directed to the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane. Harlequin gets into it, and is carry'd into the justice's; the scene changes to the justice's house; Harlequin is brought in, in the jar; the justice, Pierrot, and Columbine enter; the justice offers it as a present to Columbine.]

FUST. Sir, Sir, here's a small error, I observe; how comes the justice to attempt buying this jar, as I suppose you intend, when it is directed to the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

MACH. Sir, Sir, here's no error, I observe; for how shou'd the justice know that, when he can't read?

SNEER. Ay, there I think, Mr. Fustian, you must own yourself in the wrong.

FUST. People that can't read, ought not to be brought upon the stage, that's all.

[While the justice and chairmen are talking ab ut the jar, Harlequin tumbles down upon him. The justice and Pierrot run off in a fright. Columbine runs to Harlequin, who carries her off. The chairmen go out with the jar.]

SNEER.

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SNEER. Pray, Mr. Machine, how came that jar not to be broke?

MACH. Because it was no jar, Sir; I see you know very little of these affairs.

[Scene the street. Harlequin and Columbine re-enter, pursu'd by the justice and his clerk.]

[Scene changes to a barber's shop; he sets Columbine down to shave her, blinds the clerk with the suds, and turns the justice into a periwig-block.]

MACH. There, Sir, there's wit and humour, and transformation for you.

FUST. The transformation is odd enough, indeed.

MACH. Odd, Sir! What, the justice into a block? No, Sir, not odd at all; there never was a more natural and easy transformation; but don't interrupt us. Go on, go on.

[The clerk takes the wig off the block, puts it on, and admires himself; Harlequin directs him to powder it better, which, while he is doing, he throws him into the trough, and shuts him down. Harlequin and Columbine go off. The justice re-enters without his wig; his man calls to him out of the trough, he takes him out, and they go off together in pursuit of Harlequin.]

MACH. Thus ends, Sir, my first comic. Now, Sir, for my second serious, or sublime. Come, draw the scene, and discover Aurora, or the Morning, just going to break, and her maid ironing her linen.

AUR. The devil take the wench, is't not a shame
You shou'd be lazy, and I bear the blame?
Make haste, you drone, for if I longer stay,
The Sun will rise before the break of day;
Nor can I go till my clean linen's done:
How will a dirty morning look in June?

MAID. Shifts, Madam, can't be dry'd before
they're wet;
You must wear fewer, or more changes get.

FUST.

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FUST. Pray, Sir, in what book of the ancients, do you find any mention of Aurora's washerwoman?

MACH. Don't trouble me with the ancients, Sir; if she's not in the ancients, I have improv'd upon the ancients, Sir, that's all.

AUR. Dare you to me in such a manner speak? }
The morning is scarce fine three times a week; }
But I can't stay, and as I am must break. [*Exit.* }

MAID. Break, and be hang'd; please heav'n I'll
give you warning,
Night wants a maid, and so I'll leave the Morning.
[*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to an open Country.*

Enter two Countrymen.

1 COUNTRY. Is it day yet, neighbour?

2 COUNTRY. Faith, neighbour, I can't tell whether it is or no. It is a cursed nasty morning; I wish we have not wet weather.

1 COUNTRY. It begins to grow a little lighter tho', now.

[*Aurora crosses the Stage, with two or three girls carrying farthing candles.*

FUST. Pray, Sir, what do those children represent?

MACH. Sir, those children are all stars; and you shall see presently, as the Sun rises, the candles will go out, which represents the disappearing of the stars.

FUST. O the devil! the devil!

MACH. Dear Sir, don't be angry. Why will you not allow me the same latitude that is allow'd to all other composers of entertainments? Does not a dragon descend from hell in Doctor Faustus? And people go up to hell in Pluto and Proserpine? Does not a squib represent a thunderbolt in the rape of Proserpine? And what are all the funs, Sir,
that

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that have ever shone upon the stage, but candles ? And if they represent the sun, I think they may very well represent the stars.

FUST. Sir, I ask your pardon. But, Sir——

MACH. Pray, Sir, be quiet, or the candles will be gone out before they shou'd, and burn the girls fingers before the Sun can rise.

1 COUNTRY. I'll e'en go saddle my horses.

2 COUNTRY. Odso ! methinks 'tis woundy light all of a sudden ; the sun rises devilish fast to-day, methinks.

1 COUNTRY. Mayhap he's going a fox-hunting to-day, but he takes devilish large leaps.

2 COUNTRY. Leaps, quotha ! I'cod he'll leap upon us, I believe. Its woundy hot, the skin is almost burnt off my face ; I warrant I'm as black as a black-moor. [*Phaeton falls, and the lanthorn hangs hovering in the air.*]

Enter 3d Countryman.

3 COUNTRY. O Neighbours ! the world is at an end ; call up the Parson of the Parish ; I am but just got up from my neighbour's wife, and have not had time to say my prayers since.

1 COUNTRY. The world at an end ! No, no, if this hot weather continues, we shall have harvest in May. Odso, tho', 'tis damn'd hot ! I'cod, I wish I had left my cloaths at home.

2 COUNTRY. S'bud, I sweat as if I had been at a hard day's work.

1 COUNTRY. O, I'm scorch'd !

2 COUNTRY. O, I'm burnt !

3 COUNTRY. I'm on fire. [*Exeunt, crying Fire.*]

NEPTUNE *descends.*

NEPT. I am the mighty emperor of the sea.

FUST. I am mighty glad you tell us so, else we should have taken you for the emperor of the air.

MACH. Sir, he has been making a visit to Jupiter. Besides, Sir, it is here introduced with great beauty ;

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beauty ; for we may very naturally suppose, that the Sun, being drove by Phaeton so near the earth, had exhal'd all the sea up into the air.

FUST. But methinks Neptune is oddly dress'd for a god ?

MACH. Sir, I must dress my characters somewhat like what people have seen ; and as I presume few of my audience have been nearer the sea than Gravesend, so I dress'd him e'en like a waterman.

SNEER. So that he is more properly the god of the Thames, than the god of the sea.

MACH. Pray let Mr. Neptune go on.

NEPT. Was it well done, O Jupiter ! whilst I
Paid you a civil visit in the sky,
To send your Sun my waters to dry up,
Nor leave my fish one comfortable sup ?

MACH. Come, enter the goddess of the earth,
and a dancingmaster, and dance the White Joke.

They enter and dance.

NEPT. What, can the Earth with frolicks thus
inspire
To dance, when all her kingdom is on fire ?

TERRA. Tho' all the earth was one continued
smoke,
'Twould not prevent my dancing the White Joke.

SNEER. Upon my word, the goddess is a great
lover of dancing.

MACH. Come, enter Jupiter with a pair of bel-
lows, and blow out the candle of the Sun.

JUPITER *enters, as above.*

TERRA. But ha ! great Jupiter has heard our
rout,
And blown the candle of the Sun quite out.

MACH. Come now, Neptune and Terra, dance
a minuet by way of thanksgiving.

FUST. But pray how is Phaeton fall'n all this
time ?

MACH.

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MACH. Why you saw him fall, did not you?
And there he lies; and I think it's the first time I
ever saw him fall upon any stage. But I fancy he
has lain there so long, that he would be glad to get
up again by this time; so pray draw the first flat
over him. Come, enter Clymene.

CLY. Art thou, my Phaey, dead? O foolish elf,
To find your father, and to lose yourself!
What shall I do to get another son,
For now, alas! my teeming-time is done?

A I R IV.

*Thus when the wretched owl has found
Her young owls dead as mice,
O'er the sad spoil she hovers round,
And views 'em once or twice:
Then to some hollow tree she flies,
To hollow, hoot, and howl,
'Till ev'ry boy that passes, cries,
The devil's in the owl!*

MACH. Come, enter Old Phaeton.

FUST. Pray, Sir, who is Old Phaeton? for nei-
ther Ovid nor Mr. Pritchard make any mention of
him.

MACH. Sir, he is the husband of Clymene, and
might have been the father of Phaeton, if his wife
would have let him.

Enter OLD PHAETON.

OLD PHAE. What is the reason, wife, thro' all
the town

You publish me a cuckold up and down?
Is't not enough, as other women do,
To cuckold me, but you must tell it too?

CLY. Good cobbler, do not thus indulge your rage,
But, like your brighter brethren of the age,
Think it enough your betters do the deed,
And that by horning you I mend the breed.

OLD

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OLD PHAE. Madam, if horns I on my head must wear,

'Tis equal to me who shall graft them there.

CLY. To London, go, thou out-of-fashion fool,
And thou wilt learn in that great cuckolds school,
That every man who wears the marriage-fetters,
Is glad to be the cuckold of his betters;
Therefore, no longer at your fate repine,
For in your stall the Sun shall ever shine.

OLD PHAE. I had rather have burnt candle all my life,

Than to the Sun have yielded up my wife.

But since 'tis past, I must my fortune bear;

'Tis well you did not do it with a star.

CLY. When neighbours see the sunshine in your stall,

Your fate will be the envy of them all;

And each poor clouded man will wish the Sun

Wou'd do to his wife, what to your wife h'as done.

[*Exeunt Arm in Arm.*]

MACH. There, Sir, is a scene in heroics, between a cobbler and his wife; now you shall have a scene in mere prose between several gods.

FUST. I should have thought it more natural for the gods to have talk'd in heroics, and the cobbler and his wife in prose.

MACH. You think it would have been more natural, so do I, and for that very reason have avoided it; for the chief beauty of an entertainment, Sir, is to be unnatural. Come, where are the gods?

Enter JUPITER, NEPTUNE, and PHOEBUS.

JUP. Hark'e, you Phœbus, will you take up your lantern, and set out, Sir, or no? For, by *Styx*! I'll put somebody else in your place, if you do not; I will not have the world left in darkness, because you are out of humour.

PHOEB.

272 TUMBLE-DOWN DICK, OR,

PHOEB. Have I not reason to be out of humour, when you have destroy'd my favourite child?

JUP. 'Twas your own fault; why did you trust him with your lanthorn?

PHOEB. I had promis'd by *Styx*, an oath which you know was not in my power to break.

JUP. I shall dispute with you here no longer; so either take up your lanthorn, and mind your business, or I'll dispose of it to somebody else. I would not have you think I want suns, for there were two very fine ones that shone together at Drury-lane playhouse; I myself saw 'em, for I was in the same entertainment.

PHOEB. I saw 'em too, but they were more like moons than suns; and as like any thing else as either. You had better send for the sun from Covent-Garden house, there's a sun that hatches an egg there, and produces a Harlequin.

JUP. Yes, I remember that; but do you know what animal laid that egg?

PHOEB. Not I.

JUP. Sir, that egg was laid by an afs.

NEPT. Faith, that sun of the egg of an afs is a most prodigious animal; I have often wonder'd how you came to give him so much power over us, for he makes gods and devils dance jigs together whenever he pleases.

JUP. You must know, he is the grandchild of my daughter Fortune, by an afs; and at her request I settled all that power upon him; but he plays such damn'd pranks with it, that I believe I shall shortly revoke my grant. He has turn'd all nature topsyturvy, and not content with that up, in one of his entertainments he was bringing all the devils in hell to heaven by a machine, but I happen'd to perceive him, and stopt him by the way.

PHOEB. I wonder you did not damn him for it.

JUP. Sir, he has been damn'd a thousand times over; but he values it not of a rush; the devils themselves

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themselves are afraid of him; he makes them sing and dance whenever he pleases. But come, 'tis time for you to set out.

PHOEB. Well, if I must I must; and since you have destroy'd my son, I must find out some handsome wench and get another. *[Exit.]*

JUP. Come, Neptune, 'tis too late to bed to go, What shall we do to pass an hour or so?

NEPT. E'en what you please.—Will you along with me,
And take a little dip into the sea?

JUP. No, faith, tho' I've a heat I want to quench. Dear Neptune, can'st thou find me out a wench?

NEPT. What say'st thou to dame Thetis? she's a
prude,
But yet I know with Jupiter she wou'd.

JUP. I ne'er was more transported in my life:
While the Sun's out at work, I'll have his wife;
Neptune, this service merits my regard,
For all great men shou'd still their pimps reward.

[Exeunt.]

MACH. Thus, Sir, ends my second and last serious; and now for my second comic. Come, draw the scene, and discover the two playhouses side by side.

SNEER. You have brought these two playhouses in a very friendly manner together.

MACH. Why shou'd they quarrel, Sir? for you observe, both their doors are shut up. Come, enter Tragedy King and Queen to be hired.

[Enter Tragedy King and Queen, and knock at Covent-garden playhouse door; the Manager comes out; the Tragedy King repeats a speech out of a play; the Manager and he quarrel about an Emphasis. He knocks at Drury-lane door; the Manager enters with his man Pistol bearing a sack-load of players articles.]

274 TUMBLE-DOWN DICK; OR,

FUST. Pray, Sir, what is contain'd in that sack?

MACH. Sir, in that sack are contain'd articles for players, from ten shillings a week, and no benefit, to five hundred a year, and a benefit clear.

FUST. Sir, I suppose you intend this as a joke; but I can't see why a player of our own country, and in our own language, should not deserve five hundred, sooner than a saucy Italian singer twelve.

MACH. Five hundred a year, Sir! Why, Sir, for a little more money I'll get you one of the best Harlequins in France; and you'll see the managers are of my opinion.

[Enter Harlequin and Columbine. Both Managers run to 'em, and caress 'em; and while they are bidding for 'em, enter a Dog in a Harlequin's dress; they bid for him. Enter the Justice and his Clerk; Harlequin and Columbine run off. Covent-garden Manager runs away with the dog in his arms. The scene changes to a cart-load of Players. The Justice pulls out the act of the 12th of the Queen, and threatens to commit them as Vagrants; the Manager offers the Justice two hundred a year, if he will commence a player; the Justice accepts it, is turn'd into a Harlequin; he and his Clerk mount the Cart, and all sing the following Chorus.]

C H O R U S.

A I R V. Abbot of Canterbury.

*You wonder, perhaps, at the tricks of the stage,
Or that Pantomime miracles take with the age;
But if you examine court, country, and town,
There's nothing but Harlequin feats will go down.*

Derry down, &c.

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*From Fleetstreet to Limehouse the city's his range,
He's a saint in his shop, and a knave on the change;
At an oath, or a jest, like a censor he'll frown,
But a lye or a cheat slip currently down.*

Derry down, &c.

*In the country he burns with a politick zeal,
And boasts, like knight-errant, to serve commonweal;
But once return'd member, he alters his tone,
For as long as he rises, no matter who's down.*

Derry down, &c.

*At court, 'tis as hard to confine him as air,
Like a troublesome spirit, he's here, and he's there;
All shapes and disguises at pleasure puts on,
And defies all the nation to conjure him down.*

Derry down, &c.

PHAEON IN THE SUDS.

When I see thee to Laminchou the city's distance,
Hut a faint in his shop, and a house on the change;
He on earth, on a hill, like a castle, still strong,
Hut a fire or a chest, ship curiously down.
Duty down, etc.

In the country he burns with a golden sun,
And boasts, like night, to be in the country;
But once returned, he shows, he shows his love,
For as long as he lives, he makes, who's love,
Duty down, etc.

At court, he is hard to confess him as a
Like a treacherous spirit, he is hard, and he is hard;
His hopes and desires are the same as the same,
And he is all the more to confess him as a
Duty down, etc.

MISS LUCY IN TOWN.

A

S E Q U E L

TO THE

VIRGIN UNMASQUED.

A

FARCE; with SONGS.

As it was acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE.

By his Majesty's Servants.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

GOODWILL,	Mr. WINSTONE.
THOMAS,	Mr. NEAL.
Lord BAWBLE,	Mr. CROSS.
Mr. ZOROBABEL,	Mr. MACKLIN.
Signor CANTILENO,	Mr. BEARD.
Mr. BALLAD,	Mr. LOWE.

W O M E N.

Mrs. MIDNIGHT,	Mrs. MACKLIN.
WIFE,	Mrs. CLIVE.
TAWDRY,	Mrs. BENNET.

MISS LUCY IN TOWN.

SCENE, Mrs. MIDNIGHT.

MIDNIGHT and TAWDRY.

MIDNIGHT.

AND he did not give you a single shilling?

TAW. No, upon my honour.

MID. Very well. They spend so much money in shew and equipage, that they can no more pay their ladies than their tradesmen. If it was not for Mr. Zorobabel, and some more of his persuasion, I must shut up my doors.

TAW. Besides, Ma'am, virtuous women and gentlemen's wives come so cheap, that no man will go to the price of a lady of the town.

MID. I thought Westminster-hall would have given them a surfeit of their virtuous women: but I see nothing will do: tho' a jury of cuckolds were to give never such swinging damages, it will not deter men from qualifying more jurymen. In short, nothing can do us any service but an act of parliament to put us down.

TAW. Have you put a bill on your door, Ma'am, as you said you would?

MID. It is up, it is up. O Tawdry! that a woman who hath been bred, and always lived like a gentlewoman, and followed a polite way of business, should be reduced to let lodgings.

TAW. It is a melancholy consideration truly. [*Knocking.*] But hark! I hear a coach stop.

MID. Some rake or other, who is too poor to have any reputation. This is not a time of day

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for good customers to walk abroad. The citizens, good men! can't leave their shops so soon.

SERVANT enters.

Madam, a gentleman and lady to enquire for lodgings; they seem to be just come out of the country, for the coach and horses are in a terrible dirty pickle.

MID. Why don't you shew them in? Tawdry, who knows what fortune has sent us?

TAW. If she had meant me any good, she'd have sent a gentleman without a lady.

SERVANT returning with JOHN.

This is my mistress, Friend.

JOHN. Do you take folks in to live here? Because if you do, madam and the squire will come and live with you.

MID. Then your master is a squire, Friend, is he?

JOHN. Ay, he is as good a squire as any within five miles o' en: tho'f he was but a footman before, what is that to the purpose? Madam has enough for both o'em.

MID. Well, you may desire your master and his lady to walk in. I believe I can furnish them with what they want. What think you, Tawdry, of the squire and his lady, by this specimen of them?

TAW. Why, I think if I can turn the squire to as good account as you will his lady, (I mean if she be handsome) we shall have no reason to repent our acquaintance. You will soon teach her more politeness, than to be pleased with a footman, especially as he is her husband.

MID. Truly, I must say, I love to see ladies prefer themselves. Mercy on those who betray women to sacrifice their own interest: I would not have such a sin lie on my conscience for the world.

Enter

Enter Mr. THOMAS, WIFE, and SERVANTS.

THO. Madam, your humble servant. My fellow here tells me you have lodgings to let, pray what are they, Madam?

MID. Sir, my bill hath informed you.

THO. Pox! I am afraid she suspects I can't read.

MID. What conveniencies, Madam, would your ladyship want?

WIFE. Why, Good-woman, I shall want every thing which other fine ladyships want. Indeed, I don't know what I shall want yet; for I never was in town before: but I shall want every thing I see.

THO. I hope your apartments here are handsome, and that people of fashion use to lodge with you.

MID. If you please, Sir, I'll wait on your honour, and shew you the rooms.

THO. Ay do, do so; do wait on me. John, do you hear, do you take care of all our things.

WIFE. Ay pray, John, take care of the great cake and the cold turkey, and the ham and the chickens, and the bottle of sack, and the two bottles of strong beer, and the bottle of cyder.

JOHN. I'll take the best care I can: but a man would think he was got into a fair. The folks stare at one as if they had never seen a man before.

[Remain Tawdry and Wife.]

TAW. Pray, Madam, is not your ladyship infinitely tired with your journey?

WIFE. I tired! not I, I an't tired all; I could walk twenty miles farther.

TAW. O, I am surprized at that! most fine ladies are horribly fatigued after a journey.

WIFE. Are they?—Hum! I don't know whether I an't so too; yes I am, I am horribly fatigued. (Well, I shall never find out all that a fine lady ought to be.)

[Aside.]

TAW.

TAW. Was your ladyship never in town before, Madam?

WIFE. No, Madam, never before that I know of.

TAW. I shall be glad to wait on you, Madam, and shew you the town.

WIFE. I am very much obliged to you, Madam: and I am resolved to see every thing that is to be seen: the tower, and the crowns, and the lions, and Bedlam, and the parliament-house, and the abbey—

TAW. O fie, Madam! these are only fights for the vulgar; no fine ladies go to these.

WIFE. No! why then I won't neither. Oh odious tower, and filthy lions.—But pray, Madam, are there no fights for a fine lady to see?

TAW. O yes, Madam; there are ridottoes, masquerades, court, plays, and a thousand others, so many, that a fine lady has never time to be at home, but when she is asleep.

WIFE. I am glad to hear that; for I hate to be at home: but, dear Madam, do tell me—for I suppose you are a fine lady.

TAW. At your service, Madam.

WIFE. What do your fine ladies do at these places? what do they do at masquerades now? for I have heard of them in the country.

TAW. Why they dress themselves in a strange dress, and they walk up and down the room, and they cry, *Do you know me?* and then they burst out a laughing, and then they sit down, and then they get up, and then they walk about again, and then they go home.

WIFE. Oh this is charming, and easy too! I shall be able to do a masquerade in a minute: well, but do tell me a little of the rest. What do they do at your what d'ye call 'ems, your plays?

TAW. Why, if they can, they take a stagebox, where they let the footman sit the two first acts, to shew his livery; then they come in to shew themselves, spread their fans upon the spikes, make curt'-
sies

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sies to their acquaintance, and then talk and laugh as loud as they are able.

WIFE. O delightful! By gole, I find there is nothing in a fine lady; any body may be a fine lady, if this be all.

A I R I.

*If flaunting and ranting,
If noise and gallanting,
Be all in fine ladies requir'd;
I'll warrant I'll be
As fine a lady
As ever in town was admir'd.
At plays I will rattle,
Tittle-tattle,
Tittle-tattle,
Prittle-prattle,
Prittle-prattle,
As gay and as loud as the best;
And at t'other place,
With a mask on my face,
I'll ask all I see
Do you know me?
Do you know me?
And te, be, be,
And te, be, be,
At nothing as loud as a jest.*

THOMAS and MIDNIGHT return.

THO. My dear, I have seen the rooms, and they are very handsome, and fit for us people of fashion.

WIFE. O my dear, I am extremely glad on't. Do you know me? Ha, ha, ha, my dear, (*stretching out her fan before her*) ha, ha, ha!

THO. Heyday! What's the matter now?

WIFE. I am only doing over a fine lady at a masquerade or play, that's all.

[*She coquets apart with her husband.*]

TAW.

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TAW. (*to Mid.*) She's simplicity itself. A card fortune has dealt you, which it's impossible for you to play ill. You may bring her to any purpose.

MID. I am glad to hear it; for she's really pretty, and I shall scarce want a customer for a tit-bit.

WIFE. Well, my dear, you won't stay long, for you know I can hardly bear you out of my sight; I shall be quite miserable till you come back, my dear, dear Tommy.

THO. My dear Lucy, I will but go find out a tailor, and be back with you in an instant.

WIFE. Pray do, my dear.—Nay, t'other kifs; one more,——O! thou art the sweetest creature.

WIFE. Well Miss, fine Lady, pray how do you like my husband? Is he not a charming man?

TAW. Your husband! dear Madam, and was it your husband that you kifs'd so?

WIFE. Why, don't fine ladies kifs their husbands?

TAW. No, never.

WIFE. O-la! but I do not like that tho'; by gole, I believe I shall never be a fine lady, if I must not be kifs'd. I like being a fine lady in other things, but not in that; I thank you. If your fine ladies are never kifs'd, by gole, I think we have not so much reason to envy them as I imagin'd.

S O N G.

*How happy are the nymphs and swains,
Who skip it and trip it, all over the plains;
How sweet are the kisses,
How soft are the blisses,
Transporting the lads, and all melting their Misses?*

*If Ladies here so nice are grown,
Who jaunt it, and flaunt it, all over the town,
To fly as from ruin,
From billing and cooing,
A fig for their airs, give me plain country wooing,*

TAW.

TAW. O you mistake me, Madam; a fine lady may kiss any man but her husband—You will have all the beaux in town at your service.

WIFE. Beaus! O gemini, those are the things Miss Jenny used to talk of.—And pray, Madam, do beaux kiss so much sweeter and better than other folks?

TAW. Hum! I can't say much of that.

WIFE. And pray then, why must I like them better than my own husband?

MID. Because it's the fashion, Madam. Fine ladies do every thing because it's the fashion. They spoil their shapes, to appear big with child, because it's the fashion. They lose their money at whist, without understanding the game; they go to auctions, without intending to buy; they go to operas, without any ear; and slight their husbands without disliking them; and all——because it is the fashion.

WIFE. Well, I'll try to be as much in fashion as I can: But pray when must I go to these beaux; for I really long to see them? For Miss Jenny says, she's sure I shall like them; and if I do, i'facks! I believe I shall tell them so, notwithstanding what our parson says.

MID. Bravely said; I will shew you some fine gentlemen, which I warrant you will like.

WIFE. And will they like me?

TAW. Like you! they'll adore you, they'll worship you. Madam, says my Lord, You are the most charming, beautiful, fine creature that ever my eyes beheld.

WIFE. What's that? Do, say that over again.

TAW. (*repeats.*) Madam, you are, &c.

WIFE. And will they think all this of me?

TAW. No doubt of it. They'll swear it.

WIFE. Then to be sure they will think it. Yes, yes, to be sure they will think so. I wish I could see these charming men.

MID. O you will see them every where. Here
in

in the house I have had several to visit me, who have said the same thing to me and this young lady.

WIFE. What, did they call you charming and beautiful?——By gole, I think they may very well say so to me. [*aside.*] But when will these charming men come?

MID. They'll be here immediately: but your ladyship will dress yourself. I see your man has brought your things. I suppose your ladyship has your cloaths with you.

WIFE. O yes, I have cloaths enough; I have a fine thread satin suit of cloaths of all the colours in the rainbow; then I have a fine red gown flower'd with yellow, all my own work; and a fine lac'd suit of pinnars that was my great grandmother's! that has been worn but twice these forty years, and my mother told me, cost almost four pounds when it was new, and reaches down hither. And then I have a great gold watch that hath continued in our family, I can't tell how long; and is almost as broad as a moderate punch-bowl; and then I have two great gold ear-rings, and six or seven rings for my finger, worth above twenty pound all together; and a thousand fine things that you shall see.

MID. Ay, Madam, these things would have dress'd your ladyship very well an hundred years ago; but the fashions are alter'd. Laced pinnars, indeed! You must cut off your hair, and get a little perriwig, and a French cap; and instead of a great watch, you must have one so small, that it is impossible it should go; and—but come, this young lady will instruct you. Pray, Miss, wait on the lady to her apartment, and send for proper tradesmen to dress her; such as the fine ladies use. Madam, you shall be dress'd as you ought to be.

WIFE. Thank you, Madam; and then I shall be as fine a lady as the best of them. By gole, this London is a charming place. If ever my husband gets me out of it again, I am mistaken.

Come,

Come, dear Miss, I am impatient. *Do you know me?* ha, he, ha! [Exit Wife and Tawdry.]

Enter Lord BAWBLE.

LORD BAWB. So, Old Midnight, what schemes art thou plodding on?

MID. O fie! my Lord; I protest, if Sir Thomas and you don't leave off your riots, you will ruin the reputation of my house for ever. I wonder too, you have no more regard to your own characters.

LORD BAWB. Why, thou old canting offspring of hypocrisy, dost thou think that men of quality are to be confined to the rules of decency, like sober citizens, as if they were ashamed of their sins, and afraid they should lose their turn of being Lord Mayor?

MID. We ought all to be ashamed of our sins. O my Lord, my Lord, had you but heard that excellent sermon on Kennington-Common, it would have made you ashamed: I am sure it had so good an effect upon me, that I shall be ashamed of my sins as long as I live.

LORD BAWB. Why don't you leave them off then, and lay down your house?

MID. Alas, I can't, I can't; I was bred up in the way: but I repent heartily; I repent every hour of my life; and that I hope will make amends.

LORD BAWB. Well, where is my Jenny Ranter?

MID. Ah, poor Jenny! Poor Jenny is gone. I shall never see her more; she was the best of girls; it almost breaks my tender heart to think on't, nay, I shall never outlive her loss, (*crying.*) My Lord, Sir Thomas and you forgot to pay for that bowl of punch last night.

LORD BAWB. Damn your punch, is my dear Jenny dead?

MID. Worse if possible.—She is—she is turn'd methodist, and married to one of the brethren.

Lord

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LORD BAWB. O, if that be all, we shall have her again.

MID. Alas! I fear not; for they are powerful men.—But pray, my Lord, how go the finances, for I have such a piece of goods, such a girl just arrived out of the country!—upon my soul as pure a virgin—for I have known her whole bringing up: she is a relation of mine; her father left me her guardian. I have just brought her from a boarding-school to have her under my own eye, and complete her education.

LORD BAWB. Where is she? let me see her.

MID. Not a step without the *Ready*. I told you I was her guardian, and I shall not betray my trust.

LORD BAWB. If I like her—upon my honour—

MID. I have too much value for your lordship's honour, to have it left in pawn. Besides, I have more right honourable honour in my hands unredeemed already, than I know what to do with. However, I think you may depend on my honour! deposite a cool hundred, and you shall see her; and then take either the lady or the money.

LORD BAWB. I know thee to be inexorable. I'll step home and fetch the money. I gave that sum to my wife this morning to buy her cloaths. I'll take it from her again, and let her tick with the tradesmen. Look'e, if this be stale goods, I'll break every window in the house.

MID. I'll give you leave. He'll be tir'd of her in a week, and then I may dispose of her again. I am afraid I did wrong in putting her off for a virgin, for she'll certainly discover she is married. However, I can forswear the knowing it.

[Zorobabel brought in, in a chair, with the curtains drawn.

O here's one of my sober customers——Mr. Zorobabel, is it you? I am your worship's most obedient servant.

ZOR.

ZOR. How do you do, Mrs. Midnight? I hope no body sees or overhears. This is an early hour for me to visit at. I have but just been at home to dress me, since I came from the Alley.

MID. I suppose your worship's hands are pretty full there now with your lottery-tickets?

ZOR. Fuller than I desire, Mrs. Midnight, I assure you. We hoped to have brought them to seven pounds before this; that would have been a pretty comfortable interest for our money.—— But, have you any worth seeing in your house?

MID. O Mr. Zorobabel! such a piece! such an angel!

ZOR. Ay, ay, where? where?

MID. Here in the house.

ZOR. Let me see her this instant.

MID. Sure nothing was ever so unfortunate!

ZOR. Hey! what?

MID. O Sir! not thinking to see your worship this busy time, I have promised her to lord Bawble.

ZOR. How, Mrs. Midnight, promise her to a lord without offering her to me first? Let me tell you, 'tis an affront not only to me, but to all my friends: and you deserve never to have any but christians in your house again.

MID. Marry forbid! Don't utter such curses against me.

ZOR. Who is it supports you? Who is it can support you? Who have any money besides us?

MID. Pray your worship forgive me.

ZOR. No, I will deal higher for the future with those who are better acquainted with lords; they will know whom to prefer. I must tell you, you are a very ungrateful woman. I know a woman of fashion at St. James's end of the town, where I might deal cheaper than with yourself; tho' I own, indeed, yours is rather the more reputable house of the two.

MID. But my lord hath never seen her yet.

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ZOR. Hath he not? Why then he never shall, 'till I have done with her: she'll be good enough for a lord half a year hence. Come, fetch her down, fetch her down. How long hath she been in town?

MID. Not two hours. Pure country innocent flesh and blood.—But what shall I say to my lord?

ZOR. Say any thing: put off somebody else upon him; a stale woman of quality, or somebody who hath been in Westminster-Hall and the news-papers.

MID. Well, I'll do the best I can; though, upon my honour, I was to have had 200 guineas from my lord.

ZOR. Two hundred promises you mean; but had it been ready cash, I'll make you amends if I like her; we'll never differ about the price; so fetch her, fetch her.

MID. I will, an't please your worship. *[Exit.]*

ZOR. Soh! the money of christian men pays for the beauty of christian women. A good exchange!

Enter MIDNIGHT. *[A noise without.]*

MID. O Sir, here are some noisy people coming this way; slip into the next room: I am as tender of your reputation as of my own.

ZOR. You are a sensible woman, and I commend your care; for reputation is the very soul of a Jew.

MID. Go in here, I will quickly clear the coast for you again. *[Exit Zor.]* Now for my gentlemen; and, if I mistake not their voices, one is an opera-singer, and the other a singer in one of our playhouses.

Enter Signior CANTILENO *and* Mr. BALLAD.

MID. What is the matter, gentlemen? what is the matter?

CANT. Begar I vil ave de woman; begar I vil ave her.

BAL. You must win her first, Signior! and if you can gain her affections, I am too much an Englishman.

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man to think of restraining her from pursuing her own will.

CANT. Never fear, me vin her. No English woman can withstand de charms of my voice.

MID. If he begins to sing, there will be no end on't. I must go look after my young lady. [*Exit.*]

S O N G.

CANT. *Music sure bath charms to move,
With my song, with my song I'll charm my love.
This good land where money grows,
Well the price of singing knows :
Hither all the warblers throng ;
Taking money,
Milk and honey,
Taking money for a song.*

BAL. Ha, ha, ha ! What the devil should an Italian finger do with a mistress ?

CANT. Ask your women, who are in love wit de Italian fingers.

S O N G.

*See, while I strike the vocal lyre,
Beauty languish, languish and expire :
Like turtle-doves, in a wooing fit,
See the blooming charmers sit ;
Softly sighing,
Gently dying,
While sweet sounds to raptures move :
Trembling, thrilling,
Sweetly killing,
Airs that fan the wings of Love.*

S O N G.

BAL. *Be gone, thou shame of human race,
The noble Roman soil's disgrace ;
Nor vainly with a Britain dare
Attempt to win a British fair.*

2.

*For manly charms the British dame
Shall feel a fiercer nobler flame;
To manly numbers lend her ear,
And scorn thy soft enervate air.*

Enter a PORTER.

POR. (*to Cant.*) Sir, the lady's in the next room.

CANT. Ver vel. Begar I vil ave her.

BAL. I'll follow you, and see how far the charms of your voice will prevail.

Enter ZOROBABEL, MIDNIGHT, and WIFE.

MID. (*to her entering.*) I am going to introduce your ladyship to one of our fine gentlemen whom I told you of.

WIFE. (*surveying him aukwardly*) Is this a beau, and a fine gentleman?—By goles Mr. Thomas is a finer gentleman, in my opinion, a thousand times.

ZOR. Madam, your humble servant; I shall always think myself obliged to Mrs. Midnight, for introducing me to a young lady of your perfect beauty. Pray, Madam, how long have you been in town?

WIFE. Why, I have been in town about three hours: I am but a stranger here, Sir; but I was very lucky to meet with this civil gentlewoman and this fine lady, to teach me how to dress and behave myself. Sir, I would not but be a fine lady for all the world.

ZOR. Madam, you are in the right on't: and this soft hand, this white neck, and these sweet lips were formed for no other purpose.

WIFE. Let me alone, Mun, will you; I won't be pull'd and haul'd about by you, I won't. ——— For I am very sure you don't kiss half so sweet as Mr. Thomas.

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ZOR. Nay, be not coy, my dear; if you will suffer me to kiss you, I will make you the finest of ladies; you shall have jewels equal to a woman of quality:—Nay, I will furnish a house for you in any part of the town, and you shall ride in a fine gilt chair, carried by two stout fellows, that I will keep for no other purpose.

MID. Madam, if you will but like this gentleman, he'll make you a fine lady: 'tis he, and some more of his acquaintance, that make half the fine ladies in the town.

WIFE. Ay! Why then I will like him.——I will say I do, which I suppose is the same thing. [*Aside.*] But when shall I have all these fine things? for I long to begin.

ZOR. And so do I, my Angel.

[*Offering to kiss her.*]

WIFE.——Nay, I won't kiss any more, 'till I have something in hand, that I am resolved of.

MID. (*to Zor.*) Fetch her some bawbles; any toys will do.

WIFE. But if you will fetch me all the things you promised me, you shall kiss me as long as you please.

ZOR. But when I have done all these things, you must never see any other man but me.

WIFE. Must not I?——But I don't like that.——And will you stay with me always then?

ZOR. No; I shall only come to see you in the evening.

WIFE. (O then it will be well enough,—— for I will see whom I please all the day, and you shall know nothing of the matter.) [*Aside.*] Indeed I won't see any body else but you; indeed I won't. But do go and fetch me these fine things.

ZOR. I go, my dear. Mrs. Midnight, pray take care of her. I never saw any one so pretty nor so silly.

WIFE. I heard you, Sir; but you shall find I have sense enough to outwit you. Well, Miss Jenny may stay in the country if she will; and see nothing but the great jolly parson, who never gives any thing but a nosegay, or a handful of nuts for a kiss. But where's the young lady that was here just now? for to my mind, I am in a new world, and my head is quite turn'd giddy.

MID. It is a common effect, Madam, which the town air hath on young ladies, when first they come into it.

Enter CANTILENO.

CANT. Begar dat dam English ballad-singing dog has got away de woman——ah, *pardie*——*voila un autre*——
[*Going towards her.*]

MID. Hold, hold, Signior; this lady is not for you.——She is a woman of quality, and her price is a little beyond your pocket.

CANT. Begar I like none but de women of quality.——And you no know de price of my pocket——See here——begar here are fifty guinea——dey are not above de value of two song.

S O N G.

*To beauty compar'd, pale gold I despise,
No jewels can sparkle like Cælia's bright eyes:
Let misers with pleasure survey their bright mass;
With far greater raptures I view my fine lass:
Gold lock'd in my coffers for me has no charms,
Then its value I own,
Then I prize it alone,
When it tempts blooming beauty to fly to my arms.*

WIFE. This is certainly one of those operish singers Miss Jenny used to talk of, and to mimic: she taught me to mimic them too.

RECITATIVE.

CANT. *Brightest nymph turn here thy eyes,
Behold thy swain despairs and dies.*

WIFE. *A voice so sweet cannot despair,
Unless from deafness of the fair;
Such sounds must move the dullest ear:
Less sweet the warbling nightingale;
Less sweet the breeze sweeps thro' the vale.* }

S O N G.

CANT. *Sweetest cause of all my pain,
Pride and glory of the plain,
See my anguish,
See me languish:
Pity thy expiring swain.*

WIFE. *Gentle youth, of my disdain,
Ah, too cruel you complain;
My tender heart
Feels greater smart;
Pity me expiring swain.*

CANT. *Will you then all my pangs despise?
Will nothing your disdain remove?*

WIFE. *Can you not read my wishing eyes?
Ah, must I tell you that I love?*

CANT. *I faint, I die.*

WIFE. *And so do I.*

BALLAD enters, and sings.

S O N G.

*Turn hither your eyes, bright maid,
Turn hither with all your charms;*

*Behold a jolly young blade,
Who longs to be clasp'd in your arms:
To sighing and whining,
To sobbing and pining,
Then merrily bid adieu.*

CANT.

See how I expire.

BAL.

*See how I'm on fire,**And burn, my dear nymph, for you.*

WIFE,

*Thus strongly pursu'd,**By two lovers woo'd,**What shall a poor woman do?**But a lover in flames,**Sure most pity claims,**So, jolly Lad, I'm for you.*

Enter MIDNIGHT.

MID. Gentlemen, I must beg you would go into another room; for my lord Bawble is just coming, and he hath bespoke this.

CANT. Le Diable! one of our directors! I would not ave him see me here for de varld.

WIFE. Is my lord come? how eagerly I long to see him!

CANT. Allons, Madam.

WIFE. No, I will stay with my lord.

MID. He is just coming in. — Upon my soul, I will bring her to you presently.

CANT. Well, you are de woman of honour.

BAL. This new face will not come to my turn yet; so I will to my dear Tawdry.

Enter Lord B A W B L E.

Lord BAW. Well I have kept my word; I have brought the ready. [*Seeing Wife.*] Upon my soul, a fine girl! I suppose this is she you told me of?

MID. What shall I do? [*aside.*] Yes, yes, my Lord, this is the same: But pray come away; for I can't bring her to any thing yet; she is so young, if you speak to her, you will frighten her out of her

her wits; have but a little patience, and I shall bring her to my mind.

LORD BAW. Don't tell me of patience; I'll speak to her now; and I warrant, I bring her to my mind.

[They talk apart.]

WIFE. *[at the other end of the stage, looking at my lord.]* O la! That is a fine gentleman, indeed; and yet who knows, but Mr. Thomas might be just such another, if he had but as fine cloaths on? — I wonder he don't speak to me, to be sure he don't like me; if he did, he would speak to me; and if he does not presently, the old fellow will be back again, and then I must not talk with him.

MID. Consider, she is just fresh and raw out of the country.

LORD BAW. I like her the better. It is in vain to contend; for, by Jupiter, I'll at her. I know how to deal with country ladies. I learnt the art of making love to them at my election.

MID. What will become of me! I'll get out of the way, and swear to Mr. Zorobabel, I know nothing of my lord's seeing her. *[Exit.]*

LORD BAW. It is generous in you, Madam, to leave the country, to make us happy here with the sunshine of your beauty.

WIFE. Sir, I am sure, I shall be very glad if any thing in my power can make the beaux and fine gentlemen of this fine town happy. — He talks just like Mr. Thomas, before I was married to him, when he first came out of his town service. *[Aside.]*

LORD BAW. She seems delightfully ignorant. A quality which is to me a great recommendation of a mistress, or a friend. — O, Madam, can you doubt of your power, which is as extensive as your beauty; which lights such a fire in the heart of every beholder, as nothing but your frowns can put out.

WIFE. I'll never frown again; for if all the fine gentlemen in town were in love with me, icod, — with all my heart, the more the merrier.

Lord

LORD BAW. When they know you have my admiration, you will soon have a thousand other adorers. If a lady hath a mind to bring custom to her house, she hath nothing more to do but to hang one of us lords out for a sign.

WIFE. A lord! — Gemini, and are you a lord?

LORD BAW. My lord Bawble, Madam, at your service.

WIFE. Well, my lord Bawble is the prettiest name I ever heard; the very name is enough to charm one. — My lord Bawble!

LORD BAW. Why, truly, I think it hath something of a quality-sound in it.

WIFE. Heigh, ho!

LORD BAW. Why do you sigh my charmer?

WIFE. At what, perhaps, will make you sigh too, when you know it.

LORD BAW. Ay, what?

WIFE. I am married to an odious footman, and can never be my lady Bawble. — I am afraid you won't like me, now I have told you. — But I assure you, if I had not been married already, I should have married you of all the beaux and fine gentlemen in the world: But tho' I am married to him, I like you the best; and I hope that will do.

LORD BAW. Yes, yes, yes, my dear; do! — very well: (Is this wench an idiot, or a bite? marry me, with a pox!) [*Aside.*] And so you are married to a footman, my dear?

WIFE. Yes, I am; I see you don't like me, now you know I am another man's wife.

LORD BAW. Indeed you are mistaken; I dislike no man's wife but my own.

WIFE. O la! What are you married then?

LORD BAW. Yes, I think I am: But I have almost forgot it; for I have not seen my wife, 'till this morning, for a twelvemonth.

WIFE. No! by goles, you may marry somebody else for me. And now I think on't; if I

should be seen speaking to him, I shall lose all the fine things I was promised. [*Aside.*]

LORD BAW. What are you considering, my dear?

WIFE. I must not stay with you any longer, for I expect an old gentleman every minute, who promised me a thousand fine things, if I would not speak to any body but him: He promised to keep two tall lusty fellows for no other business but to carry me up and down in a chair.

LORD BAW. I will not only do that, but I will keep you two other tall fellows for no other use but to walk before your chair.

WIFE. Will you? Nay, I assure you, I like you better than him, if I shall not lose any fine things by the bargain.—But hold, now I think on't: Suppose I stay here till he come back again with his presents, I can take the things, promise him, and go with you afterwards, you know, my Lord. O, how pretty Lord sounds!

LORD BAW. No, you will have no need on't; I will give you variety of fine things. (Till I am tired of you, and then I'll take them away again.) But, my dear, these lodgings are not fine enough; I will take some finer for you.

WIFE. O la! what are there finer houses than this in town? Why, my father hath five hundred a year in the country, and his house is not half so fine.

LORD BAW. O, my dear, gentlemen of no hundred pound a year scorn such a house as this: Nobody lives now in any thing but a palace.

WIFE. Nay, the finer the better, by goles, if you will pay for it.

LORD BAW. Pugh, p'shaw, pay! never mind that: That word hath almost put me in the vapours—— Come, my dear girl—— [*Kisses her.*]

WIFE. O fie, my Lord, you make me blush. He kisses sweeter than my husband, a thousand times; I did not think there had been such a man

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as my husband in the world, but I find I was mistaken.

LORD BAW. Consider, my dear, what a pride you will have in hearing the man you love call'd, Lordship.

WIFE. Lordship! it is pretty. Lordship! But then you won't see me above once in a twelve-month.

LORD BAW. I will see you every day, every minute: I like you so well, that nothing but being married to you could make me hate you.

WIFE. O Gemini! I forgot it was the fashion.

LORD BAW. Let us lose no time, but hasten to find some place where I may equip you like a woman of quality.

WIFE. I am out of my wits. My Lord, I am ready to wait on your lordship wherever your lordship pleases——Lordship! Quality! I shall be a fine Lady immediately now.

Enter MIDNIGHT.

MID. What shall I do? I am ruin'd for ever! My lord hath carried away the girl. Mr. Zorobabel will never forgive me; I shall lose him and all his friends, and they are the only support of my house. Foolish slut, to prefer a rakish lord to a sober Jew: But women never know how to make their market, 'till they are so old no one will give any thing for them.

Enter THOMAS.

THO. Your humble servant, Madam. Pray, Madam, how do you like my cloaths?

MID. Your tailor hath been very expeditious, indeed, Sir.

THO. Yes, Madam, I should not have had them so soon, but that I met with an old acquaintance, Tom Shabby, the tailor in Monmouthstreet, who fitted me with a suit in a moment——But where's my wife?

MID.

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MID. (What shall I say to him?) I believe she is gone out to see the town.

THO. Gone out! hey! what, without me! who's gone with her?

MID. Really, Sir, I can't tell. Here was a gentleman all over lace: I suppose, some acquaintance of hers. I fancy she went with him.

THO. A gentleman in lace! I am undone, ruin'd, dishonour'd! Some rascal hath betray'd away my wife.—Zounds, why did you let her go out of the house 'till my return?

MID. The lady was only a lodger with me, I had no power over her.

THO. How, did any man come to see her? for I am sure she did not know one man in town. It must be somebody that used to come here.

MID. May the devil fetch me, if ever I saw him before; nor do I know how he got in.—But there are birds of prey lurking in every corner of this wicked town: It makes me shed tears to think what villains there are in the world, to betray poor innocent young ladies. [Cries:

THO. Oons and the devil! the first six weeks of our marriage!

MID. That is a pity indeed,—if you have been marry'd no longer: Had you been together half a year, it had been some comfort. But be advised, have a little patience; in all probability whoever the gentleman is, he'll return her again soon.

THO. Return her! ha! stain'd, spotted, sullied! Who shall return me my honour?—s'death! I'll search her thro' the town, the world—Ha! my father here!

GOODWILL. (*entering.*) Son, I met your man John at the inn, and he shewed me the way hither.—Where is my daughter, your wife?

THO. Stolen! lost! every thing is lost, and I am undone.

GOOD. Heyday! What's the matter?

THO.

THO. The matter ! O curse this vile town ! I did but go to furnish myself with a suit of cloaths, that I might appear like a gentleman, and in the mean time your daughter hath taken care that I shall appear like a gentleman all the days of my life ; for I am sure I shall be ashamed to shew my head among footmen.

GOOD. How, my daughter run away——

MID. I am afraid it is too true.

GOOD. And do you stand meditating ?

THO. What shall I do ?

GOOD. Go advertise her this minute in the newspaper ;——get my lord chief justice's warrant.

MID. As for the latter, it may be advisable ; but the former will be only throwing away your money ; for the papers have been of late so crammed with advertisements of wives running from their husbands, that nobody now reads them.

THO. That I should be such a blockhead to bring my wife to town !

GOOD. That I should be such a sot as to suffer you !

THO. If I was unmarried again, I would not venture my honour in a woman's keeping, for all the fortune she could bring me.

GOOD. And if I was a young fellow again, I would not get a daughter, for all the pleasure any woman could give me.

Enter ZOROBABEL.

ZOR. Here, where's my mistress ? I have equipp'd her ; here are trinkets enough to supply an alderman's wife.

MID. (I must be discover'd.) Hush, hush, consider your reputation ; here are company.——Your mistress is run away with my lord Bawble.

ZOR. My mistress run away ! Damn my reputation ; Where's the girl ? I will have the girl.

GOOD.

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GOOD. This gentleman may have lost a daughter too.

THO. Or a wife, perhaps——You have lost your wife, Sir, by the violence of your rage?

ZOR. O worse, worse, Sir! I have lost a mistress. While I went to buy her trinkets, this damn'd jade of a bawd (where is she?) lets in a young rake, and he is run away with her: The sweetest bit of country innocence, just come to town. S'blood, I would have given an hundred lottery-tickets for her.

GOOD. } How, Hell-hound.!

THO. }

MID. I am an innocent woman, and shall fall a sacrifice to an unjust suspicion.

GOOD. Oh! my poor daughter!

THO. My wife, that I had so much delight in!

ZOR. My mistress, that I propos'd such pleasure in!

MID. O the credit of my house, gone for ever!

ZOR. Ha! here she is again.——

Enter W I F E.

WIFE. Such joy! such rapture! Well, I'll never go into the country again. Faugh! how I hate the name.—Oh! father, I am sure you don't know me; nor you Mr. Thomas, neither;—nor I won't know you.——Ah, you old fusty fellow,——I don't want any thing you can give; nor you shan't come near me,——so you shan't——Madam, I am very much oblig'd to you, for letting me see the world. I hate to talk to any one I can't call Lordship.

GOOD. And is this bepowder'd, becurl'd, be-hoop'd madwoman my daughter?——

[She coquets affectedly.]

Why, hussy, don't you know your own father?

THO. Nor your husband?

WIFE. No, I don't know you at all;——I never

law

saw you before. I have got a lord, and I don't know any one but my lord.

THO. And pray what hath my lord done to you, that hath put you in such raptures?

WIFE. O, by go! who'd be fool then? When I liv'd in the country, I used to tell you every thing I did; but I am grown wiser now, for I am told I must never let my husband know any thing I do, for he'd be angry; though I don't much care for your anger, for I design always to live with my lord now; and he's never to be angry, do what I will.—Why, prithee, fellow, do'st thou think that I am not fine lady enough to know the difference between a lord and a footman?

ZOR. A footman!

MID. I thought he was a servant, by his talking so much of his honour.

THO. You call me footman! I own I was a footman! and had rather be a footman still, than a tame cuckold to a lord. I wish every man, who is not a footman, thought in the same manner.

GOOD. Thou art a pretty fellow, and worthy a better wife.

THO. Sir, I am sorry that from henceforth I cannot, without being a rascal, look on your daughter as my wife; I am sorry I can't forgive her.

WIFE. Forgive me, — ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! comical! why I won't forgive you, Mun.

GOOD. What hath he done which you will not forgive?

WIFE. Done! why I have found out somebody I like better; and he's my husband, and I hate him, because it is the fashion: That he hath done.

ZOR. Sir Skip, a word with you: If you intend to part with your wife, I will give you as much for her as any man.

THO. Sir!

ZOR. Sir, I say, I will give you as much, or more for your wife, than any man.

THO.

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THO. Those words, which suppose me a villain, call me so, and thus should be return'd.

[Gives him a box on the ear.]

ZOR. S'death, Sir! do you know whom you use in this manner?

THO. Know you? yes, you rascal, and you ought to know me. I have indeed the greatest reason to remember you, having purchas'd a ticket of you in the last lottery for as much again as it was worth.—However, you shall have reason to remember me for the future; a footman shall teach such a low, pitiful, stockjobbing pickpocket to dare to think to cuckold his betters.

[Kicks him off the stage.]

ZOR. You shall hear of me in Westminster-hall.

GOOD. Your humble servant. *[Kicking him off.]*

ZOR. Very fine! very fine! ——— a-ten-thousand pound man is to be kick'd!

GOOD. A rascal, a villain.

Enter Lord BAWBLE.

WIFE. O my dear Lord, are you come?

Lord BAWB. Fie, my dear, you should not have run away from me while I was in an inner-room, promising the tradesman to pay him for your fine things.

WIFE. O my Lord, I only stept into a chair, as you call it, to make a visit to a fine lady here. It is pure sport to ride in a chair.

Lord BAWB. Bless me! what's here? My old man Tom in masquerade?

THO. I give your Lordship joy of this fine girl.—

Lord BAWB. Stay 'till I have had her, Tom. Egad she hath cost me a round sum, and I have had nothing but kisses for my money yet.

THO. No, my Lord! Then I am afraid your lordship never will have any thing more, for this lady is mine.

Lord BAWB. How! what property have you in her?

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THO. The property of an English husband, my Lord.

Lord BAWB. How, Madam! are you married to this man?

WIFE. I married to him! I never saw the fellow before.

Lord BAWB. Tom, thou art a very impudent fellow.

GOOD. Mercy on me! what a sink of iniquity is this town? She hath been here but five hours, and learnt assurance already to deny her husband.

Lord BAWB. Come, Tom, resign the girl by fair means, or worse will follow.

THO. How, my Lord, resign my wife! Fortune, which made me poor, made me a servant; but nature, which made me an Englishman, preserved me from being a slave. I have as good a right to the little I claim, as the proudest peer hath to his great possessions! and whilst I am able, I will defend it.

Lord BAWB. Ha! rascal! *[They draw.]*

GOOD. Hold, my Lord; this girl, ungracious as she is, is my daughter, and this honest man's wife.

WIFE. Whether I am his wife or no, is nothing to the purpose; for I will go with my lord. I hate my husband, and I love my lord. He is a fine gentleman, and I am a fine lady, and we are fit for one another.——Now, my Lord, here are all the fine things you gave me; he will take them away, but you will keep them for me.

Lord BAWB. So, now I think every man hath his own again; and since she is your wife, Tom, much good may do you with her. I question not but these trinkets will purchase a finer lady. *[Exit.]*

WIFE. What, is my lord gone?

THO. Yes, Madam, and you shall go, as soon as I can get horses put into a coach.

WIFE. Ay, but I won't go with you.

THO. No, but you shall go without me: your good father here will take care of you in the country;

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country; where, if I hear of your amendment, perhaps, half a year hence I may visit you; for since my honour is not wrong'd, I can forgive your folly.

WIFE. I shall shew you, Sir, that I am a woman of spirit, and not to be govern'd by my husband.— I shall have vapours and fits, (these they say are infallible) and if these won't do, let me see who dare carry me into the country against my will: I will swear the peace against them.

GOOD. Oh! oh! that ever I should beget a daughter!

THO. Here, John!

JOHN (*enters.*) An't please your worship.

THO. Let all my things be pack'd up again in the coach they came in;—and send Betty here this instant with your mistress's riding-dress.——Come, Madam, you must strip yourself of your puppetshew dress, as I will of mine; they will make you ridiculous in the country, where there is still something of Old England remaining. Come, no words, no delay; by heaven! if you but affect to loiter, I will send orders with you to lock you up, and allow you only the bare necessaries of life. You shall know I'm your husband, and will be obey'd.

WIFE. (*crying.*) And must I go into the country by myself? Shall I not have a husband, or a lord, or any body?—If I must go, won't you go with me?

THO. Can you expect it? Can you ask me, after what hath happened?

WIFE. What I did, was only to be a fine lady; and what they told me other fine ladies do, and I should never have thought of in the country; but if you will forgive me, I will never attempt to be more than a plain gentlewoman again.

THO. Well, and as a plain gentlewoman, you shall have pleasures some fine ladies may envy. Come, dry your eyes; my own folly, not yours, is to blame; and that I am only angry with.

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WIFE. And will you go with me then, Tommy ?

THO. Ay, my dear, and stay with thee too; I desire no more to be in this town, than to have thee here.

GOOD. Henceforth, I will know no degree, no difference between men, but what the standards of honour and virtue create: the noblest birth without these is but splendid infamy; and a footman with these qualities, is a man of honour.

S O N G.

WIFE. *Welcome again, ye rural plains;
Innocent nymphs and virtuous swains:
Farewel town, and all its sights;
Beaus and lords, and gay delights:
All is idle pomp and noise;
Virtuous love gives greater joys.*

CHORUS.

*All is idle pomp and noise;
Virtuous love gives greater joys.*

THE
WEDDING-DAY.
A
COMEDY.

As it was acted at the
THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE

By his Majesty's Servants.

THE
WEDDING-DAY

A
COMEDY

As it was acted at the Theatre-Royal in the City of London

By the Most Excellent

7

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. MACKLIN.

GENTLEMEN and ladies, we must beg your
indulgence, and humbly hope you'll not be of-
fended

*At an accident that has happen'd to-night, which was
not in the least intended,*

I assure you : if you please, your money shall be return'd.

But Mr. GARRICK, to-day,

Who performs a principal character in the play,

*Unfortunately has sent word, 'twill be impossible, hav-
ing so long a part,*

*To speak to the Prologue : he hasn't had time to get it
by heart.*

*I have been with the author, to know what's to be done,
For, till the Prologue's spoke, Sir, says I, we can't go
on.*

*" Pshaw ! rot the Prologue," says he ; " then begin
" without it."*

*I told him, 'twas impossible, you'd make such a rout
about it :*

*Besides, 'twould be quite unprecedented,——and I dare
say,*

Such an attempt, Sir, would make them damn the play.

" Ha ! damn my play !" the frighted bard replies ;

*" Dear MACKLIN, you must go on then and apolo-
" gize."*

Apologize ! not I : Pray, Sir, excuse me.

*" Zounds ! something must be done : prythee, don't re-
" fuse me :*

*" Prithee, go on : tell them, to damn my play, will
" be a damn'd hard case.*

*" Come, do : you've a good long, dismal, mercy-beg-
" ging face."*

P R O L O G U E.

*Sir, your humble servant: you're very merry. "Yes," says he; "I've been drinking
"To raise my spirits; for, by JUPITER! I found 'em
"sinking."*

*So away he went to see the play; O! there he sits:
Smoke him, smoke the author, you laughing crits.
Isn't he finely situated for a damning Ob—Ob! a—a
sbrill Whihee? O direful yell!*

*As FALSTAFF says: would it were bed-time, HAL,
and all were well!*

*What think you now? Whose face looks worst, yours or
mine?*

*Ab! thou foolish follower of the ragged Nine,
You'd better stuck to honest ABRAHAM ADAMS, by
half:*

*He, in spite of critics, can make your readers laugh.
But to the prologue.—What shall I say? Why, faith
in my sense,*

I take plain truth to be the best defence.

*I think then, it was horrid stuff; and, in my humble
apprehension,*

Had it been spoke, not worthy your attention.

I'll give you a sample, if I can recollect it.—

*Hip! take courage: never fear, man: don't be de-
jected.*

*Poor devil! he can't stand it; he has drawn in his
head:*

I reckon before the play's done he'll be half dead.

But to the Prologue. It began,

"To-night the comic author of to-day

"Has writ a—a—a—something about a play:

*"And, as the bee,—the bee,—(that he brings by way
"of simile) the bee, which roves*

*"Thro', thro',"—Pshaw! Pox o' my memory!—O!
"thro' fields and groves,*

"So comic poets in fair LONDON town

*"To cull the flowers of characters wander up and
"down."——*

Then

PROLOGUE.

*Then there was a good deal about ROME, ATHENS,
and dramattick rules,
And characters of knaves and courtiers, authors and
fools,
And a vast deal about critics,—and good-nature,—and
the poor author's fear ;
And I think there was something about a third night,—
hoping to see you here.
'Twas all such stuff as this, not worth repeating,
In the old Prologue cant ; and then at last concludes,
thus kindly greeting,
“ To you, the critic jury of the pit,
“ Our culprit author does his cause submit :
“ With justice, nay, with candour judge his wit :
“ Give him, at least, a patient, quiet hearing :
“ If guilty, damn him ; if not guilty, clear him.”*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

MILLAMOUR,
HEARTFORT,
Mr. STEDFAST,
Mr. MUTABLE,
YOUNG MUTABLE,
SQUEEZE PURSE,
BRAZEN,
Dr. CRISIS,

Mr. GARRICK.
Mr. DELANE.
Mr. MACKLIN.
Mr. TASWELL.
Mr. NEALE.
Mr. MORGAN.
Mr. YATES.
Mr. TURBUTT.

W O M E N.

CLARINDA,
CHARLOTTE,
Mrs. USEFUL,
Mrs. PLOTWEL,
LUCINA,

Mrs. PRITCHARD.
Mrs. WOFFINGTON.
Mrs. MACKLIN.
Mrs. CROSS.
Miss BENNET.

SERVANTS, &c.

SCENE IN LONDON.

THE
WEDDING-DAY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, MILLAMOUR's *Lodging*,
BRAZEN *asleep on a Chair*.

MILLAMOUR, (*calls several times without—*
BRAZEN,)

WHY, you incorrigible rascal, are you not ashamed to sleep at this time of day? Do you think yourself in Spain, sirrah, that thus you go regularly to sleep when others go to dinner?

BRAZ. (*waking.*) Truly, Sir, I think he that wakes with the owl, should rest with him too. Spain! Agad, I should live in the Antipodes, by the hours I am obliged to keep. Nor do I see why the same bell, that rings others to dinner, should not ring me to sleep: for, I thank heaven and your honour, sleep is the only dinner I have had these two days.

MILL. Cease your impertinence, and get things ready to dress me.

BRAZ. What cloaths will your honour please to wear?

MIL. Get me the blue and silver; or, stay—the brown and gold. Come back, fetch me the black; that suits best with my present circumstances.

BRAZ. I fancy the lace suits best with your circumstances.

cumstances. Most people in your honour's circumstances wear lace.

MIL. Harkee, Sir, I have often cautioned you against this familiarity. You must part with your wit, or with your master.

BRAZ. (*aside.*) That's true. If I had any wit, I should have parted with him long ago. No wife servant will live with a master who has turned away his estate.

MIL. Get me the laced—go immediately. Familiarity is a sort of interest which all servants exact from an indebted master: and, as being indebted to a friend, is the surest way to make him your enemy, so, making your servant your creditor, is the surest way of making him your friend.

SCENE II.

Enter BRAZEN, shewing in Mrs. USEFUL.

BRAZ. Sir, is your honour at home? here is Mrs. Useful.

MIL. Sirrah, you know I am at home to my friend, my mistress, and my bawd, at any time.

Mrs. USE. Hoity, toity.—What, must I stay at the door, till your worship has considered, whether you will see me or not? Do I pass for a beggar or a dun with you? Do you take me for a tradesman with his bill, or a poet with a dedication?

MIL. (*to Braz.*) Do you see what your blunders are the occasion of? Come, my angry fair-one, lay aside the terror of your brows, since it was my servant's fault, not mine.

Mrs. USE. I, who am admitted where a poor woman of quality is excluded!

MIL. I know thou art. Thou art as dear to the women of fashion as their lapdogs, or to the men as their buffoons.

Mrs. USE. A very civil comparison!

MIL.

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MIL. Thou art the first minister of Venus, the first plenipotentiary in affairs of love, and thy house is the noble scene of the congress of the two sexes. Thou hast united more couples than the alimony-act has parted, and sent more to bed together, without a licence, than any parson of the Fleet.

Mrs. USE. I wish I could have prevented one couple from doing it with a licence.

MIL. What, has some notable whore of thy acquaintance turned rebel to thy power, and lifted under the banners of Hymen? But be not disconsolate at thy loss.—My life to a farthing she returns to her duty. Whoring is like the mathematicks; whoever is once initiated into the science is sure never to leave it.

Mrs. USE. This may probably take your mirth a key or two lower than its present pitch.

[Gives a letter.

MIL. I hope thou dost not deal with the law. I know no letter can give me any uneasiness, but a letter from an attorney. (*Opens the letter*) Ha! Stedfast! I know the hand, tho' not the name.

Sir, after your behaviour to me, I might not have been strictly obliged to give you any account of my actions: however, as it is the last line you will ever see from me, I have prevailed with myself to tell you, that your course of life has at last determined me to fly to any harbour from the danger of you; and accordingly this morning has given me to a man, whose estate and sincere affections will, in time, produce that love in my heart, which your actions have—have—(this is a damn'd hard word) have e-ra-di-ca-ted, and make me happy in the name of

CLARINDA STEDFAST.

Mrs. USE. What do you think now, Sir?

MIL. Think! that I am the most unhappy of men, and have lost the most charming of women.

Mrs. USE. I always told you what it would come to, but you went still on in your profligate way. It is very true, what religious men tell us, We
never

never know the value of a blessing till we lose it.

MIL. Ay, 'tis very true indeed; for till this hour I never knew the value of Clarinda. (*Reads again.*) hum! hum! *has given me to a man, whose estate and sincere affection*, by which I am to understand that my rival is some very rich old fellow; two excellent qualifications for a husband and a cuckold, as one could wish.

Mrs. USE. I shall make a faithful report of the philosophy with which you receive the news.

MIL. Oh! could'st thou tell her half my tenderness or my pain, thou must invent a language to express them.

Mrs. USE. Truly, I think you had best set pen to paper, and tell her them yourself.

MIL. I had rather trust to your rhetoric: the paper, I am sure, will carry no more than I put into it; but for thee—

Mrs. USE. If it receives any addition, it will not be to your advantage.

MIL. I dare trust thee; thou lovest the game too well to spoil it.

Mrs. USE. It is very strange that a lover will not answer his mistress's letter.

MIL. Oh! no one writes worse than a real lover. For love, like honesty, appears generally most beautiful in the hypocrite. In painting the mind, as well as the face, art generally goes beyond nature.

Mrs. USE. Why, this is all cool reason. I expected nothing but imprecations, threat'ning, sighing, lamenting, raving.

MIL. You are mistaken. I act on the marriage of a mistress as on the death of a friend: I strive to the utmost to prevent it. But if fate will have it so—

Mrs. USE. You are a wicked man. You know, it hath been in your power to prevent it.

MIL. Yes; but, my dear, I am no more re-
solute

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solute to give up my liberty to the one, than my life to the other : and if nothing but my marriage or my death can preserve them, agad, I believe I shall continue *in statu quo*, be the consequence what it will. [Knocking.]

BRAZ. Sir, here's a lady, I don't know whether she comes under any of the titles your honour would have admitted.

MIL. Sirrah,—admit all ladies whatsoever.

Mrs. USE. I'll be gone this moment.

MIL. Why so.

Mrs. USE. Oh ! I would not be seen with you for the world.

MIL. Out of tenderness for my reputation, I suppose. But that's safe enough with you ; and as for your reputation, it is safe enough with any one. Reputation, like the small-pox, gives you but one pain in your life. When you have had the one, and lost the other, you may venture with safety where you please.

SCENE III.

MILLAMOUR, Mrs. USEFUL, Mrs. PLOTWEL.

MIL. Ha !

Mrs. PLOT. You seem surpris'd, Sir : I suppose this is a visit you little expected, tho' I see it's no unusual thing for you to receive visits from a lady.

Mrs. USE. No Madam ; my cousin Millamour is very happy with the ladies.

MIL. (to Plotwel.) I believe, Cousin, this is a relation of ours you don't know ; give me leave to introduce you to one another. Cousin Useful, this is my cousin Plotwel ; cousin Plotwel, this is my Cousin Useful. (*The ladies salute.*) But come, relations should never meet with dry lips. Here Brazen, bring a bottle of Usquebaugh.

Both

Both WOM. Not a drop for me.

MIL. Come, come, it will do you no harm. Well, Cousin, and how did you leave all our relations in the North? Have you brought me no letters?

Mrs. PLOT. Only one, Cousin.

Mrs. USE. (*aside.*) Cousin! this is a sister of mine, I believe; we are both of the same trade, my life on't.

MIL. (*to Brazen, who enters with a bottle.*) Sirrah, fill the ladies—do you hear? (*He takes a letter from Plotwel and opens it.*)

Sir, after so many vows and protestations, I should be surprized at the falsehood of any one but so great a villain as yourself: but, as I have been long since certain, that you have not one virtue in your whole mind, that you are a compound of all that is bad, and that you are the greatest tyrant, and the falsest and most perjured wretch upon earth, I can expect no other. If you deserve not this and ten times worse, make haste to acquit yourself to the injured

LUCINA.

Mrs. PLOT. Well, Sir, what does my aunt say?

MIL. She is very inquisitive about my health, complains of my not writing. There's no secret in't, I'll read it for your diversion. [*Reads.*]

Mrs. PLOT. For heaven's sake, Sir, do not discover the secrets of our family.

MIL. *My dear nephew, I suppose it impossible for so fine a gentleman, amidst the hurry of the Beau Monde, to think of an old aunt in Northumberland; yet sure you might sometimes find an opportunity to let one know a little how the world goes. Pshaw! I'll read no more. These country relations think their friends in town obliged to furnish them with continual matter for the scandal of their tea-tables. Has the old lady no female acquaintance?—They would take as much pleasure in writing defamation as she in reading it. For my part, I'll never trouble myself*
with

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with others business, till I can mind my own; nor about others sins, till I have left off my own.

Mrs. USE. Which will not be till doomsday, I'm confident.

MIL. Never, while I have the same mind to tempt me to sin, and the same constitution to support me in it. For sins, like places at court, we seldom resign, till we can keep them no longer.

Mrs. USE. And, like places at court, you often keep them when you can't officiate in them.

Mrs. PLOT. But I hope you will answer my aunt's letter.

MIL. Not I faith. Your aunt's letter shall answer itself. Send it back to the old lady again, and write my duty to her on the back of it.

Mrs. USE. You have done your duty to her already, or I am mistaken.

SCENE VI.

MILLAMOUR, USEFUL, *Mrs.* PLOTWEL,
BRAZEN.

BRAZ. Sir, Sir.

MIL. Well, Sir; what, another cousin! Do you hear, sirrah, I am at home to no more female relations this morning.

BRAZ. Sir, Mr. Heartfort is below.

MIL. Desire him to walk up.

Mrs. PLOT. But are you resolved not to answer the letter?

MIL. Positively. And, hearkee,—tell the enraged fair one, she hath made a double conquest: her beauty got the better of my reason, and now her anger hath got the better of my love. Give my humble service to her, and when she comes to herself again, tell her I am come to myself.

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Mrs. PLOT. You will repent of your haughtiness, I warrant you. [Exit.]

MIL. So there's your dispatch,—and now for my other cousin.

SCENE V.

MILLAMOUR, Mrs. USEFUL.

MIL. And for you, Madam, give my kindest respects to Mrs. Stedfast. Tell her, I will endeavour to efface the lovely idea which Clarinda had formed in my mind, since she is now another's. I will pray for her happiness, but must love her no more.

Mrs. USE. And is this all?

MIL. You may carry her this again.—Tell her I will have nothing to put me in mind of her—and this kiss, which I send her by you, shall be the last token she shall have to awaken the remembrance of me.

Mrs. USE. Well, you're a barbarous man. But suppose now I could procure a meeting between you; suppose I could bring her to you this very day, at your own house—

MIL. Suppose! O! thou dear creature, suppose I gave thee worlds to reward thee.

Mrs. USE. Well, I will suppose you a man of honour, and much may be done. Don't be out of the way. [Exit.]

MIL. Thus men of business dispatch attendants. And in female affairs I believe few have more business than myself. The Grand Signior is but a petty prince in love, compared to me. But tho' I have disguised my uneasiness before this woman, Clarinda lies deeper in my heart than I could wish. There is something in that dear name gives me a sensation quite different from that of any other woman. The thought of seeing her another's, stings me to the very soul.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT.

HEART. What, is your levee dispatch'd? I met antiquated whores going out of your door, as thick as antiquated courtiers from the levee of a statesman, and with as disconsolate faces. I fancy thou hast done nothing for them.

MIL. Thus it will ever be, Jack, where there are a multitude of attendants. The lover no more than the statesman can do every man's business.

HEART. Thou dost as many people's business as any man in town, I dare swear.

MIL. I believe no one tastes more the sweets of love——

HEART. Nor any more its bitters, than I. Oh! Millamour, I am the most unhappy of mankind—I have lost the mistress of my soul.

MIL. Ay,—and I have lost two mistresses of my soul.

HEART. The woman I doat on to distraction is to be married this day to another.

MIL. A reprieve, a reprieve, in comparison of my fate! The woman I doat on was married this morning to another.

HEART. Thou knowest not what it is to love tenderly.

MIL. No, faith; not very tenderly,—not without a great deal of discretion. Here lies the difference between us: you, Heartfort, have discretion in every thing but love: I have discretion in nothing else. Mine is a true English heart; it is an equal stranger to the heat of the equator and the frost of the pole. Love still nourishes it with a temperate heat, as the sun doth our climate; and beauties rise after beauties in the one, just as fruits do in the other.

HEART. Is it impossible to engage thee to be serious a moment?

MIL. Faith, I believe it would on this subject, if I did not know thy temper.

HEART. The loss of a mistress may indeed seem trifling to thee, who hast lost a thousand.

MIL. The devil take me, if I have.—I have found it always much easier to get mistresses, than to lose them. Women would be charming things, Heartifort, if, like cloaths, we could lay them by when we are weary of them; since, like cloaths, we are often weary of them before they are worn out. But this curse attends a multiplicity of amours, that a man is sometimes forced to support his whole wardrobe on his back at once.

HEART. My passion, Sir, will not bear raillery.

MIL. I am sorry for it. Raillery is a sort of test to our passions: when they will not bear that, they are dangerous indeed. Therefore I'll indulge your infirmity, and for your sake will be grave on a subject, which I could never be serious on for my own. So, lay open your wound, and I'll give you the best advice I can.

HEART. I am enough acquainted with your temper, Millamour, to know my obligations to you for this compliance. And after all, perhaps my case requires rather your pity than advice; for the last word I had from my mistress was, that she hated me of all men living.

MIL. Hum!—faith, I think your case requires neither pity nor advice.

HEART. But this is not the most terrible, or time might alter her inclination.

MIL. Hardly, if it be so violent.

HEART. I take its violence to be a reason for its change; but I have a better from experience, for she formerly has told me, that she loved me of all men living.

MIL. And what has caused this great revolution in her temper?

HEART.

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HEART. Oh! I defy all philosophy to account for one of her actions. You might easier solve all the phenomena of nature, than of her mind. All the insight you can get into her future thoughts by her present is, that what she says to-day, she will infallibly contradict to-morrow.

MIL. So, if she promised your rival yesterday, you may depend upon her discarding him to-day.

HEART. But then she has a father, whose resolution is immoveable as the predestinarian's fate, who has given me as positive a denial as his daughter, and is this day determined to bestow her on another, whom he has preferr'd to me.

MIL. For the old reason, I suppose—because he is richer.

HEART. No, upon my word; for a very new reason, because he is a greater rake. For you must know, that this mighty unalterable will, which is as fixed as the Persian laws, is determined with as little reason as resolutions of some countries which are less stable. In short, Sir, he hath laid it down as a maxim, that all men are wild at one period of life or another; so he resolved never to marry his daughter but to one who hath already passed that period. At last, the young lady's good stars and his great wisdom have led him to the choice of Mr. Mutable.

MIL. What, our Mutable!

HEART. The very same——tho' I have reason to believe she hath as great an aversion for him as for me. There is some other, Millamour, hath supplanted me in her heart, whom I have not yet been able to discover; for to this match she is compelled by her father.

MIL. So you are a stranger to the man she loves; you have only discovered her husband.

HEART. Ten thousand horrors are in that name!

MIL. Hum!——faith, to him I think there may; but if the possession of your mistress's person be all you desire, I can't see how you are a whit the

father from that by this match ; and as to the first favour, I should not be much concerned about that. If a man would keep a coach for my use, I think it is but a small indulgence, to let him take the first airing in it.

HEART. Oh ! do not trifle. An hour, a minute, a moment's delay may be my ruin. Could I but see her before the marriage, this compulsion of her father's might throw her into my arms. But he is resolved she shall be married on the same day with himself, and he hath this morning taken a second wife.——Oh ! Millamour, thou hast a lively imagination.——Set it at work for thy friend ; for, by heaven, I never can have any happiness but in Miss Stedfast's arms.

MIL. Miss Stedfast !—and her father married this morning !—O ! my friend, if I don't invent for thee, may I never be happy in Mrs. Stedfast's arms.

HEART. What do you mean ?

MIL. It is as fixed as your father-in-law's most confirmed will, that he is to be the cuckold of your humble servant. Take courage ; the d——l's in't if he robs us both of our mistresses in one day. Mine he has got already,——and much good may she do him.

HEART. Is it possible ?

MIL. Ay, faith. This father-in-law of yours that was to be, and that shall be too, hath outstript me in the race, and is gotten to the goal before me.

HEART. You are a happy man, Millamour, who can be so easy in the loss of your mistress.

MIL. Ay, and of a mistress thou hast heard me toast so often, and talk so tenderly, so fondly of—in the loss of Clarinda.

HEART. The d——l ! was Miss Lovely your Clarinda ?

MIL. Ay, Sir, Miss Lovely, Mrs. Stedfast now, was my Clarinda, and is my Clarinda ;—and Miss Stedfast shall be yours,

HEART.

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HEART. Keep but your word there, Millamour.

MIL. Look ye, Heartfort, if she hath a mind to see you, I'll send for an engine that shall convey you thither, in spite of all the fathers in Europe.

HEART. But the time—

MIL. If you will step in with me while I dress, Brazen shall fetch the person immediately. Come, be not dejected; we shall be too hard for all, I warrant you.

HEART. Yet how do I know but every moment may be the curfed period of my ruin? Perhaps this instant gives her to another.

MIL. It cannot give her inclinations; and, as I have heard thee say, thy mistress hath wit and beauty, depend upon it these qualities will never be confined in the arms of a man she doth not like. Pursue her, and she must fall. Decency may guard her a honey-moon or two, but she will be yours at last. Never think a celebrated beauty, when she is married, is deceased for ever. No, rather imagine her setting in her husband's bed, as poets make the Sun do in that of Thetis;

Which from our sight retires a while, and then
Rises and shines o'er all the world again.

Y 4

ACT

A C T II. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, LUCINA's Lodging.

LUCINA *and* Mrs. PLOTWEL.

LUCINA.

DISTRACTION! Send me back my letter! Is not falsehood enough, must he add insult to it? Oh! may eternal furies haunt him! may all the horrors of despair attend his guilt! may he be so wretched, that hell itself may sicken with revenge!

Mrs. PLOT. And may you be so happy, as to have nothing to do with him! or rather, so wise not to desire it!

LUC. Sure it is impossible. He could not be so great a villain. You never carried him my letter. He, that has sworn so many vows of constancy—

Mrs. PLOT. Ha! ha! ha! vows of constancy! that any woman after eighteen should think of these. Vows in love have just the same meaning as compliments in conversation; and it is as ridiculous to believe the man who swears eternal constancy, as to believe him who assures you, he is your most obedient, humble servant.

LUC. Oh! Plotwel, had I but known thee sooner! had I but known a friend like you, who could have armed my unexperienced soul against the wicked arts of this deceitful man——

Mrs. PLOT. Then you would have followed my advice, just as you have done since we were acquainted. Could any one have armed you against the protesting dying lover, who was breathing out daily raptures at your feet, when it is not in your power to prevail against him, even when he has discovered his falsehood?

LUC.

LUC. Believe me, I could never assure myself of it till now; the whole long year that I expected his return to Paris, tho' it made me fear his falsehood, still left me room to hope his truth.

Mrs. PLOT. We are apt to hope what we desire. But could any woman have reason to expect the return of a lover, after a month had past beyond his promise? Had he intended to have married you, he would have done it before his departure. Marriage, like self-murder, requires an immediate resolution: he that takes time for deliberation, will never accomplish either.

LUC. Oh! Plotwel, thou art well skill'd in the wiles of the sex: I wonder thou could'st be deceived.

Mrs. PLOT. Yes, Madam, I have paid for my knowledge. Man is that forbidden fruit which we must buy the knowledge of with guilt. He must be tasted, to be known; and certain poison is in the taste. Were man to appear what he really is, we should fly from him as from a tempestuous sea; or were he to be what he appears, we should be happy in him as in a serene one. They lead us into ruin with the face of angels, and when the door is shut on us, exert the devil.

LUC. He must have been a man of uncommon sense, who work'd your ruin.

Mrs. PLOT. Rather the circumstances of my ruin were uncommon.

LUC. I am surprized that in all our acquaintance, though you have often mentioned your misfortunes, you have carefully avoided entering into the cause of them.

Mrs. PLOT. Though the relation be uneasy to me, still, to satisfy your curiosity, and to prevent any solicitations for the future, I will tell you in as few words as I can. In my way to Paris, twenty years ago, I fell acquainted with a young gentleman, who appeared to be an officer in the army. He continued our fellow-traveller on the road, and after our ar-

rival at Paris, took lodgings in the same house with us. I was then young and unskill'd, and too ready to listen to the flattery of a lover. In short, he employed all his art to convince me of his passion, to make an impression on that heart which was too weakly armed to resist him. He succeeded, — and I was undone.

LUC. I can't find any thing uncommon in these circumstances; for I was undone just the same way myself.

Mrs. PLOT. After a month spent in our too fatal and too guilty joys, he suddenly elop'd from Paris, and from that time I never saw him more.

LUC. But could any thing be so strange as your staying twenty years in Paris, without seeking after him?

Mrs. PLOT. I heard the same year he was slain at the battle of Belgrade. But I think it much more strange in you, after staying a year at Paris, to come a hunting after your lover. For a woman to pursue, is for the hare to follow the hounds; a chase opposite to the order of nature, and can never be successful. A woman is as sure of not overtaking the lover who flies from her, as of being overtaken by a lover who flies after her.

LUC. Well, I'm resolved to see him. If I reap no other advantage from it, I shall have at least the pleasure of thundering my injuries in his ear.

Mrs. PLOT. The usual revenge of an injured mistress. If nature had not granted us the benefit of venting our passions at our tongues and our eyes, the injury and falsehood of mankind would destroy above half our sex.

SCENE II.

SCENE, *The Street.* MILLAMOUR, .
HEARTFORT, BRAZEN.

MIL. Your calling on me was lucky enough; you could have been directed to none properer for
your

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your purpose than this woman : for tho' her body will scarce go thro' the door, yet she has dexterity enough to go through the key-hole. But let me tell you, that dexterity must be put in motion by gold, or it will remain in rest.

HEART. She shall not want that. When my Charlotte's at stake, fortune or life are trifles to the adventurer.

MIL. Well, for a sober grave man of sense, thou art something violent in thy passion. I always thought love as foreign to a speculative man, as religion to an atheist.

HEART. Perhaps it may : for I believe the atheist is as often insincere in his contempt of religion, as the other in his contempt of woman. There are instances of men who have professed themselves despisers of both, that have at length been found kneeling at their shrines.

MIL. Those are two things I never intend to trouble my head about the theory of——I shall content myself with the practice——

HEART. With the practice of one, I dare swear.

MIL. In my youth, I believe I shall ; and for being old, I desire it not. I would have the fires of life and love go out together. What is life worth without pleasure ? And what pleasure is there out of the arms of a mistress ? All other joys are dreams to that. Give me the fine, young, blooming girl, —cheeks blushing,—eyes sparkling. Give me her, Heartfort——

HEART. Take her with all my heart. Come, Mr. Brazen, you are to conduct me another way.

MIL. You are too soon for Mrs. Useful's appointment.

HEART. No matter—here is one coming I would avoid.

MIL. Ha ! Your rival. Nay, you have no reason to be angry with him : you tell me, he is as
averse

averse to the match as yourself: you cannot expect he should be disinterested out of complaisance.

HEART. It is for that reason I would avoid him. I am not master enough of my passions; besides, I hate lying and impertinence; I can't bear to hear a fellow run on with his intimacy with this duke and that lord, whom he has never spoke to, and, perhaps, never seen.

MIL. A more innocent vanity at least, than the boasting of favours from women, tho' with truth, as I have known some men of sense do; which is a vanity indulged at the expence of another's reputation.

HEART. Faith, and I take the other to be equally as destructive of reputation; for I can't see why it should more reflect on a woman, to be great with a man of sense, than on a man of sense to be great with a fool.

MIL. Pshaw!—thou art as serious in thy criticisms on life, as a dull critic on the Drama. I prefer laughing sometimes at a farce and a fool, to being entertained with the most regular performances, or the conversation of men of the best sense.

HEART. In my opinion, laughing at fools is engaging them at their own weapons; for a fool always laughs at those who laugh at him, nay, and oftener gets the laugh of his side, because there are in the world abundance of fools to one who is otherwise. In short, it is as dangerous to ridicule folly any where openly; as to speak against Mahometism in Turkey, or Popery in Rome. But he is here—Good-morrow.

SCENE III.

MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT,
MUTABLE, BRAZEN.

Mur. Nay; 'foregad, Heartfort, you shall not run away from me—Pox take your mistress, I would
not

not lose a friend for all the sluts in town—Pshaw! they are plenty enough—If thou can'st persuade my father off the match, I did not care if the devil had her.

HEART. Harkee, Sir, on your life, do not utter a prophane word of her.

MUT. Well then, I wish you had her, or the devil had her—'Tis equal to me—'Tis so difficult to please you—I must like her, and I must not like her.

MIL. Ay, Mutable, to content a passionate lover is as difficult as to sail between Scylla and Charybdis: you must fall into one extreme or other.

HEART. Tho' I would have Charlotte only mine, yet I could not bear to hear her slighted by another.

MIL. Well, Mutable, doth this early fall of yours proceed from having been in bed early, or from not being in bed at all?

MUT. Not at all, agad—That lord Bouncer is an everlasting sitter.

MIL. Who had you with you?

MUT. There was myself, three lords, two baronets, four whores, and a justice of peace. His worship, indeed, did not sit late; he was obliged to go home at three to take a nap, to be sober at the sessions——

MIL. And punish wickedness and debauchery.

MUT. Millamour, was you ever in company with my lord Grig?—He is the merriest dog—We had such diversion between him and the duke of Fleetstreet—Ha! ha! ha! says the duke to me?—Jack Mutable, says he—ha! ha! ha! what do you think of my lord Grig? Why, my Lord Duke, says I, what of my lord Grig? Why, says my Lord Duke again, he is damnably in love with my Lady Piddle.—You know my Lady Piddle, Millamour—she is a prude, you know; and that puts me in mind of what Sir John Gubble told me t'other day at White's——

HEART.

HEART. Death and damnation! This is insupportable. Come, Mr. Brazen—

SCENE IV.

MILLAMOUR, MUTABLE.

MUT. White's—Now, I mention White's, I must send an excuse to my lord Goodland. He invited me two days ago, to dine with him to-day.

MIL. Two days ago!—why, he went into the country a week since.

MUT. Nay, then Sir Charles Wiseall was mistaken, for he delivered me the message yesterday; which is a little strange, methinks.

MIL. Ay, faith, it is very strange; for he has been in Scotland this fortnight.

MUT. How!

MIL. It is even so, I assure you.

MUT. Then, as sure as I am alive, I dreamt all this. O! but may I wish you joy yet? They tell me you are going to be married.

MIL. Who told you so?

MUT. Hum!—that I can't remember. It was either the dutchess of Holbourn, or lady Chatter, or lady Scramble, or—

MIL. No, you dreamt it; a sure sign it will not happen.

MUT. Heyday! Where's Heartfort gone?

MIL. He can't bear a successful rival.

MUT. Poor devil! I pity him heartily. And I pity myself; for, I protest, I am as sorry at winning her, as he can be at losing her.

MIL. But, is there no way of persuading the old gentleman off?

MUT. Odd! here he comes. Prithee, do try; let me call you my Lord, and it will give you more weight with him; for he takes a lord to be as infallible as the pope.

MIL.

MIL. Ay, is he so fond of quality?

MUT. Oh! most passionately. You must know, he hesitates even at this match on that account; nay, I believe, notwithstanding her fortune, he would prefer a woman of quality for his daughter-in-law, tho' she was not worth a groat.

MIL. Ha! 'Sdeath! I have a thought—but mum—he's here.

SCENE V.

OLD MUTABLE, YOUNG MUTABLE, MILLAMOUR.

OLD MUT. Ha! Jacky, have I found you out at last? It is so long since I was in town, I had almost lost myself. But, harkee,—who's that fine gentleman? hey!

YOUNG MUT. O! one of the lords I told you I converse with—an intimate acquaintance of mine. I'll introduce you to him, Sir. My Lord, this is my father, my Lord—

OLD MUT. At your lordship's service, my Lord.

MIL. Sir, I am exceedingly glad to see you in town.

OLD MUT. I am exceedingly obliged to your lordship—My Lord, I am vastly unworthy so great an honour.

YOUNG MUT. You will excuse my father, my Lord: as he has lived in the country most of his time, he does not make quite so fine a bow as we do.

OLD MUT. My son says true, my Lord. I have lived most of my time in the country, the greater my misfortune, and my father's crime, my Lord. But, I thank my stars, my son cannot charge me with stinting his education. Alas! my Lord, it must be done betimes. A man can never be sent into the world too soon. What can they learn at schools or universities?—No, no, I sent my boy to town at sixteen, and allowed him wherewithal to keep the

best company. And, I thank my stars, I have lived to see him one of the finest gentlemen of his age.

YOUNG MUT. Ah! dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant.

MIL. It is owing, Sir, to such wise parents as you, that the present age abounds with such fine gentlemen as it does. Our dull forefathers were either rough soldiers, pedantic scholars, or clownish farmers. And it was as difficult to find a fine gentleman among us then, as it is a true Briton among us now.

OLD MUT. I am very proud, my Lord, to find my son in such company as your lordship's.

MIL. Dear Sir, the honour is on my side, I assure you.

OLD MUT. 'Sbud! Your men of quality are the civilest sort of people upon earth.

MIL. And, I believe, my sister is of the same opinion.

YOUNG MUT. His sister! [*Aside.*]

OLD MUT. I am extremely bound to your good lordship.

MIL. I see you are shy of speaking; but I do not at all think it beneath the honour of my house to marry into a worthy family with a competent estate, though there be no title.

OLD MUT. My Lord!

MIL. And since my sister has condescended to receive the addresses of your son, I shall not oppose the match.

OLD MUT. I am surprized, my Lord——

MIL. Nay, Sir, you cannot be surprized; for certainly Mr. Mutable has more honour, than to have proceeded so far without acquainting you.

OLD MUT. O, yes, my Lord, he has acquainted me——Yes, my Lord, I have been acquainted indeed——But the honour was so great, that I could scarce believe it.

YOUNG

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YOUNG MUT. [*Aside.*] This is not the first woman I have been in love with, without seeing.

OLD MUT. O, fie upon you, Jacky, why did you not tell me of this?—I'll go break off the other match this moment. My Lord, I cannot express the very grateful sentiments I have of this great honour, my Lord——

MIL. I shall be glad to see you at my house; in the mean time, Mr. Mutable may have as free access to my sister as he pleases.

YOUNG MUT. Dear my Lord, I am your most obedient humble servant.

OLD MUT. I and mine, my Lord, are eternally obliged to your goodness; and, I hope, my son is as sufficiently sensible as myself.—I will just go do a little business, and then, Jacky, I'll come to this place, and you shall carry me to wait on his lordship.—Be sure to be here, or I shall not be able to find you.—In the mean time I am your lordship's very obedient, devoted, humble servant, to command.

SCENE VI.

MILLAMOUR, MUTABLE.

MIL. Well, have I not managed the old gentleman finely?——

YOUNG MUT. Yes; but, as my lord Twitter says, how shall we carry it on?

MIL. That I am thinking. Suppose I get somebody to personate my sister—I see your father is of a good, easy, credulous disposition, and not altogether so inflexible as your father-in-law——

YOUNG MUT. No, hang him; he never kept a resolution two minutes in his life. He is the very picture of my lord Shatterbrain; and you know my lord Shatterbrain is very famous for breaking his word. I have made forty engagements with him, and he never kept one;—then, the next time we

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met,—Jack Mutable, says he, I know you'll pardon me—I have such a memory—but there's Sir George Goose has just such another too—but George is a comical dog, that's the truth on't—There was he and I and the duke——

MIL. Hearkee, I have thought how the thing shall be conducted. Heartfort's house shall pass for mine; thither do you bring your father; you shall find a lady ready to receive you.—But you must remember to behave to her as if you were old acquaintance. I will instruct her how to answer you. So, go now and expect your father, and remember to give me the title of lord Truelove.

YOUNG MUT. Agad, I din'd with Sir John Truelove about four days ago; and how many bottles do you think we fat?

MIL. Twenty dozen, if you will.

YOUNG MUT. No, faith, not that—not that quite. I brought off four to my own share tho'; and so drunk was my lord Puzzle—ha! ha! ha! and so mad—

MIL. But if thou art not quite drunk or mad thyself, prithee do mind thy business; for, if you stay one moment longer, I'll fling up the affair.

YOUNG MUT. I go, I go. My lord Truelove, your servant.—Foregad, Sir John is one of the merriest dogs in Christendom.

S C E N E VII.

MILLAMOUR *solus.*

Go thy way, Guillim display'd—Thou catalogue of the nobility—'Sdeath, I fancy 'tis the vanity of such fools as this that makes men proud of a title, without any other merit. Now, if I can but match this spark with my Northumberland Cousin, I shall handsomely be quit of a troublesome relation—And faith, I think, the arms of a rich fool are a sort of hospital, proper to every woman who has worn out her reputation in the service.

S C E N E

SCENE VIII.

Mrs. STEDFAST's House.

CHARLOTTE, *speaking to Mrs. USEFUL, who goes out and returns with* HEART-FORT.

Well, well, tell the wretch, I will see him, to give him another final answer, since he will have it. Poor creature! how little he suspects who is his rival! — Oh! Millamour, thou hast given this heart of mine more sighs in one week, than it ever felt before—nay, than it hath ever made any other feel. How shall I let him know my passion, or how avoid this match intended for me by my father! Well, Sir, how often must I tell you, I won't have you, I can't have you?

HEART. Madam, as you have often told me the contrary, I think you should give some reason why you will not have me.

CHAR. I tell you a reason—I hate you.

HEART. I might expect a better reason for that hate than the violence of my love.

CHAR. O! the best reason in the world. I hate every thing that is ridiculous, and there is nothing so ridiculous as a real lover.

HEART. Methinks, gratitude might produce the highest affection.

CHAR. Your humble servant, sweet Sir—— Gratitude!——that implies an obligation; but how am I obliged to you for loving me? I did not ask you to love me—did I?—I can't help your loving me; and if one was to have every one that loves one, one must have the whole town.

HEART. Can my torments make you merry, Madam?

CHAR. O! no certainly; for you must know, I am extravagantly good-natur'd: Nor can you your-

self say, that I have not begg'd you to get off the rack : But you would have me take you off in my arms, like an odious ridiculous creature, as you are.

HEART. Give me my reason again ; untie me from the magic knot you have bound me in ; for whilst you hold me fast within your chains, 'tis barbarous to bid me take my freedom.

CHAR. Chains !— sure being in love is something like being in the galleys ; and a lover, like other slaves, is the subject of no other passion but pity : Nay, they are even more contemptible—they are mere insects. One gives being to thousands with a smile, and takes it away again with a frown. A celebrated physician might as well grieve at the death of every patient, as a celebrated toast at the death of every lover ; and then it would be impossible for either of them ever to have dry eyes.

HEART. Come, come, Madam ; the world are not at all so deaf to reason as I am. There are those who can see your faults, tho' I can't—can weigh affectation against beauty, and ill-nature against wit.

CHAR. They are inseparable. No one has beauty without affectation, nor wit without ill-nature. But lovers, you know, only see perfections. All things look white to love, as they do yellow to the jaundice.

HEART. This cool insensibility is worse than rage.

CHAR. It would be cruel indeed to add to the fire. I would extinguish your passion, Sir, since this is the last time it can blaze in public, without prejudice to my reputation.

HEART. Sure, you can't resolve to marry a fool ?

CHAR. I can resolve to be dutiful to a parent, and run any risque rather than that of my fortune. In short, Mr. Heartfort, could you have prevailed with my father, you might have prevailed with me. I liked you well enough to have obeyed my father, but not to disobey him.

HEART. Was that the affection you had for a
man

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man who would have sacrificed himself and the whole world to you?

SCENE IX.

CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE, HEARTFORT.

CLAR. Fie! Charlotte, how can you use him so barbarously? Poor Heartfort! I protest, I pity you sincerely.

CHAR. Indeed, Clarinda,——for I shall never call you mother——I am come to an age wherein I shall not follow your advice in disposing of myself; nor am I more forward to ask your opinion, than you was to ask mine when you married my father.

CLAR. My dear Charlotte, you shall never have more cause to repent my marriage, than I believe you would have to repent your own with this gentleman.

HEART. My life, Madam, is a poor sacrifice to such goodness.

CHAR. Dear creature! if the old gentleman your husband was here, you would make him jealous on his wedding-day.——Besides, it is barbarous in you to blame me, for he hath taken a resolution to give me to Mr. Mutable; and you know, or you will know before you have been married to him long, that, when once he hath resolved on any thing, it is impossible to alter him.

SCENE X.

STEDFAST, HEARTFORT, CLARINDA.

STED. Heyday! what's here to do? I thought I had forbidden you my house. Am I not master of my own house?

HEART. No, Sir, nor ever will, while you have two such fine ladies in it.

STED. Sir, if I had two empresses in it, my word
Z 3 should

should be a law—And I can tell you, Sir, I will have blunderbuffes in it, and constables too, if I see you in it any more.

CLAR. Nay, pray, my dear, do not try to shock him more; Charlotte hath used him ill enough already.

STED. Hearkee, Madam, my dear, I must give you a piece of advice on our wedding-day—Never offer to interrupt me, nor presume to give your opinion in any thing till asked—If nature hath made any thing in vain, it is the tongue of a woman. Women were designed to be seen, and not heard; they were formed only to please our eyes.

CHAR. You will be singularly happy, my dear, with a husband who marries to please no sense but his eyes.

CLAR. I do not doubt being as happy with him as I desire.

STED. This is another thing I must warn you of—Never to whisper in my presence.—Whispering no one uses but with an ill design. I made a resolution against whispering at sixteen, and have never whispered since.

HEART. Yes, Sir, and if you had made a resolution to hang yourself, others would have been equally obliged to follow the example.

STED. I wish you would resolve to go out of my doors, Sir; or I shall take a resolution which may not please you. Madam, if you have not given this gentleman a final discharge already, do it now.

CHAR. You hear, Sir, what my father says, therefore I desire you would immediately leave us, and not think of returning again.

HEART. Not certain death should deter me from obeying your commands; nor would that sentence, pronounced from any other lips, give me as much pain as this banishment, from yours. *[Exit.]*

SCENE

SCENE XI.

STEDFAST, CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE.

CLAR. Go thy ways, for a pretty fellow.

STED. Go thy ways, for an hypocrite. We shall have that fellow turn rake at forty. The seeds of raking are in him, and one time or other they will break out. Rakery is a disease in the blood, which every man is born with; and the sooner it shews itself, the better.

CHAR. But I hope, Sir, since I have complied with your commands, in dispatching one lover, you will comply with my desires, in delaying my alliance with another.

STED. As for that, you may be very easy: So you are married to-day, I care not what hour.

CHAR. Why to-day, Sir?

STED. Because I have resolved it, Madam.

CHAR. One day sure would make no difference.

STED. Madam, I have said it.

CLAR. Let me intercede for so short a reprieve.

STED. I am fixed.

CHAR. Consider, my whole happiness is at stake.

STED. If the happiness of the world was at stake, I would not alter my resolution. [*Servant enters.*]

SERV. Sir, Mr. Mutable is below.

STED. Shew him up. Go you two in.—Daughter, be sure and make yourself ready. I have not yet resolved the hour of marrying you, but it shall be this afternoon; for I am determined to keep both our wedding-suppers together.

SCENE XII.

STEDFAST, OLD MUTABLE.

STED. Mr. Mutable, your servant. Odso! where's the bridegroom?—He is a little too backward for a young fellow: The bride has reason to take it amiss.

OLD MUT. Nay, Mr. Stedfast, if she or you take any thing amiss, we cannot help that.

STED. Pugh! I was in jest with thee: She shall take nothing amiss, for I am resolved on the match.

OLD MUT. Truly, I am sorry for it.

STED. Ha! sorry—for what?

OLD MUT. Since it must be known, what signifies hesitation?—My son is pre-engag'd, Sir.

STED. How, Sir, pre-engag'd!

OLD MUT. Yes, Sir, to a young lady of beauty and fortune—and, what is more, a lady of quality. I assure you, Sir, I did not know one word of it when our bargain was made; which I am sorry for, and heartily ask your pardon.

STED. And is this the manner you treat me in, after I have refused such offers for your son's sake.

OLD MUT. The match was none of my own choice; but if quality will drop into one's lap—

STED. Ay, quality may drop into your lap or your pocket either, and not make them one bit the heavier—And pray, who is this great lady of quality?

OLD MUT. I know nothing more of her, than that she is a lord's sister.

STED. Hath she no name then?

OLD MUT. Yes, Sir, I suppose she hath a name, tho' I don't know it.

STED. And pray, Sir, what's her fortune?

OLD MUT. I don't know that either.

STED. Your very humble servant, Sir—I honour your profundity: If the lady's quality be equal to your wisdom, Goatham and Fleetstreet will be in strict alliance—Sir, I admire your son; for tho' it is probable he may get nothing by the bargain, I find he has sense enough to outwit his father; and he may laugh at you, while all the world laughs at him.

OLD MUT. What do you mean, Sir?

STED. Stay till your daughter be brought home, she will explain my meaning, I warrant you—she will

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will bring you both extremes, my life on't—Quality in the kennel, and fortune in the air.

OLD MUT. Hum! if it should prove so—Sir, the match is not compleated.

STED. No, Sir; you are very capable of breaking it off, we see— (*Servant enters.*)

SER. Sir, the lawyer is come with the writings.

STED. He may cancel them if he pleases, and hang himself when he has done.

OLD MUT. Stay, Sir, I am not determined in this affair——

STED. Nor in any, I am sure—but I am; and you must give up your pretensions one way or other this moment.

OLD MUT. Then I stand by the securest—So desire the lawyer to walk in—I hope you will forgive me, Mr. Stedfast, what's past.

STED. Ay, Sir, more for my own sake than yours; for had I not resolved on the match, I might have taken other measures.

S C E N E XIII.

OLD MUTABLE, STEDFAST, PRIG.

OLD MUT. Come Sir, I am ready to sign articles.

STED. Where's Mr. Squeezepurse, your master?

PRIG. Sir, my master is busy, he could not wait on you, but I can do it as well.

STED. Sir, I am the best judge of that—I have resolved never to sign any thing without your master.

PRIG. It is the very same thing, I assure you——The writings are fully drawn, and any witness may do as well as my master.

STED. Your master is a negligent puppy, and uses me doubly ill—first, in staying away, and then in sending such an impertinent coxcomb to dispute with me.

OLD MUT. I believe, Mr. Stedfast, we may do it.

STED. Excuse me, Sir, I shall not alter my resolves—

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solves—Therefore go to your master, and tell him to come to me immediately ; for I will not sign without him, that I am resolv'd.

OLD MUT. In the mean while, I'll step just by, and call my son, that we may meet with no further interruption. (*Servant enters.*)

SER. Sir, the tailor hath sent word, that he cannot finish the new liveries till to-morrow morning.

STED. Then, Sir, go and give my humble service to the tailor, and tell him to send them half done or undone ; for I am resolv'd to have them put on to-day, tho' they are thrown like blankets over their shoulders, and my equipage should look like the retinue of a Morocco ambassador.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *The Street.*

HEARTFORT, MILLAMOUR, MUTABLE.

HEART. **T**HOUGH I fear my fortune desperate, yet is my obligation infinite to you, my dear Millamour, for this trouble.

MUT. And to me too.—Agad, I have run the hazard of being disinherited on your account—As for the wife, the loss is not great ; but I have a real value for the estate.

MIL. Come, faith, Heartfort, thou must confess thyself obliged to him ; he hath done what is in his power——

HEART. I thank him—And, in return, Mutable, let me give you a piece of advice. Leave off that ridiculous quality of pretending an acquaintance with men of fashion, whom thou hast never seen, for two reasons: First, no one believes you ; nor, if you were believed, would any one esteem you for it ; because all the prize-fighters, jockeys, gamesters, pimps,

pimps, and buffoons in England have the same honour——

MUT. Ha, ha, ha! this is very merry, very facetious, faith—Agad, Millamour, if I did not know that Heartfort keeps the best company, I should think him envious.

MIL. I rather think his ambition lies quite the opposite way; for I have seen him walking at high Mall with a fellow in a dirty shirt, and a wig unpowder'd.

MUT. Auh! what a couple of distinguishing qualifications he chose to appear in the Mall with!—

HEART. And the man he means happens to have qualifications very seldom seen in the Mall, or any where else——

MUT. Ay, prithee, what are these?

HEART. Virtue, and good sense.

MUT. Ha, ha, ha! virtue, and good sense; no powder, and dirty linen—Four fine accomplishments for an old philosopher to live upon——

MIL. Ay, or for a modern philosopher to starve with—But, mum—Remember who I am.

SCENE II.

OLD MUTABLE, YOUNG MUTABLE,
HEARTFORT, MILLAMOUR.

MIL. So, Sir, you are expeditious; and now, if you please, I am ready to wait upon you—

OLD MUT. I am unwilling to give your lordship any further trouble; for I find, my Lord, that matters are too far gone to be broke off now—So I thank your lordship for the honour you intended me. But the boy must be married to his former mistress——

HEART. Ha!

[*Aside.*]

MIL. What's this, Sir?

OLD MUT. In short, my Lord, I have as great an honour for quality as any man; but there are things to be considered—Quality is a fine thing, my Lord, but it does not pay debts.

†

YOUNG

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YOUNG MUT. Faith, you are mistaken there, father; for it does.

MIL. I little thought this consideration would have expos'd my sister to an affront—You are the last commoner I shall offer her to, I assure you—Perhaps you may repent this refusal——

YOUNG MUT. Dear Sir, consider——Your son's happiness, grandeur, fortune, all are at stake.

MIL. Now the affair is over, Sir, I shall tell you, that my sister was not only secure of a fortune much larger than Mr. Stedfast's daughter; but as I have resolv'd against marriage, my fortune and title too must have descended to your son.

OLD MUT. Hey!—And should I have seen my Jacky a lord—Should I have had a lord ask me blessing?—And a set of young lords and ladies my grand-grandchildren! Should this old crabtree itock have seen such noble grafted fruit spreading on its branches?—O my good dear lord, I ask pardon on my knees—Forgive the foolish caution of a fearful old man.

MIL. My honour, my honour forbids——

OLD MUT. O dear, sweet, good, my Lord.——Let pity melt your honour to forgiveness.

HEART. Let me intercede, Sir.

OLD MUT. If your honour must have a sacrifice, let my fault be paid by my punishment. Tread upon my neck, my Lord. Do any thing to me. But do not let me bar my son's way to happiness.

MIL. The strictest honour is not required to be inexorable. I shall content myself, therefore, with inflicting on you a moderate punishment. Whereas I intended to pay the fortune down before marriage; I now will do it afterwards.

OLD MUT. Whenever your lordship pleases. I will give one thorough rebuff to Mr. Stedfast, and return instantly.—Jacky, stay, stay you here, and expect me, to conduct me to his lordship. My lord,

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lord, I am your lordship's most obedient humble servant. [Exit.

MIL. This succeeds to our wish. I think I'll e'en play the parson myself, and marry you in jest.

YOUNG MUT. But I shall not play the husband, I thank you.

MIL. Pshaw—in jest.

YOUNG MUT. Hum, I take matrimony to be no jest.

MIL. And I take it to be the greatest jest in nature. When the old gentleman comes, Heartfort, do you take him to your house, which must pass for my lord Truelove's, thither will I bring the lady with the utmost expedition. But remember to give a particular order to all your servants, that your name is Truelove.

HEART. If you would have me stay with you in the mean time, I must have no lords. Nay, I will not allow you a baronet. Not even a plain Sir, though he was knighted but last week, and hath not paid his fees yet.

YOUNG MUT. Well, well, you shall be humoured, though I am at work for your service.

SCENE III.

STEDFAST's House.

CLARINDA, *Mrs.* USEFUL.

CLAR. To leave my husband's house on my wedding-day? And visit a gallant? I'll never consent to it——

USE. Then there's a pretty fellow gone to his forefathers.

CLAR. No, tell the barbarous man, undone as he is, I would have consented to any other portion with him than dishonour. Tell him, he hath forc'd me to the fatal resolution I have taken; for to avoid him, was my first cause of marrying; and tell him,

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him, in that hour I gave my hand to Mr. Stedfast, I resolved never to see him more.

USE. The devil take me, if I do. You may send another messenger. I'll have no hand in his death. I always had a natural antipathy to murder—Poor dear, pretty, handsome young fellow.—Go—you are a cruel creature!—Oh! had you seen how he sigh'd, and sobb'd, and groan'd, and kiss'd your letter, and call'd you by all the tenderest, softest names; then shed such a shower of tears upon the paper; then kiss'd it again, and swore he had lost his soul in you—Oh! it would have melted rocks, could they have seen it.

CLAR. Why wilt thou torment me to no purpose?

USE. It is your own fault, if it be to no purpose.

CLAR. What can I do?

USE. What can you do?—that any woman after eighteen should ask that question—What can you do?—Methinks charity should tell you, if your heart was not deaf to every thing that is good. When a fine, handsome young fellow is the beggar, what woman can want charity?

CLAR. I have no more to give—My all is now my husband's; nor can I, without injuring him, bestow—

USE. Your husband!—You are enough to make me mad—Injure your husband!—You may as well think you injure your chest, when you take the money out of it.—And would you be lock'd up all your life in that old fusty chest, the arms of your husband?

CLAR. Ha! Doth it become thee to rail against my husband, who hast employ'd all thy vile rhetoric to persuade me to receive him?

USE. To receive him as a husband I did,—and I now persuade you to make a husband of him.

CLAR. O, villain! What hath urged thee to use me as thou dost? Didst thou not first entice me

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to leave my convent, and fly to England with that monster Millamour?—And then didst thou not, with the same diligence, intreat me to this marriage? And now—

USE. What allegations are here! I own I advised you to quit a religion I thought not consistent with the health of your soul, and to fly to the arms of a man I thought loved you. When I thought he did not love you, I advised you to leave him—And now I find he does love you, I advise you to return to him again.

CLAR. What! with the loss of my honour!

USE. The loss of your honour! No, no—You may keep your honour still; for every woman hath it till she is discovered.

CLAR. Name it to me no more.

USE. At least you may see him—there's no dishonour in that.

CLAR. I dare not think of it.

USE. E'en do it without thinking of it—Let the poor man owe the continuing of his life to my entreaties.

CLAR. Oh! he hath a more powerful advocate within me.

USE. Well—I'll fly with the happy news.

CLAR. Stay—I cannot resolve.

USE. That's enough—She that can't resolve against her lover, always resolves for him.

CLAR. Well—I will take one dear last draught of ruin from his eyes—And then bid them farewell for ever.

SCENE IV. *The Street.*

CHARLOTTE disguised.

Here am I fairly escaped from my father's house—And now, what to do, or whither to go, I know not. If I return, I know the positiveness and passionateness of his temper too well, to leave me any hopes

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hopes of avoiding the match he is resolv'd on—If I do not, I dread the consequences. Suppose I find Millamour out, and acquaint him with my passion—I'll die sooner—If Heartfort were here this moment, I believe I should not refuse him any longer—Ah!

SCENE V.

MILLAMOUR, CHARLOTTE.

MIL. Pox on my rashness in discharging the good mother this morning—I shall never be able to find Lucina—I must get another—Ha! What hath fortune sent us? A woman in a masque—I suppose she doth it to hide the small-pox, or some cursed deformity—But hang it, she may pass for a woman of quality, for all that. Agad, I'll attack her, and if I mistake not, she expects it. At least she doth not threaten to run away.—Madam, your most obedient, humble servant—I presume, by your present posture, that your masque gives you an advantage over me—That I have the honour of being known to you——

CLAR. You may depend on it, Sir, it is to my advantage to cover my face by my doing it——And I conceive it would be to your advantage to wear a masque too.

MIL. I'll excuse your abusing my face, while you abuse your own—Nor do I believe you in earnest in either; for I see, by your eyes, that you like me; and I am pretty confident you like yourself.

CLAR. Indeed, if Mr. Millamour is so fully persuaded of the former, I think he may, without any ill opinion of my modesty, suspect the latter.

MIL. Hum! My name too——

CHAR. I hope you have not the worse opinion of yourself from my knowing it.

MIL. No, my dear—nor much the better of you, I can tell you. Hearkee, child, I find thou art some
old

old acquaintance of mine; and as those are a set of people whom I am always glad to serve, I will make thy fortune.

CHAR. Now I fancy you don't think me an old acquaintance: for, if I was, you must be assur'd, I know that it is not in your power.

MIL. Why, truly, Madam, I am not worth as many Indies as I would bestow on your dear sex, if I had 'em—But, in this affair, I am not to be the principal, but only a sort of agent—or, to speak in your own language, the bawd.

CHAR. Well, Sir.

MIL. And if you can but act the part of a woman of quality for one half hour, I believe I shall put it into your power to act one as long as you live.

CHAR. What! have you a man of quality to dispose of?

MIL. No; but I have what many a man of quality would be glad to dispose of. I have a great fortune for you; and that with it which many a woman of quality hath to dispose of.

CHAR. What's that, pray?

MIL. A fool!

CHAR. Oh! you won't want customers; but you and I, I find, shall not agree; for we happen to deal in the same wares.

MIL. But mine is a man-fool, Madam.

CHAR. And so is mine, Sir—but let us wave that; for I will give him to any one who will have him. The fortune is what concerns me most. Do you know any one in whose hands I could place ten thousand pounds with safety?

MIL. Nay, prithee don't trifle—If you will come with me, and act your part well, you shall be mistress of four times that sum, within these two hours. You shall have a husband, with those two great matrimonial qualities, rich and a fool.

CHAR. Ay, and what is his name?

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A a

MIL.

MIL. What signifies his name? Will you have a rich fool for a husband, Madam, or no? This must be some very vulgar slut, by her hesitation.

CHAR. No, Sir; I don't want riches, and I hate a fool.

MIL. Then, your servant. I must go find somebody that will. If I had but time on my hands, I should find many a woman of fashion would be glad to be Mrs. Mutable.

CHAR. Ha! stay Sir, (this may be a lucky adventure, at least it must be a pleasant one) if I had known Mr. Mutable was the gentleman——

MIL. Well, Mr. Mutable is the gentleman.

CHAR. O, heavens! My father. I shall be discovered.

MIL. Come, Madam, we have not a moment to lose. Step to my lodgings, and receive instructions.

CHAR. Well, Sir, I have so good an opinion of your honour, that I will trust myself with you.

MIL. My honour is most infinitely obliged to your confidence, dear Madam.

SCENE VI.

STEDFAST, OLD MUTABLE.

STED. Forgive, indeed! Why, a man may as well determine which way a weathercock shall stand this day fortnight, by its present situation, as he can what you will think an hour hence, by what you think now. A windmill, or a woman's heart, are firm as rocks in comparison of you.

MUT. I own he did overpersuade me; but pardon me this time, and I will immediately fetch the boy, and matters shall be dispatched.

STED. Hum!

MUT. Come, come, you cannot blame me. Who would not marry his son to a woman of quality?

STED. Who would not? I would not, Sir. If I had resolved to marry my daughter to a cobbler, I
would

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would not alter my resolution, to see her a-bed with the emperor of Germany.

MUT. All men, Mr. Stedfast, are not so firm in their resolutions as you are.

STED. More shame for them, Sir. I am now in the fiftieth year of my age, and never broke one resolution in my life yet.

MUT. Good lack! I am some years older than you are, and never made a resolution in my life yet.

STED. Well, Sir, I see your son coming: I will prepare my daughter. But, pray observe me. Make one resolution. If you change your mind again before they are married, they shall never be married at all, that I am resolved.

MUT. (*Aside.*) This is a bloody positive old fellow. What a brave, absolute prince he'd make? I'll warrant he'd chop off the heads of two or three thousand subjects, sooner than break his word. I must not anger him any more.

SCENE VII.

OLD MUTABLE, YOUNG MUTABLE, HEARTFORT.

OLD MUT. Come, Jacky, you must along with me: Mr. Stedfast and I are agreed at last.

YOUNG MUT. And disappoint his lordship, Sir?

OLD MUT. Don't tell me of his lordship. I have taken a resolution to see you married immediately: And married you shall be.

HEART. Confusion!

YOUNG MUT. Dear Sir.

OLD MUT. Sir, I tell you, I have taken a resolution: So follow me, as you expect my blessing.

YOUNG MUT. Heartfort, for heaven's sake stop him.

HEART. 'Sdeath! I'll stop him, or perish in the attempt.

SCENE VIII.

MILLAMOUR's Lodgings.

BRAZEN *alone, with an opera-book in his hand.*

Well, I cannot come into the opinion of the town about this last opera. It is too light for my goût. Give me your solemn, sublime music. But pox take their taste: I scarce know five footmen in town who can distinguish. The rascals have no ear, no judgment. I would as soon ask a set of country squires what they liked. I remember the time when we should not have suffer'd such stuff as this to have gone down. Ah dear, *Si caro (sings.)*

MILLAMOUR *and* CHARLOTTE
to him.

MIL. Heyday! Here, you musical Gentleman, pray, get you down stairs.

BRAZ. Yes, Sir. *(sings to the end of the tune, and exit.)*

CHAR. You have a very polite footman indeed, Sir.

MIL. Yes, Madam. But come, my dear, as you are now in a place where you have nothing to fear, you have no more occasion for your masque.

CHAR. No, Sir. Before I discover more of me, it will be proper to set you right in some mistakes you seem to lie under concerning me. In the first place know, that I am a gentlewoman.

MIL. Ay, a parson's daughter, descended from very honest and reputable parents, I dare swear.

(Aside.)

CHAR. And, what will surprize you, one of a very good family, and very great fortune.

MIL. Ay, that would surprize me indeed. But come, unmasqué, or you will force me to a violence I would avoid.

CHAR.

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CHAR. You promised me not to be rude, before I would venture hither; and, I assure you, I am a woman of fashion.

MIL. Well, Madam, if you are a woman of fashion, I am sure you have too much good-nature to be angry with me for breaking a promise, which you have too much wit to expect I should keep. Besides, where there is no breach of confidence, there is no breach of promise. And you no more believe us when we swear we won't be rude, than we believe you when you swear you think us so. So, dear sweet gentlewoman, unmasque; for I am in haste to serve my friend, and yet I find I must serve myself first.

CHAR. Hold, Sir. You know you are but a procurer.

MIL. But I generally taste what I procure, before I put it into a friend's hands. Look ye, Madam, it is in vain to resist. So, my dear artificial Black-moor, I desire thee to uncover.

CHAR. No, Sir, first hear my history.

MIL. I will first see the frontispiece of it.

CHAR. Know, I am a woman of strict honour.

MIL. Your history hath a very lamentable beginning.

CHAR. And in the greatest distress in the world; for I am this day to be married to a man I despise. Now, if Mr. Millamour can find out any means to deliver me from the hands of this uncourteous Knight, I don't know how far my generosity may reward him. I forgive these suspicions of me, which the manner, in which you found me, sufficiently justifies: But, I do assure you, this adventure is the only one which can attack my reputation; and I am the only child of a rich old father, and can make the fortune of my husband.

MIL. Husband! Oh!

CHAR. Ay, husband. As rich a man as Mr. Millamour would leap at the name; though I hope

you don't think it my intention to make one of you—To endeavour wickedly to inclose a common that belongs to the whole sex.

MIL. Ouns! What the devil can she be?

CHAR. You have a rare opinion of yourself indeed, that the very same morning in which you have escaped the jaws of a poor mistress, you should find another with twenty thousand pounds in her pocket.

MIL. Every circumstance, (*aside.*) Who knows what fortune may have sent me? What these charms of mine have done?

CHAR. What are you considering, Sir?

MIL. I am considering, my dear, what particular charm in my person can have made this conquest.

CHAR. Oh! a complication, Sir.

MIL. Dear Madam!

CHAR. For you must know, Sir, that I have resolved never to marry, 'till I have found a man without one single fault in my eye, or a single virtue in any one's else.—For my part, I take beauty in a man to be a sign of effeminacy; sobriety, want of spirit; gravity, want of wit; and constancy, want of constitution.

MIL. So that to have no fault in your eye, is to be an impudent, hatchet-face, raking, rattling, roving, inconstant—

CHAR. All which perfections are so agreeably blended in you, sweet Sir—

MIL. Your most obedient, humble servant, Madam.

CHAR. That I have fixed on you as my cavalier for this enterprize, for which there is but one method. I must run into one danger to avoid another. I have no way to shun my husband at home, but by carrying a husband home with me. Now, Sir, if you can have the same implicit faith in my fortune as you had in my beauty, the bargain is struck. Send for a parson, and you know what follows—(*unmasques*)
you

you may easily see my confusion. And I would have you imagine you owe this declaration only to my horrible apprehension of being obliged to take a man I like less than yourself.

MIL. I am infinitely obliged to you, Madam. But—

CHAR. But! Do you hesitate, Sir?

MIL. The offer of so much beauty and fortune would admit of no hesitation, was it not that I must wrong a friend! Consider, Madam, if you know none who hath a juster title to them. How happy would this declaration make Heartfort, which you throw away on me.

CHAR. I find I have thrown it away indeed—Ha! Am I refus'd? I begin to hate him, and despise myself.

MIL. Upon my soul she is a fine woman; but can I think of wronging my friend? The devil take me if she is not exquisitely handsome; but he is my friend—But she hath twenty thousand pounds—But I must be a rascal to think of her, and as many millions would not pay me for it.

SCENE IX.

MILLAMOUR, CHARLOTTE,
BRAZEN.

BRAZ. Sir, here is a lady.

MIL. 'Sdeath a lady!—Fool, sot, oaf! How often shall I tell thee, that I am never at home to two ladies at a time?

BRAZ. Sir, you would have hang'd me, if I should have deny'd you to madam Clarinda.

MIL. Clarinda! O, transporting name—My dear, shall I beg, for the safety of your reputation, you would step into that closet, while I discharge the visit of a troublesome relation?

CHAR. Put me any where from the danger of a
A a 4 female

female tongue.—Well, if I escape free this time, I will never take such another ramble while I live again.

MIL. (*Shuts her in the closet*) There—Now will I find some way to let Heartfort know of her being here. I am transported at the hope of serving him, even whilst Clarinda is at my door.

SCENE X.

MILLAMOUR, CLARINDA *introduced*
by USEFUL.

MIL. My Clarinda! This is a goodness of that prodigious nature—

CLAR. That it can be equal'd by nothing but thy falsehood.

MIL. Can so unjust an accusation proceed from so much sweetness? Can you, that have forsaken me—

CLAR. Do not attempt to excuse yourself—You know how false you have been—Nor could any thing but your falsehood have driven me to what I have done.

MIL. By all the—

CLAR. Do not damn thyself more—I know thy falsehood; I have seen it. Therefore thy perjuries are as vain as wicked. Do you think I wanted this testimony? (*Gives him a letter.*)

MIL. Lucina's letter! Cursed accident! She too hath received Clarinda's! but I must stand it out. Hear this! My falsehood! Mine! when there's not a star in heaven that hath not seen me, like an Arcadian of the first sort, sighing and wishing for you; the turtle is inconstant, compared to me; the rose will change its season, and blossom in mid-winter; the nightingale will be silent, and the raven sing; nay, the phoenix will have a mate, when I have any mate but you.

CLAR. Had this been true, nature should have sooner chang'd than I,

MIL,

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MIL. Oh! you know it is: you have known this heart too long, to think it capable of inconstancy.

CLAR. Thou hast a tongue that might charm the very fiends to their own destruction, 'till they own'd thy voice more charming, and more false than theirs. There is a softness in thy words equal to the hardness of thy heart.

MIL. And there is a softness within that.

CLAR. Hold, Sir, I conjure you do not attempt my honour: but think, however dear you have been to me, my honour's dearer.

MIL. Thy honour shall be safe—Not even the day, nor heaven itself shall witness our pleasures.

CLAR. Think not the fear of slander guards my honour—No, I would not myself be a witness of my shame.

MIL. Thou shalt not. We'll shut out every prying ray of light, and, losing the language of our eyes, find more delicious ways to interchange our souls. We'll wind our senses to a height of rapture, 'till they play us such dear enchanting tunes of joy—

CLAR. Oh, Millamour! (*sighing.*)

MIL. Give that dear sigh to my warm bosom. Thence let it thrill into my heart, and fan thy image there—Oh! thou art every where in me. My eyes, my ears, my thoughts would only see, and hear, and think of thee. Thou dearest, sweetest, tenderest—Would heaven form me another paradise; would it give me new worlds of bliss,

To thee alone my soul I would confine,
Nor wish, nor take another world than thine.

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, STEDFAST's *House.*STEDFAST, *with Servants.*

STEDFAST.

IS every thing in order? Are the new liveries on all the rest of my servants?

FOOT. Yes, Sir, they are all on after a manner; one hath no pockets, and the other no sleeves. John the coachman will not wear his.

STED. Then desire John the coachman to drive himself out of my doors. I'll make my servants know they are dress'd to please my humour, not their own.

COOK. Sir, it is impossible to get supper ready by nine.

STED. Then let me have it raw. If supper be not ready at nine, you shall not be in my house at ten. Well, what say you, will not my wine be ready?

BUT. No, indeed will it not, Sir; your honour hath, by mistake, mark'd a pipe not half a year old.

STED. Must I consult your palate or my own? Must I give you reasons for my actions? Sirrah, I tell you new wine is properest for a wedding. So go your ways, and trouble me with no more impertinent questions.

SCENE II.

STEDFAST, SQUEEZEPURSE.

STED. Mr. Squeezepurse, I am glad you are come. I am so pestered with my servants.

SQUEEZ. The laws are too mild——too mild for servants, Mr. Stedfast.

STED.

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STED. Well, and have you brought the writings?

SQUEEZ. They are ready. The parties hands are only necessary. The settlement is as strong as words can make it: I have not been sparing of them.

STED. I expect Mr. Mutable and his son this instant; and hope, by the help of you and the parson, to have finished all within an hour.

[Enter a servant.

SERV. Sir, here's a letter for your honour.

STED. Mr. Squeezepurse, you will excuse me. (Reads:) *Sir, I am at length fully determined to marry my son to the other lady, so desire all matters may be cancell'd between us. I was ashamed to bring you this refusal, so have sent it by letter. Your humble servant, Tho. Mutable.* Ashamed! Ay, thou may'st be ashamed, indeed.

SQUEEZ. Any thing of moment from the other party?

STED. Death and fury! Go call your lady here—She was a witness of his engagements. I'll go to law with him.

SQUEEZ. The law is open to any injured person, and is the properest way of seeking restitution.

SERV. My lady, Sir! my lady is gone out.

STED. How! gone out! My wife gone out—Oons, and pestilence! run away on her wedding-day! where is she gone?

SERV. I don't know, Sir.

SQUEEZ. I saw your lady, Sir, as I came by, go into a house in the other street.

STED. Shew me that house immediately, good Mr. Squeezepurse. I will fetch her home, I am determin'd. It is a fine age to marry in, when a wife cannot stay at home on her wedding-day.

SCENE

3

SCENE III.

MILLAMOUR's *Lodging.*

MILLAMOUR, CLARINDA.

MIL. Cruel Clarinda—Thus to stop short when we are at the brink of happiness; to shew my eager soul a prospect of elysium, and then refuse it the possession.

CLAR. With how much juster reason may I complain of you! Ah! Millamour, didst thou not, when the very day of our marriage was appointed, didst thou not then forsake me?

MIL. Heaven knows with what reluctance, nor could any thing but my fear of your misery have compell'd me to it.

CLAR. It is a strange love that makes its object miserable, for fear of its becoming so. Nor can the heart that loves, be, in my opinion, ever miserable, while in possession of what it loves.

MIL. Oh! let that plead my cause, and whisper to thy tender heart—

SCENE IV.

To him BRAZEN.

BRAZ. Oh, Sir! Undone, undone!

MIL. What's the matter?

BRAZ. Mr. Stedfast, Sir, is below with another gentleman—He swears his wife is in the house, and he will have her.

CLAR. I shall faint.

MIL. What's to be done—There's another woman in the closet, whom she must not see.

[Runs to the closet, and returns.]

BRAZ. Sir, he will be up stairs in a moment.

CLAR. Oh, heavens! *[Falls back into a chair.]*

MIL. Sirrah, be at hand, and assist me with lying. Her fright has inspired me with the only method to preserve

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preserve her. Give me my gown and cap instantly. Away to your post—Madam, do you pretend yourself as ill as possible—So! hush, hush! what noise is this?

SCENE V.

MILLAMOUR, CLARINDA, BRAZEN,
STEDFAST, SQUEEZPURSE.

STED. Where is this wicked, vile, rambling woman? Where are you, forcerefs, that are run away from your husband's house on your wedding-day?

MIL. Hold, Sir, you must not disturb the lady.

STED. Must not disturb her, Sir!

MIL. No, Sir.

STED. Why, pray, Sir, who are you?

SQUEEZ. Mr. Stedfast, give me leave, if you please. Whoever you are, Sir, I believe you scarce know what you are doing. Do you know, Sir, that this lady is a *Femme Couverte*, and the consequence of detaining such, without the leave of her husband first had and obtained? Mr. Stedfast, you have as good an action against the gentleman as any man can wish to have. Juries, now-a-days, give great damages in the affair of wives.

MIL. Is this lady your wife, Sir?

STED. Yes, Sir, to my exceeding great sorrow.

MIL. Then, Sir, you owe her life to me; for had not immediate application been made, the whole college could not have saved her.

STED. To you! Who the devil are you?

MIL. Sir, I am an unworthy practiser of the art of physick.

STED. How came she here, in the devil's name?

MIL. By a most miraculous accident—She was taken ill just at my door. My servant too was then by, as great good luck, standing at it. Brazen, give the gentleman an account how you brought the lady in, when you saw her drop down at my door.

BRAZ.

BRAZ. I was standing, Sir, as my master says, picking my teeth at the door, when the sick lady who sits in the chair, as my master says, and ready to drop down, as my master says; and so I took her up in my arms, and brought her up stairs, and set her down in the great chair, and called my master, who, I believe, can cure her if any doctor in England can; for tho' I say it, who am but a poor servant, he is a most able physician in this sort of falling fits.

SQUEEZ. I saw nothing of this happen when she came in, and this fellow's a good evidence, or I am mistaken.

CLAR. Oh, heavens! where am I?

STED. Where are you? Not where you should be—at home at your husband's.

CLAR. My husband's voice! Mr. Stedfast, where are you?

MIL. Go near her, Sir—Now you may go as near her as you please.

STED. What's the matter with you, Madam?

CLAR. I cannot tell you, Sir; I was taken in the strangest giddy manner, with such a swimming in my head, that every thing seemed to dance before my eyes.

STED. You may thank yourself. What did you do a-gadding? But is this giddy, swimming, dancing distemper over, pray?

CLAR. Not quite over; but I am much better.

MIL. I never knew that *Specificum Basilicum Magnum* fail; that is, indeed, an universal *Nostrum*.

STED. Sir, I am glad to hear you mention a *Nostrum*, by which, I suppose, you are not a regular-bred physician; for those are a set of people whom I resolved, many years ago, never to employ.

MIL. Sir, I never took any degree at our university.

STED. I like you the better for it.

MIL. You are a man of understanding, Sir. The university

university is the very worst place to educate a physician in. A man, Sir, contracts there a narrow habit of observing the rules of a set of stupid ancients. Not one in fifty of them ever ventures to strike a bold stroke. A quack, Sir, is the only man to put you out of your pain at once. A regular physician, like the court of chancery, tires a man's patience, and consumes his substance, before he decides the cause between him and the disease.

STED. Come, Madam, I suppose by this time you are able to walk home, or to a chair at least.

MIL. Sir, the air is very dangerous, you had better leave her here some time.

STED. Sir, I am resolved she shall go home, let the consequence be what it will. Doctor, here is something for your trouble. I am much obliged to your care—Madam, how do you now?

CLAR. Oh! infinitely better.

MIL. A word with you, Sir; I heard you say, this is your wedding-day—In your ear [*whispers*] Not as you tender your wife's future health, nay, her life.

STED. Never fear—come, Child—come, Mr. Squeezepurse. Doctor, your servant.

MIL. Give me leave, Sir, to hand the lady to her chair.

STED. Pshaw! I hate ceremony—pray stay behind—(*Pushes away Mil. and exit with his wife and Squeez.*)

MIL. So! we are well off this time.

BRAZ. Ay, Sir, some thanks to me; for I think I lied pretty handsomely.

MIL. Well, sirrah, and are you so vain of the merit? Did I not show you the way?

CHAR. (*knocks at the door.*) Doctor! Doctor!

MIL. Ha! get you hence, and endeavour to find out Heartfort, and bring him hither instantly. My fair prisoner, I ask your pardon for keeping you confined so long.

CHAR.

CHAR. Oh! Sir, no excuses: patients must be attended. But, pray, Doctor, have you not some little skill in casuistry? Will you advise me what to do in this affair, and whether you think it proper I should suffer you to pass with my father for so excellent a physician as you do?

MIL. Oh! Madam, it needs no great casuist to advise a young lady how to act, which should be always by the rules of good-nature. Besides, Madam, you shall not see your father deceived, for I will merit the same reputation with you, if you will take my prescription; for I will engage to recommend you one that shall cure you of all distempers.

CHAR. Ay! pray what is this infallible *Nostrum*? I am afraid it is something very nauseous to the palate.

MIL. No, far otherwise: it is taken by a great many ladies merely for its agreeable relish.

CHAR. Well, what is it?

MIL. Nothing more than a very pretty fellow of my acquaintance.

CHAR. Indeed! And pray is this very pretty fellow of your acquaintance like a certain physician of my acquaintance?

MIL. No, faith: if he was, you would have taken the *Nostrum* long ago.

CHAR. Hum! I question that. I fancy, Doctor, you are as great a quack in love as you are in physick, and apt in both to boast more power than you have. Ah! if I thought it worth my while, I would play such pranks with your wild worship.

SCENE VI.

MILLAMOUR, CHARLOTTE, HEART-FORT.

HEART. Oh! Millamour, I have been waiting for you. Ha!

MIL.

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MIL. Well, whether thou hast been waiting for me, or seeking me, I am glad you have found me; for I have a favour to ask of you, which you must not deny me. Madam, look him boldly in the face: I dare swear we shall carry our point.

CHAR. What point, Sir?

MIL. In short, Sir, this young lady hath begg'd me to ask your pardon in her name, and hopes your forgiveness of all her ill-usage, all her little airs, which the folly of youth, and the vanity of beauty together, made her put on; and she does most faithfully promise, nay, and I have offered to be bound for her, that, if you are so generous to forgive the past, she shall never offend for the future.

CHAR. Intolerable insolence!

MIL. Yes; her intolerable insolence, she hopes, knowing the infinite goodness and sweetness of your temper, will be past over; and that you will be pleased to consider, that a gay, giddy, wild, young girl could not have understanding enough to set a just value on the sincere passion of a man of sense and honour.

CHAR. This is insupportable!

MIL. Nay, nay, I think so too. I must condemn the hardness of your heart, that can be proof against such penitence in an offending mistress. Though she hath been, I own, as bad as possible, yet sure her repenting tears may atone.

HEART. I'm in a dream; for thou, my friend, I am sure, wilt not delude me. Madam, is it possible for me to presume to think the sufferings I have undergone, had they been ten thousand times as great, could touch your heart?

CHAR. Hum! I thank my stars, I have it.

HEART. I cannot be awake, nor you be mistress of such goodness, to value my little services so infinitely beyond their merit. Oh! you have been too kind. I have not done nor suffered half enough.

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MIL. Pox take your generosity! suffer on to eternity, with all my soul.

HEART. I desire your pity now a thousand times more than ever. This profusion of goodness overwhelms my heart.

MIL. Not one bit beyond a just debt; she owes you all.

HEART. Millamour, as thou art my friend, no more.

CHAR. Let him proceed; I am not ashamed to own myself Mr. Heartfort's debtor.

MIL. Ay!

CHAR. And though you have somewhat exceeded your commission, and said more for me than perhaps the stubbornness of my temper might have permitted me to say, yet this I must confess, my behaviour to Mr. Heartfort hath no way answered his merits.

MIL. Go on, go on, Madam, you never spoke half so much truth in your life.

SCENE VII.

MILLAMOUR, CHARLOTTE, HEARTFORT, Old MUTABLE, Young MUTABLE.

OLD MUT. My lord, I have been waiting for your lordship above this hour: if it had not been for Jacky here, I should never have found you.

MIL. A particular affair, Sir, hath detained me; but I am ready now to wait on you.

OLD MUT. Jacky, is not that your former mistress, Miss Stedfast? Odsso! it is she. What can she do here?

YOUNG MUT. I wish she be not come to spoil my match with my lord's sister.

OLD MUT. you have hit it, boy. Jacky, you have it: but I'll try that. My Lord, my good Lord—

[They talk apart.]

HEART. This is such an excess of goodness! You judge too harshly indeed of a few slight gaieties.

ties. Women with not half your merit and beauty daily practise more. And give me leave to think, they were put on for a trial of me.

CHAR. Ay, but what right had I to that trial, unless I had intended, which I never can, to disobey my father?

HEART. Ha! never can!

CHAR. Heaven forbid I should prove undutiful to him! And, Mr. Heartford, wherefore, pray, did you understand all these apologies made, but that, after all your merit, I must obey my father in marrying this young gentleman?

HEART. Confusion!

OLD MUT. Indeed, Madam, but there are more fathers to be obeyed than one. My son, Madam, is another woman's property; and I believe I have as good a right to my son, as Mr. Stedfast hath to his daughter. It's very fine, truly, that my son must be stolen from me, and married whether I will or no!

YOUNG MUT. Ay, faith is it, Madam, very hard that you will have me, whether I will or no.

CHAR. Indeed!

OLD MUT. Why truly, Madam, I am very sorry it should be any disappointment to you; but my son, Madam, happened to be, without my knowledge, at the time I offered him to you, engaged to my lord Truelove's sister. Was not he, my Lord? Sure, Madam, you would not rob another woman of her right.

CHAR. Sir, if it please you, honoured Sir, my good father-in-law that was to have been, a word with you.

OLD MUT. As many as you please, Madam, but no father-in-law.

CHAR. Though in obedience to my father I had complied to accept your son for a husband, yet I am obliged to your kind refusal, because that young gentleman your son, Sir, happens to be a person for

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whom, ever since I had the honour of his acquaintance, I have entertain'd the most surprising, invincible and infinite contempt in the world.

YOUNG MUT. Contempt for me!

OLD MUT. Contempt for Jacky!

CHAR. It would be therefore ungrateful, to let such a benefactor as you be deceived in a point which so nearly concerns him. This gentleman, Sir, is no lord, and hath no estate.

OLD MUT. How, Jacky, no lord!

YOUNG MUT. Yes, Sir, I'll be sworn he is.

CHAR. And he hath contriv'd, Sir, to marry your ingenious son to some common slut of the town. So I leave you to make up the match, and am, gentlemen, your most humble servant.

S C E N E VIII.

MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT, OLD *and*
YOUNG MUTABLE.

HEART. Millamour, I thank thee for the trouble thou hast undergone for me; but as the affair is no longer worth my pursuit, I will release you from your troublesome title, and this gentleman, from his mistake. So, Sir, your son is disengaged and you may marry him to the young lady just now gone, whenever you please.

MIL. Faith, Sir, I am sorry I have no sister for your son, with all my heart.

OLD MUT. And are you no lord?

MIL. No, Sir, to my sorrow.

OLD MUT. Why have I been imposed upon then?
[To Young Mut.] But how came you to join in the conspiracy? Would you cheat your father?

YOUNG MUT. Indeed, Sir, not I. I was imposed on as well as you. I took him for a lord; for I don't know a lord from another person, but by his dress. You cannot blame me, Sir.

OLD

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OLD MUT. Nay, Jacky, I don't desire to blame you : I know thou art a good boy, and a fine gentleman. But come, come with me. I will make one more visit to Mr. Stedfast, and try what's to be done. If I can pacify him, all's well yet. What had I to do with lords? We country gentlemen never get any good by them.

SCENE IX.

MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT.

MIL. Come, Heartfort, be not grave on the matter : I will venture to affirm thy mistress is thy own.

HEART. Damn her! do not mention her : I should despise myself equal with the fool just departed, could I think myself capable of forgiving her : no, believe me, Millamour, was she to commence the lover, and take the pains I have done to win her, they would be ineffectual.

MIL. And art thou so incensed with a few coquette airs of youth and gaiety, which girls are taught by their mothers and their mistresses to practise on us to try our love, or rather our patience, when perhaps their own suffers more in the attempt?

HEART. 'Sdeath, Sir, hath she not used me like a dog?

MIL. Certainly.

HEART. Hath she not trifled with my passion beyond all sufferance?

MIL. Very true.

HEART. Hath she not taken a particular delight in making me ridiculous?

MIL. Too true! and since I see you can bear it, I will tell you, she hath abused you, trifled with you, laughed at you, coquetted and jilted you.

HEART. Hold, Millamour, do not accuse her unjustly neither : I cannot say she hath jilted me. 4

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MIL. Damn her! think no more of her: it would be wrong in you to forgive her.

HEART. Yes, forgive her I can: it would be rather mean not to forgive her. Yes, yes, I will forgive her.

MIL. Well, do; and so think no more of her.

HEART. I will not; for it is impossible to impute so much ill usage only to the coquettish airs of youth: For could I once be thought to believe that——

MIL. And yet a thousand women——

HEART. True, true, dear Millamour: a thousand women have played worse pranks with their lovers, and afterwards made excellent wives: it is the fault of their education, rather than of their natures; and a man must be a churl who would not bear a little of that behaviour in a mistress, especially in one so very young as Charlotte is, and so very pretty too. For, give me leave to tell you, we may justly ascribe several faults to the number of flatterers, which beauty never is without: besides, you must confess, there is a certain good-humour that attends her faults, which makes it impossible for you to be angry with them.

MIL. Indeed to me she appears to have no faults but what arise from her beauty, her youth, or her good-humour; for which reason, I think, Sir, you ought to forgive them, especially if she asked it of you.

HEART. Asked it, of me! Oh! Millamour, could I deny any thing she asked of me?

MIL. Well, well, that we shall bring her to; or at least to look as if she asked it of you; and you know looks are the language of love.

HEART. But pray how came she to your lodgings this afternoon?

MIL. Ha! Truepenny, art thou jealous?

HEART. No, faith: your sending for me prevents that, though I was never so much inclin'd.

MIL.

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MIL. Let us go and take one bottle together, and I will tell you, tho' perhaps I must be obliged to trust a lady's secret with you, (and I could trust any but your own mistress's.) Courage, Heartfort: what are thy evils compar'd with mine, who have a husband to contend with; a damn'd legal tyrant, who can ravish a woman with the law on his side? All my hope and comfort lie in his age: and yet it vexes me, that my blooming fruit must be mumbled by an old rascal who hath no teeth to come at the kernel.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, LUCINA's *Apartment.*

LUCINA *with a Letter.*

SHALL I write once more to this perjur'd man? But what can it avail? Can I upbraid him more than I have already done in that which he hath scornfully sent back? Perhaps I was too severe. Let me revise it. Ha! what do I see?—A letter from another woman. Clarinda Stedfast! O villain! doth he think I yet want testimonies of his falsehood.

SCENE II.

LUCINA PLOTWEL.

LUC. Oh! Plotwel, such new discoveries! The letter you brought me back was not my own. but a rival's; a rival as unhappy as myself.

PLOT. And now I bring you news of a rival more happy than yourself, if the possession of a rake be happiness. It short, Mr. Millamour is to be married to the daughter of Mr. Stedfast.

B b 4

LUC.

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LUC. Ha! that was the name I heard when at his lodgings. He hath debauched his wife, and would marry his daughter. This is an opportunity of revenge I hardly could have wish'd. But how, how, dear Plotwel, art thou apprised of this?

PLOT. When you sent me back to Millamour, while I was disputing with his servant, who denied me admission, a fine young lady whip'd by me into a chair: I then brib'd his servant with a guinea, who discovered to me, that her name was Stedraft; that she was a great fortune, and to be married to his master; and that she lived in Grosvenor-Street.

LUC. Shall I beg you would add one obligation more to those I have already received from you, and deliver him this letter? It may prevent the ruin of a young creature.

PLOT. One of Millamour's letters to you, I suppose. But it will have no effect, unless it recommends him the more to her, by giving her an opportunity of triumphing over a rival.

LUC. No matter: to caution the unexperienced traveller from rocks we split on, is our duty: if that be ineffectual, his rashness be his punishment.

PLOT. Pray take my advice, and resolve to think no more of him.

LUC. As a lover I never will. Oblige me in this, and then I will retire with you to the cloyster you shall choose, and never more have converse with that traitorous sex.

PLOT. On condition you think no more of Millamour, I will undertake it, tho' it is an ungrateful office.

LUC. Come in with me, while I enclose it under seal, that you may securely affirm you are ignorant of the contents. Come, my faithful Plotwel, believe me I both hate and despise mankind; and from this hour I will entertain no passion but our friendship in my soul.

Friend-

Friendship and love by heav'n were both design'd,
That to enoble, this debase the mind.
Friendship's pure joys in life's last hour remain;
By love, that cheating lottery, we gain
A moment's bliss, bought with an age of pain. }

SCENE III. *A Tavern.*

MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT.

MIL. And now, dear George, I hope I have satisfied your jealousy.

HEART. I wish I could say you had as well satisfied me with your behaviour to this young lady—to Clarinda.

MIL. What wouldst thou have me do?

HEART. Why, faith, to be sincere; not what thou hast done: however, since that's past, all the reparation now in thy power to make, is to see her no more.

MIL. That would be a pretty reparation indeed! and perhaps she would not thank you for giving me that advice.

HEART. Perhaps not; but I am sure her husband would.

MIL. Her husband! Damn the old rascal: the teasing such a cuckold is half the pleasure of making him one.

HEART. How! What privilege dost thou perceive in thyself, to invade and destroy the happiness of another? Besides, tho' shame may first reach the husband, it doth not always end there: the wife is always liable, and often is involved in the ruin of the gallant. The person who deserves chiefly to be exposed to shame, is the only person who escapes without it.

MIL. Heyday! thou art not turning hypocrite, I hope. Thou dost not pretend to lead a life equal to this doctrine.

HEART. My practice perhaps is not equal to my theory;

theory; but I pretend to sin with as little mischief as I can to others: and this I can lay my hand on my heart and affirm, that I never seduced a young woman to her own ruin, nor a married one to the misery of her husband. Nay, and I know thee to be so good-natured a fellow, that what thou dost of this kind arises from thy not considering the consequence of thy actions; and if any woman can lay her ruin on thee, thou canst lay it on custom.

MIL. Why, indeed, if we consider it in a serious way——

HEART. And why should we not? Custom may lead a man into many errors, but it justifies none; nor are any of its laws more absurd and unjust, than those relating to the commerce between the sexes: for what can be more ridiculous than to make it infamous for women to grant what it is honourable for us to solicit, nay, to ensnare and almost compel them into; to make a whore a scandalous, a whoremaster a reputable, appellation? Whereas, in reality, there is no more mischievous character than a public debaucher of women.

MIL. No more, dear George; now you begin to pierce to the quick.

HEART. I have done: I am glad you can feel; it is a sure sign of no mortification.

MIL. Yes, I can feel, and too much, that I have been in the wrong to a woman, who hath no fault but foolishly loving me. 'Sdeath! thou hast raised a devil in me, that will sufficiently revenge her quarrel. Oh! Heartfort, how was it possible for me to be guilty of so much barbarity, without knowing it, and of doing her so many wrongs, without seeing them till this moment, till it is too late, till I can make her no reparation?

HEART. Resolve to see her no more; that's the best in your power.

MIL. Well, I will resolve it, and wish I could do more.

SCENE IV.

MILLAMOUR, HEARTFORT,
USEFUL.

USE. Oh! Mr. Millamour, Oh!

MIL. What news?

USE. Oh! I am dead.

HEART. Drunk, I believe. What's the meaning of this?

USE. Give me a glass of wine, for I am quite out of breath.

MIL. Help! Heartfort, help!

USE. I am come—Give me another glass.

HEART. You have no reason to complain of your breath, for I think you drink two glasses in the same.

USE. Well then, now I am a little come to myself, I can tell you I have charming news for you: Clarinda continues still in the same dangerous way, and her husband—but mum—what have I said?—I forgot we were not alone.

HEART. Oh! Madam, I will withdraw.

[Retires to another part of the stage.]

USE. Well then, her husband hath sent to me to fetch you to her.

MIL. He hath sent too late; for I have resolv'd to see her no more.

USE. What do you mean?

MIL. Seriously as I say—

USE. You will never see her more!

MIL. Never.

USE. You will see her no more! *[Passionately.]*

MIL. No: I have consider'd it as the only reparation I can possibly make her.

USE. Indeed! If that be the only reparation you can make her, you are a very pretty fellow. But it is false; you are not such a sort of a man. If I had

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had known you to be such a sort of a man, the devil should have had you, before I should have troubled my head about your affairs.

MIL. My heart reproaches me with no action of my life equal with my behaviour to Clarinda, and I would do any thing to make her amends.

USE. Could not your heart have reproached you sooner, before you had made me accessary to the cheat you intend to put upon her?

MIL. What cheat?

USE. The worst cheat can be put upon her. What! Sir, do you think she hath no expectations from you?

MIL. If she hath, her husband will answer them.

USE. Her husband! her husband won't, nor can't answer them——

MIL. I am not inclined to jest——

USE. Nor am I, but I think you are. What would you say of a man, who would sail to the Indies, and when he was just come in sight of his port, tack about and return without touching? Have not you been failing several years into the arms of your mistress, and now she holds them open, you refuse——What! did you court her only to refuse in your turn? to refuse her, when she is expecting, wishing, longing——

MIL. And do you really think her as you say?

USE. What could move her else to lay such a plot as she hath done? To pretend herself sick, that you might be sent for as her physician? But you would play the physician with her, and make her distemper real.

MIL. If I thought that——

USE. What can you think else? Can any thing hurt a woman equal with being refused?

MIL. Refused! what, giving up her matchless beauty to my longing arms? 'Sdeath! he is not of flesh and blood who could refuse. Thou dearest woman!

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woman! and dost thou think she will consent?—
Dost thou think my happiness so near?

USE. I know it must be—but—

MIL. But what?

USE. You had better make her a reparation for what's past, and see her no more.

MIL. Reparation! ay, so I will. All that love, transporting, eager, wanton, raving love can give. Heartfort, you must excuse me: Business, Sir, business of very great importance calls me away.

HEART. I can guess your business by your company.

MIL. Come, my dear Useful, convey me, quick as my desires, where only they can meet full satisfaction. Let me enjoy Clarinda,—and—then—

USE. And then—perhaps you may keep your word, and never see her any more.

[*Exeunt Use. and Mil.*]

HEART. There goes an instance of the great power our reason hath over our passions. But hold,—Why should I seek instances abroad, who have so sufficient an example in my own breast? Where, had reason the dominion, I should have long since expell'd the little tyrant, who hath made such ravage there. Of what use is reason then? Why, of the use that a window is to a man in prison, to let him see the horrors he is confined in; but lends him no assistance to his escape.

SCENE V.

SCENE, STEDFAST'S *House*.

CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE.

CLAR. O, Charlotte! let no passion prevail on you, to throw yourself away on a person you despise. Marriage knows no release but death. Had I the world, I would give it to recal mine.

CHAR.

CHAR. You see, Clarinda, it is easier to give advice than to take it.

CLAR. You are not in my situation. Think, my Charlotte, think but of the danger I was in, against the daily solicitations of a man, who had so great a friend within my breast. My little fortune spent. A friendless, helpless orphan. The very man I lov'd, with whom I must at least have shared poverty, refusing to make me the honourable partner of his bed! What could Charlotte then have done? Would you have then refused a rich, an honourable lover?

CHAR. Hum! agad, I don't know what I should have done. Heaven forbid it should be my case. I should not have taken the old fellow, I am positive.

CLAR. O, my dear Charlotte! never let any thing tempt you to forfeit the paths of honour.

CHAR. And yet, my dear Clarinda, you can feign yourself sick to see your lover. Pray, my dear, how doth a woman's honour do, when she is sick to see her gallant?

CLAR. Indeed, you wrong me. The terror I have of your father's bed, put me on the feigning this sickness, which will soon be real. For as to Milla-mour, I have determined never to see him more.

CHAR. Nay, I will swear, I saw Useful take a chair and go for him, as your physician, by my father's order.

CLAR. You surprize me! O that wicked woman, who hath been the occasion of all my misfortunes, and is determined to persecute me to the last minute!

CHAR. There is somewhat in her which I dislike, and have often wondered why you would indulge her in the freedom she takes.

CLAR. O Charlotte! in distressed circumstances, how easily can impudence get the ascendant over us? Besides, this woman, of whom I now have your opinion, can outwardly act a saint, as well as inwardly a devil. What defence hath the ignorance of twenty, against the experienced arts of such a woman? Believe

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lieve me, I thank heaven, I have escaped so well, rather than wonder I have not escaped better.

CHAR. Well, honoured Madam, if your daughter-in-law may presume to advise, rest contented with the honour you have already attain'd; for, if you should be overthrown but in one battle, there's an end of all your former conquests. But hush, hush! to your chair. My father is coming up.

SCENE VI.

STEDFAST, CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE.

STED. Well, Madam, how do you now?

CHAR. My mother is extremely ill, Sir.

STED. I did not ask you—How do you, child?

CLAR. Oh!

STED. O! This is the most comfortable wedding-day sure, that ever man had. Well the doctor will be here presently.

CHAR. Sir, the last words my mamma spoke were, she desired she might not see the doctor.

STED. Yes, Madam; but the last words I speak are, that she shall see him.

CLAR. No doctor——no doctor.

Enter USEFUL and MILLAMOUR.

USE. (*introducing Millamour*) Sir, here's the doctor.

STED. I am glad you are come, Sir: My wife is extremely ill—Go to her. Physicians should make a little more haste.

MIL. Give me your hand, if you please, Madam.

STED. How do you do, child?

CLAR. Oh!

STED. That's all I have been able to get of her, Doctor; she is not able to tell you even how she doth.

USE.

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USE. [*Aside.*] A true physician, faith! He feels for her pulse in her palm.

STED. How do you find her, Doctor?

MIL. Truly, Sir, I wish there may not be more danger in the case, than is imagined.

STED. Nay, the world shall not say she died for want of assistance. I will go send for another.

MIL. O, Sir! there's no need of that—I can trust to my own skill.

STED. I'm resolved.

USE. Come, Madam; we'll leave the doctor to his patient.

SCENE VII.

CLARINDA, MILLAMOUR.

MIL. O speak to me, Clarinda—Whisper something tender to my soul, or I shall die before thee.

CLAR. Thou hast undone me, Millamour.

MIL. Then I have undone myself—Myself!—What's that to having ruin'd thee! I would be ages expiring to preserve thee. My dear! my only love! Too late I see the follies of my life. I see the fatal consequence of my ungovern'd, lawless passion.

CLAR. Oh! had thy eyes but yesterday been open'd, but now it is too late.

MIL. Too late! I will put back the hand of time. O think it not too late! O, couldst thou but recover, thy marriage could not, should not keep us from being happy!

CLAR. Alas, my disease is but a poor pretence, to see you once again to take this last farewell.

MIL. Thou angel of softness! Thou fountain of eternal sweets! To take a last farewell! Then I will bid farewell to life, Clarinda. Life, which I will not endure without thee. Witness heaven, that could I but recal blest yesterday again, I would not slight the offers of thy virtuous love, for the whole world of beauty, or of wealth! O fool! to trifle with so vast a blessing,

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a blessing, 'till it was snatch'd from thee ! Yet since we cannot be what we wish, let us be what we can.

CLAR. No, Millamour, never with the forfeit of my honour. I will lose my life : Nay, what I value much more, rather than quit that idol of my soul, I will lose you.

S C E N E VIII.

MILLAMOUR, CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE,
USEFUL, STEDFAST, CRISIS.

USE. Hush, hush, to your posts, to your posts.

STED. [*introducing Crisis.*] Doctor, that is your patient, and heaven direct your judgment.

CRIS. Sir, Sir, harkee, who's that ? I observed him feel her pulse.

STED. That is a brother physician, Sir.

CRIS. Ay, what is his name ?

STED. Doctor, doctor Crisis desires to know your name.

MIL. My name ! name—My name is Gruel.

CRIS. Gruel, I don't know him, nor do I remember his name in the college. Some quack, I suppose.—Sir, I'm your humble servant.

STED. Stay, stay, dear Doctor.

CRIS. Sir, I will consult with no quacks ; Sir, I have not studied physick so long, to consult with a quack ! Wherefore have we a college of physicians, if we are to call quacks to our assistance ?

STED. For heaven's sake, Doctor, my wife will die.

CRIS. Sir, I can't help it, if half the world were to die, unless that man were out of the room I will have nothing to do : and that I am resolv'd.

STED. If you come to that, Sir, I am resolved he shall not be sent out of the room. I would not send him out of the room to save my wife's life ; No, nor scarce to save my own life. So see whose resolution

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will be broke first, your's or mine.—Resolved, quotha.

CRIS. Here, John, my coach! to the door—consult with a quack!

STED. Doctor, pray return my fee.

CRIS. Sir, your humble servant. *[Exit.]*

MIL. I hope, Sir, we shall not want his advice. I apprehend the distemper to be now some moments past the crisis, and in half an hour I may possibly send you the happy news of your wife's being out of danger. But it is intirely necessary she should go to bed, and then I will go and see her.

[Enter Servant, who whispers Stedfast.]

STED. Doctor, you will excuse me a few minutes—A lady wants me below stairs. *[Exit.]*

MIL. Come, nurse; you must put your patient to bed, and then I'll visit her again.

CLAR. Never, never, Millamour. Never from this hour will I behold that face again: That fatal cause of all my misery.

MIL. Barbarous Clarinda! Can I be knowingly the cause of one misfortune to you, when I would not purchase the world with one sigh of thine?

CLAR. Thy conversation is dangerous to my honour; and henceforth I will fly thee as the worst of contagions. Farewel—And think you have lost a woman, who durst not, from her tenderness, ever see thee more. *[Exit.]*

MIL. O agony! O Clarinda!

USE. Ha, ha, ha!—That ever a man, who knows so much of the sex as Mr. Millamour, should despair at the very brink of victory!

MIL. 'Sdeath—Did she not say, she'd never see me more?

USE. Well, and hath she not said so, a hundred times; and seen you as often! Did she not say, she durst not see you more? Women are all cowards, and dare not do any thing unless they are forced to it. I tell you she is wishing, sighing for you. Honour

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hour and love have a conflict within her breast, and if you stand by the little gentleman, I'll hold a thousand pounds he gets the better.

MIL. No more of this foolery. Thou hast undone us both: And by heavens, I will be revenged on thee. I will expose thee to all mankind, as thy infamy deserves, till every wretched maid shall curse thee, every honest woman despise thee, and every boy that meets thee, shall hoot thee through the world.

USE. Is this my reward?

MIL. Reward! There is none in law or justice equal to thy deserts. Thou art a more mischievous animal than a serpent; and the man or woman, who admits one of thy detestable character into his house or acquaintance, acts more foolishly than he who admits a serpent into his bosom. A publick mark of infamy should be set on every such wretch, that we might shun them as a contagion. Never see me more; for if thou dost, I shall forego the dignity of my sex to punish thee. O Clarinda! I will pursue thee still: for next to having thee mine, is leaving my life at thy feet.

MUT. Very fine! I have no more to do here at present. Such encouragement will tempt me to grow honest, and quit my employment.

SCENE IX.

STEDFAST, PLOTWEL.

STED. A very pretty reasonable gentleman, truly. Would not one woman content him? Must he have my wife and daughter too? Would he have my whole family? Madam, I know not how to return this obligation, which the great concern you have shewed for my honour hath laid upon me.

PLOT. Can you not find then in this face something which might give you a reason for that concern? Look stedfastly on me, and tell me if you

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remember no mark in these features, which were once known to you?

STED. There's something in that voice, that—

PLOT. That once was music in your ears, if ever you spoke truth to Cleomela.

STED. Cleomela!

PLOT. Are there then any horrors in that name? Age certainly hath left no furrows there, however it hath alter'd this unhappy face. Still, if remembrance of past joys be sweet, the name of Cleomela should be so.

STED. I am so surpris'd! I scarce have reason left to recollect you.

PLOT. Be not terrified. I come not to upbraid you; to thunder any injuries in your ears, nor breach of promise.

STED. You know you cannot. It was your own fault prevented my fulfilling them. Would you have changed your religion, you know my resolutions were to have married you. And you know my resolutions were never to marry you, unless you did. You kept your religion, and I my resolution.

PLOT. How easily men find excuses to avoid what they dislike! But that is past; nor do I come to claim the fulfilling it.

STED. No, heaven hath taken care to put that out of my power; as this letter hath told you before.

PLOT. I assure you, Sir, the contents of that letter I am a stranger to.

STED. Are you? then pray read it—for I intend to make them no secret. (*Plotwel takes the letter, reads, and shews much surprise.*)

SCENE X.

MILLAMOUR, STEDFAST,
Mrs. PLOTWEL.

MIL. O! Sir, the most unfortunate news.

STED. What's the matter?

MIL.

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MIL. Your lady is relapsed into the most violent fit of madness; and I question much whether she will ever speak again.

STED. She hath no need. She hath hands to write her mind. Nay, were they cut off too, she would find some other means. She would invent as strange methods to betray the lewdness of her mind, as Lavinia did to discover her injury.

MIL. Heyday! Your wife hath infected you with madness.

STED. Yes, my wife has infected me indeed. It breaks out here (*pointing to his head.*)

MIL. What can be the meaning of this? I am sorry to see this, Sir. Very sorry to hear this. This is no common distemper.

STED. No! I thought cuckoldom the most general distemper in the kingdom.

SCENE XI.

OLD MUTABLE, STEDFAST, MILLAMOUR, PLOTWEL.

OLD MUT. Odso! Mr. Stedfast, I am sorry to hear your lady is ill.

STED. It is probable you may; for you and I are not likely to be sorry on the same occasion.

OLD MUT. No, it is not—Yes, it is—it is impossible—Agad! 'tis he—'tis—my dear lord Truelove. I'm your most obedient humble servant.

STED. My lord Truelove!

OLD MUT. Ay, Sir, this is the worthy lord, Sir, to whose sister I was to have married my son, 'till, by good luck, Sir, I found my lord Truelove to be no lord, but a certain wild young vagabond, who goes by the name of Millamour.

STED. What's this I hear?

MIL. Ay, 'tis so,—the house is infected, and every man is mad that comes into it.

OLD MUT. Mad! You young dog you have made a fool of me, I thank you.

STED. I am a fine one, truly, if doctor Gruel be a cheat.

PLOT. Mr. Millamour!

MIL. Nay, then, 'tis in vain to contend. And it requires less impudence to confess all than to deny it. My dear Mrs. Plotwel. (*Millamour and Plotwel talk apart, and then go out together.*)

OLD MUT. Mr. Stedfast, if you please, we'll make no longer delay of the wedding.

STED. Sir, I hate the name of wedding.

OLD MUT. Heyday! I hope you are not capable of breaking your resolution.

STED. Sir, I shall break my heart. A man that is married is capable of every thing but being happy.

OLD MUT. Come, come, I'm sorry for what's past, and am willing, to shew my repentance, to put it out of my power to offend any more.—What signify delays? Let us have the wedding to-night.—

STED. Whenever you please, Sir.

OLD MUT. If your daughter be ready, my son is.

STED. I have no daughter, Sir.

OLD MUT. Ha! ha! ha! You're a merry man.

STED. Look ye, gentlemen, if one of you will take my wife, the other shall have my daughter. (*to them* Millamour.)

MIL. O, Sir! the luckiest news: Your lady is recovered, her distemper left her in a moment, as by a miracle, at the sight of Mrs. Plotwel.

STED. My distemper is not remov'd.

MIL. Take courage, Sir, I'll warrant I cure you—What you are sick of?

STED. What are you sick of too, by this time—my wife.

MIL. Is that all?

STED. This insult, Sir, is worse than your first injury; but the law shall give me a reparation for both.

MIL.

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MIL. Here comes a better friend to you than the law. If your wife be all your illness, she will do what the law can seldom do, unmarry you again. I don't know how uneasy you may be for marrying my mistress; but I am sure you ought to be so for marrying your own daughter.

SCENE XII.

To them CLARINDA, CHARLOTTE,
HEARTFORT.

PLOT. Start not at that word, but thank the watchful care of heaven, which hath sent me here this day to prevent your fall, even at the brink of ruin—And, with a joy becoming so blest an occasion, receive your daughter to your arms.

CLAR. My father,—I am resolved to call you by that name.

STED. Call me any thing but husband.

PLOT. She is indeed your daughter—the pledge of our loves—the witness of your treachery and my shame, whom that wicked woman seduced from the nunnery, where I thought I had placed her in safety.

CLAR. Sir, I kneel for your blessing, nor will I rise till you have given it me.

STED. Take it, my child, and be assured no father ever gave it more gladly. This is indeed a happy discovery—I have found my daughter, and I have lost my wife.

PLOT. My child, let me again embrace thee. This is happiness indeed!

OLD MUT. What, have you more daughters than one, Mr. Stedfast?

STED. Even as you see, Sir.

OLD MUT. Why then, Sir, I hope you will not take it amiss, that I desire all further treaty may cease between us.

STED. Sir, I would not marry a daughter of mine into your family, was your estate ten times as large as it is. So now you have my resolution. I should expect, by such a match, to become grandfather to a weathercock.

OLD MUT. Very well, Sir, very well—there's no harm done—my son is in statu quo, and as fine a gentleman as ever he was.

HEART. Your honour, Sir, is now disengaged. You will give me leave once more to mention my ambition, especially if another child is to share my Charlotte's fortune, I may appear at least worthier of her in your eye.

STED. Here!—Take her—take her——

CHAR. I told you, Sir, I would obey my father; but I hope you will never expect me to obey my husband.

HEART. When I expect more obedience than you are willing to pay, I hope you will punish me by rebellion.

CHAR. Well, I own I have not deserved so much constancy: but I assure you, if I can get gratitude enough I will pay you, for I hate to be in debt.

MIL. You was pleased, Sir, this day to promise me, that, on the recovery of your lady's senses, you would give me whatever I should ask.

STED. Ay, Sir, you shall have her before you ask. There she is, she hath given you her inclinations, and so I give you the rest of her. Heav'n be prais'd, I'm rid of them both. Stay, here is another woman still. Will no body have her, and clear my house of them? for it is impossible for a man to keep his resolutions, while he hath one woman in it.

MIL. My Clarinda, O! transporting extasy!

CLAR. My Millamour! my ever loved!

MIL. Heartfort, your hand. I am now the happiest of mankind. I have, on the very point of losing it, recovered a jewel of inestimable value. O

Cl-

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Clarinda! my former follies may, through an excess of good fortune, prove advantageous to both in our future happiness. While I, from the reflection on the danger of losing you, to which the wildness of my desires betray'd me, shall enjoy the bliss with doubled sweetness: And you from thence may derive a tender and a constant husband.

From my example let all rakes be taught,
To shun loose pleasure's sweet, but pois'nous draught,
Vice, like a ready harlot still allures;
Virtue gives slow, but what she gives, secures.

The End of the Fifth Act.

E P E

EP I L O G U E.

Written by a FRIEND, and

Spoken by Mrs. WOFFINGTON.

THE trial ended, and the sentence o'er,
The criminal stands mute, and pleads no more,
Sunk in despair, no distant hope he views,
Unless some friendly tongue for mercy sues.
So too our bard (whatever be his fate)
Hath sent me here compassion to create:
If damn'd, to blunt the edge of critics laws;
If sav'd, to beg continuance of applause.
All this the frighted author bid me say.
——But now for my own comments on his play.

This MILLAMOUR, for aught I could discover,
Was no such dang'rous, forward, pushing lover:
Upon the bull I, like EUROPA, ventur'd,
Enter'd his closet—where he never enter'd;
But left me, after all my kindness shewn,
In a most barbarous manner, quite alone:
Whilst I, with patience to our sex not common,
Heard him prescribing to another woman:
But, tho' quite languishing and vastly ill
She was, I could not find she took one pill.
Tho' her disease was high, tho' fierce th' attack,
You saw he was an unperforming quack:
But soon as marriage alter'd his condition,
He cur'd her as a regular physician.

My father STEDFAST took it in his head
To keep all resolutions, which he made:

As

EPILOGUE.

*As the great point of life, this seem'd to strike him ;
His daughter CHARLOTTE's very much unlike him.
The only joys (and let me freely speak them)
I know in resolutions, is to break 'em.*

*I think without much flatt'ry I may say,
There's strict poetic justice thro' this play.
You heard the fool despis'd ; the bawds just sentence ;
HEARTFORT's reward, and MILLAMOUR's repentance ;
And such repentance must forgiveness carry ;
Sure there's contrition with it when we marry.*

THE
L I F E
OF
MR. JONATHAN WILD
THE GREAT.

THE
LIFE
OF
MR. JONATHAN WILD
THE GREAT

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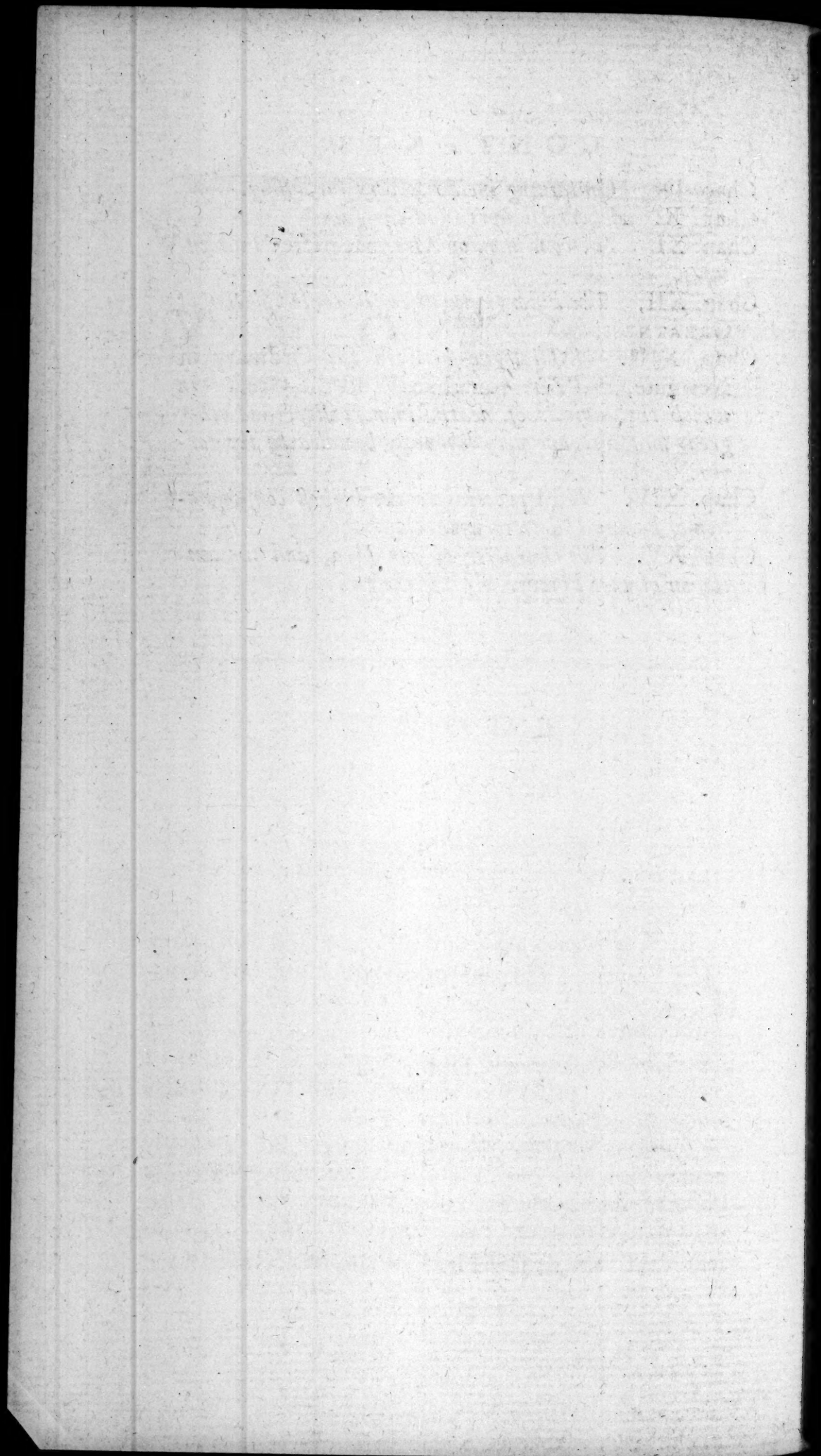
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THE
HISTORY
OF THE
LIFE
OF THE LATE
Mr. JONATHAN WILD THE GREAT.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

*Shewing the wholesome uses drawn from recording the
atchievements of those wonderful productions of na-
ture called GREAT MEN.*

AS it is necessary that all great and surprising events, the designs of which are laid, conducted, and brought to perfection by the utmost force of human invention and art, should be produced by great and eminent men, so the lives of such may be justly and properly styled the quintessence of history. In these, when delivered to us by sensible writers, we are not only most agreeably entertained, but most usefully instructed: for besides the attaining hence a consummate knowledge of human nature in general; of its secret springs, various windings, and perplexed mazes; we have here be-

fore our eyes lively examples of whatever is amiable or detestable, worthy of admiration or abhorrence, and are consequently taught, in a manner infinitely more effectual than by precept, what we are eagerly to imitate or carefully to avoid.

BUT besides the two obvious advantages of surveying, as it were in a picture, the true beauty of virtue, and deformity of vice, we may moreover learn from Plutarch, Nepos, Suetonius, and other biographers, this useful lesson, not too hastily nor in the gross, to bestow either our praise or censure; since we shall often find such a mixture of good and evil in the same character, that it may require a very accurate judgment and a very elaborate inquiry to determine on which side the balance turns: for tho' we sometimes meet with an Aristides or a Brutus, a Lyfander or a Nero, yet far the greater number are of the mixt kind; neither totally good nor bad; their greatest virtues being obscured and allayed by their vices, and those again softened and coloured over by their virtues.

OF this kind was the illustrious person whose history we now undertake; to whom tho' nature had given the greatest and most shining endowments, she had not given them absolutely pure and without alloy. Though he had much of the admirable in his character, as much perhaps as is usually to be found in a hero, I will not yet venture to affirm that he was entirely free from all defects; or that the sharp eyes of censure could not spy out some little blemishes lurking amongst his many great perfections.

WE would not therefore be understood to affect giving the reader a perfect or consummate pattern of human excellence; but rather, by faithfully recording some little imperfections, which shadowed over the lustre of those great qualities which we shall here record, to teach the lesson we have above mentioned; to induce our reader with us to lament the frailty of human nature, and to convince him that

no mortal, after a thorough scrutiny, can be a proper object of our adoration.

BUT before we enter on this great work, we must endeavour to remove some errors of opinion which mankind have, by the dissingenuity of writers, contracted: for these, from their fear of contradicting the obsolete and absurd doctrines of a set of simple fellows, called, in derision, sages or philosophers, have endeavoured, as much as possible, to confound the ideas of greatness and goodness; whereas no two things can possibly be more distinct from each other: for Greatness consists in bringing all manner of mischief on mankind, and Goodness in removing it from them. It seems therefore very unlikely that the same person should possess them both; and yet nothing is more usual with writers, who find many instances of greatness in their favourite hero, than to make him a compliment of goodness into the bargain; and this, without considering that by such means they destroy the great perfection called uniformity of character. In the histories of Alexander and Cæsar, we are frequently, and indeed impertinently, reminded of their benevolence and generosity, of their clemency and kindness. When the former had with fire and sword overrun a vast empire, had destroyed the lives of an immense number of innocent wretches, had scattered ruin and desolation like a whirlwind, we are told, as an example of his clemency, that he did not cut the throat of an old woman, and ravish her daughters, but was content with only undoing them. And when the mighty Cæsar, with wonderful greatness of mind, had destroyed the liberties of his country, and with all the means of fraud and force had placed himself at the head of his equals, had corrupted and enslaved the greatest people whom the sun ever saw; we are reminded, as an evidence of his generosity, of his largesses to his followers and tools, by whose means he

had accomplished his purpose, and by whose assistance he was to establish it.

Now, who doth not see that such sneaking qualities as these are rather to be bewailed as imperfections, than admired as ornaments in these great men; rather obscuring their glory, and holding them back in their race to greatness, indeed unworthy the end for which they seem to have come into the world, viz. of perpetrating vast and mighty mischief?

We hope our reader will have reason justly to acquit us of any such confounding ideas in the following pages; in which, as we are to record the actions of a great man, so we have no where mentioned any spark of goodness, which had discovered itself either faintly in him, or more glaringly in any other person, but as a meanness and imperfection, disqualifying them for undertakings which lead to honour and esteem among men.

As our hero had as little as perhaps is to be found of that meanness, indeed only enough to make him partaker of the imperfection of humanity, instead of the perfection of Diabolism, we have ventured to call him THE GREAT; nor do we doubt but our reader, when he hath perused his story, will concur with us in allowing him that title.

C H A P. II.

Giving an account of as many of our hero's ancestors as can be gathered out of the rubbish of antiquity, which hath been carefully sifted for that purpose.

IT is the custom of all biographers, at their entrance into their work, to step a little backwards (as far, indeed, generally as they are able) and to trace up their hero, as the ancients did the river Nile, till an incapacity of proceeding higher puts an end to their search.

WHAT first gave rise to this method, is somewhat difficult to determine. Sometimes I have thought that the hero's ancestors have been introduced as foils to himself. Again, I have imagined it might be to obviate a suspicion that such extraordinary performances were not produced in the ordinary course of nature, and may have proceeded from the author's fear, that if we were not told who their fathers were, they might be in danger, like prince Prettyman, of being supposed to have had none. Lastly, and perhaps more truly, I have conjectured that the design of the biographer hath been no more than to shew his great learning and knowledge of antiquity. A design to which the world hath probably owed many notable discoveries, and indeed most of the labours of our antiquarians.

BUT whatever original this custom had, it is now too well established to be disputed. I shall therefore conform to it in the strictest manner.

MR. Jonathan Wild, or Wyld, then (for he himself did not always agree in one method of spelling his name) was descended from the great Wolfstan Wild, who came over with Hengist, and distinguished himself very eminently at that famous festival, where the Britons were so treacherously murdered by the Saxons; for when the word was given, *i. e. Nemet eour Saxes, Take out your swords*, this gentleman, being a little hard of hearing, mistook the sound for *Nemet her Sacs, Take out their purses*; instead therefore of applying to the throat, he immediately applied to the pocket of his guest; and contented himself with taking all that he had, without attempting his life.

THE next ancestor of our hero, who was remarkably eminent, was Wild, surnamed Langfanger, or Longfinger. He flourished in the reign of Henry III. and was strictly attached to Hubert de Burgh, whose friendship he was recommended to by his great excellence in an art, of which Hubert was

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was himself the inventor : he could, without the knowledge of the proprietor, with great ease and dexterity, draw forth a man's purse from any part of his garment where it was deposited, and hence he derived his surname. This gentleman was the first of his family who had the honour to suffer for the good of his country : on whom a wit of that time made the following epitaph :

*O shame o' Justice, Wild is hang'd,
For thatten he a pocket fang'd,
While safe old Hubert, and his gang,
Doth pocket o' the nation fang.*

LANGFANGER left a son named Edward, whom he had carefully instructed in the art for which he himself was so famous. This Edward had a grandson, who served as a volunteer under the famous Sir John Falstaff, and by his gallant demeanour, so recommended himself to his captain, that he would have certainly been promoted by him, had Harry the fifth kept his word with his old companion.

AFTER the death of Edward, the family remained in some obscurity down to the reign of Charles the First, when James Wild distinguished himself on both sides the question in the civil wars, passing from one to t'other, as heaven seemed to declare itself in favour of either party. At the end of the war, James not being rewarded according to his merits, as is usually the case of such impartial persons, he associated himself with a brave man of those times, whose name was Hind, and declared open war with both parties. He was successful in several actions, and spoiled many of the enemy ; till at length, being overpowered and taken, he was, contrary to the law of arms, put basely and cowardly to death, by a combination between twelve men of the enemy's party, who, after some consultation, unanimously agreed on the said murder.

THIS

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THIS Edward took to wife Rebecca the daughter of the abovementioned John Hind, Esq; by whom he had issue John, Edward, Thomas, and Jonathan, and three daughters, namely Grace, Charity, and Honour. John followed the fortunes of his father, and suffering with him, left no issue. Edward was so remarkable for his compassionate temper, that he spent his life in soliciting the causes of the distressed captives in Newgate, and is reported to have held a strict friendship with an eminent divine, who solicited the spiritual causes of the said captives. He married Editha, daughter and coheiress of Geoffry Snap, Gent. who long enjoyed an office under the high sheriff of London and Middlesex, by which, with great reputation, he acquired a handsome fortune: by her he had no issue. Thomas went very young abroad to one of our American colonies, and hath not been since heard of. As for the daughters, Grace was married to a merchant of Yorkshire, who dealt in horses. Charity took to husband an eminent gentleman, whose name I cannot learn; but who was famous for so friendly a disposition, that he was bail for above a hundred persons in one year. He had likewise the remarkable humour of walking in Westminster-hall with a straw in his shoe. Honour, the youngest, died unmarried. She lived many years in this town, was a great frequenter of plays, and used to be remarkable for distributing oranges to all who would accept of them.

Jonathan married Elizabeth, daughter of Scragg Hollow, of Hockley in the Hole, Esq; and by her had Jonathan, who is the illustrious subject of these memoirs.

C H A P III.

The birth, parentage, and education of Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great.

IT is observable that nature seldom produces any one who is afterwards to act a notable part on the stage of life, but she gives some warning of her intention; and as the dramatic poet generally prepares the entry of every considerable character, with a solemn narrative, or at least a great flourish of drums and trumpets; so doth this our *Alma Mater* by some shrewd hints preadmonish us of her intention, giving us warning as it were, and crying:

———— *Venienti occurrere morbo.*

Thus Aftyages, who was the grandfather of Cyrus, dreamt that his daughter was brought to bed of a vine, whose branches overspread all Asia; and Hecuba, while big with Paris, dreamt that she was delivered of a firebrand that set all Troy in flames; so did the mother of our Great Man, while she was with child of him, dream that she was enjoyed in the night by the gods Mercury and Priapus. This dream puzzled all the learned astrologers of her time, seeming to imply in it a contradiction; Mercury being the god of ingenuity, and Priapus the terror of those who practised it. What made this dream the more wonderful, and perhaps the true cause of its being remembered, was a very extraordinary circumstance, sufficiently denoting something preternatural in it; for tho' she had never heard even the name of either of these gods, she repeated these very words in the morning, with only a small mistake of the quantity of the latter, which she chose to call *Priāpus* instead of *Priāpus*; and her husband swore that though he might possibly have named Mercury to her (for he had heard of such an heathen god) he never

never in his life could have anywise put her in mind of that other deity, with whom he had no acquaintance.

ANOTHER remarkable incident was, that during her whole pregnancy she constantly longed for every thing she saw; nor could be satisfied with her wish unless she enjoyed it clandestinely; and as nature, by true and accurate observers, is remarked to give us no appetites without furnishing us with the means of gratifying them; so had she at this time a most marvelous glutinous quality attending her fingers, to which, as to birdlime, every thing closely adhered that she handled.

To omit other stories, some of which may be perhaps the growth of superstition, we proceed to the birth of our hero, who made his first appearance on this great theatre, the very day when the plague first broke out in 1665. Some say his mother was delivered of him in an house of an orbicular or round form in Covent-Garden; but of this we are not certain. He was some years afterwards baptized by the famous Mr. Titus Oates.

NOTHING very remarkable pass'd in his years of infancy, save, that as the letters *Tb* are the most difficult of pronunciation, and the last which a child attains to the utterance of, so they were the first that came with any readiness from young master Wild. Nor must we omit the early indications which he gave of the sweetness of his temper; for tho' he was by no means to be terrified into compliance, yet might he by a sugarplumb be brought to your purpose: indeed, to say the truth, he was to be brib'd to any thing, which made many say, he was certainly born to be a Great Man.

HE was scarce settled at school before he gave marks of his lofty and aspiring temper; and was regarded by all his schoolfellows with that deference which men generally pay to those superior geniuses who will exact it of them. If an orchard
was

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was to be robb'd, Wild was consulted, and tho' he was himself seldom concerned in the execution of the design, yet was he always concerter of it, and treasurer of the booty; some little part of which he would now and then, with wonderful generosity, bestow on those who took it. He was generally very secret on these occasions; but if any offered to plunder of his own head, without acquainting Master Wild, and making a depofite of the booty, he was sure to have an information against him lodged with the schoolmaster, and to be severely punished for his pains.

HE discovered so little attention to school-learning, that his master, who was a very wise and worthy man, soon gave over all care and trouble on that account, and acquainting his parents that their son proceeded extremely well in his studies, he permitted his pupil to follow his own inclinations; perceiving they led him to nobler pursuits than the sciences; which are generally acknowledged to be a very unprofitable study, and indeed greatly to hinder the advancement of men in the world: but tho' Master Wild was not esteemed the readiest at making his exercise, he was universally allowed to be the most dexterous at stealing it of all his school-fellows: being never detected in such furtive compositions, nor indeed in any other exercitations of his great talents, which all inclined the same way, but once, when he had laid violent hands on a book called *Gradus ad Parnassum*, i. e. *A step towards Parnassus*; on which account his master, who was a man of most wonderful wit and sagacity, is said to have told him, he wished it might not prove in the event *Gradus ad Patibulum*, i. e. *A step towards the gallows*.

BUT tho' he would not give himself the pains requisite to acquire a competent sufficiency in the learned languages, yet did he readily listen with attention to others, especially when they translated the classical authors to him; nor was he in the least backward,

backward, at all such times, to express his approbation. He was wonderfully pleased with that passage in the eleventh Iliad, where Achilles is said to have bound two sons of Priam upon a mountain, and afterwards to have released them for a sum of money. This was, he said, alone sufficient to refute those who affected a contempt for the wisdom of the ancients, and an undeniable testimony of the great antiquity of † Priggism. He was ravished with the account which Nestor gives in the same book, of the rich booty which he bore off (*i. e.* stole) from the Eleans. He was desirous of having this often repeated to him, and at the end of every repetition, he constantly fetched a deep sigh, and said, *It was a glorious booty.*

WHEN the story of Cacus was read to him out of the eighth Æneid, he generously pitied the unhappy fate of that great man, to whom he thought Hercules much too severe: one of his schoolfellows commending the dexterity of drawing the oxen backward by their tails into his den, he smiled, and with some disdain, said, *He could have taught him a better way.*

HE was a passionate admirer of heroes, particularly of Alexander the Great, between whom and the late king of Sweden, he would frequently draw parallels. He was much delighted with the accounts of the Czar's retreat from the latter, who carried off the inhabitants of great cities to people his own country. *This*, he said, *was not once thought of by Alexander; but*, added, *perhaps he did not want them.*

HAPPY had it been for him, if he had confined himself to this sphere; but his chief, if not only blemish was, that he would sometimes, from an humility in his nature too pernicious to true greatness, condescend to an intimacy with inferior things and persons.

† This word in the cant language signifies thievery.

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persons. Thus the Spanish rogue was his favourite book, and the cheats of Scapin his favourite play.

THE young gentleman being now at the age of seventeen, his father, from a foolish prejudice to our universities, and out of a false, as well as excessive regard to his morals, brought his son to town, where he resided with him till he was of an age to travel. Whilst he was here, all imaginable care was taken of his instruction, his father endeavouring his utmost to inculcate principles of honour and gentility into his son.

C H A P. IV.

Mr. Wild's first entrance into the world. His acquaintance with Count La Ruse.

AN accident happened soon after his arrival in town, which almost saved the father his whole labour on this head, and provided Master Wild a better tutor than any after-care or expence could have furnished him with. The old gentleman, it seems, was a FOLLOWER of the fortunes of Mr. Snap, son of Mr. Geoffry Snap, whom we have before mentioned to have enjoyed a reputable office under the sheriff of London and Middlesex, the daughter of which Geoffry had intermarried with the Wilds. Mr. Snap the younger, being thereto well warranted, had laid violent hands on, or, as the vulgar express it, arrested one count La Ruse, a man of considerable figure in those days, and had confined him to his own house, till he could find two seconds who would in a formal manner give their words that the Count should, at a certain day and place appointed, answer all that one Thomas Thimble a tailor had to say to him; which Thomas Thimble, it seems, alledged that the Count had, according to the law of the realm, made over his body to him as a security for some suits of cloaths to him delivered by the said Thomas Thimble. Now, as the Count, tho'

though perfectly a man of honour, could not immediately find these seconds, he was obliged for some time to reside at Mr. Snap's house: for it seems the law of the land is, that whoever owes another 10 l. or indeed 2 l. may be, on the oath of that person, immediately taken up and carried away from his own house and family, and kept abroad till he is made to owe 50 l. whether he will or no; for which he is, perhaps, afterwards obliged to lie in gaol; and all these without any trial had, or any other evidence of the debt than the abovesaid oath, which if untrue, as it often happens, you have no remedy against the perjurer; he was, forsooth! mistaken.

BUT though Mr. Snap would not (as perhaps by the nice rules of honour he was obliged) discharge the Count on his parole; yet did he not (as by the strict rules of law he was enabled) confine him to his chamber. The Count had his liberty of the whole house, and Mr. Snap using only the precaution of keeping his doors well lock'd and barr'd, took his prisoner's word that he would not go forth.

MR. Snap had by his second lady two daughters, who were now in the bloom of their youth and beauty. These young ladies, like damsels in romance, compassionated the captive Count, and endeavoured by all means to make his confinement less irksome to him; which, though they were both very beautiful, they could not attain by any other way so effectually, as by engaging with him at cards, in which contentions, as will appear hereafter, the Count was greatly skilful.

As whisk and swabbers was the game then in the chief vogue, they were obliged to look for a fourth person, in order to make up their parties. Mr. Snap himself would sometimes relax his mind, from the violent fatigues of his employment, by these recreations; and sometimes a neighbouring young gentleman, or lady, came in to their assistance: but the most frequent guest was young Master Wild,

who had been educated from his infancy with the Miss Snaps, and was, by all the neighbours, allotted for the husband of Miss Tishy, or Lætitia, the younger of the two; for though, being his cousin-german, she was perhaps, in the eye of a strict conscience, somewhat too nearly related to him; yet the old people on both sides, though sufficiently scrupulous in nice matters, agreed to overlook this objection.

MEN of great genius as easily discover one another, as free-masons can. It was therefore no wonder that the Count soon conceived an inclination to an intimacy with our young hero, whose vast abilities could not be concealed from one of the Count's discernment: for though this latter was so expert at his cards, that he was proverbially said to *play the whole game*, he was no match for Master Wild, who, inexperienced as he was, notwithstanding all the art, the dexterity, and often the fortune of his adversary, never failed to send him away from the table with less in his pocket than he brought to it, for indeed Langfanger himself could not have extracted a purse with more ingenuity than our young hero.

His hands made frequent visits to the Count's pocket, before the latter had entertained any suspicion of him, imputing the several losses he sustained, rather to the innocent and sprightly frolick of Miss Doshy, or Theodosia, with which, as she indulged him with little innocent freedoms about her person in return, he thought himself obliged to be contented; but one night, when Wild imagined the Count asleep, he made so unguarded an attack upon him, that the other caught him in the fact: however, he did not think proper to acquaint him with the discovery he had made; but, preventing him from any booty at that time, he only took care for the future to button his pockets, and to pack the cards with double industry.

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So far was this detection from causing any quarrel between these two Prigs *, that in reality it recommended them to each other: for a wise man, that is to say a rogue, considers a trick in life, as a gamester doth a trick at play. It sets him on his guard; but he admires the dexterity of him who plays it. These therefore, and many other such instances of ingenuity, operated so violently on the Count, that, notwithstanding the disparity which age, title, and above all dress, had set between them, he resolved to enter into an acquaintance with Wild. This soon produced a perfect intimacy, and that a friendship, which had a longer duration than is common to that passion between persons who only propose to themselves the common advantages of eating, drinking, whoring, or borrowing money; which ends, as they soon fail, so doth the friendship founded upon them. Mutual interest, the greatest of all purposes, was the cement of this alliance, which nothing, of consequence, but superior interest was capable of dissolving.

C H A P. V.

A dialogue between young Master Wild and Count La Ruse, which, having extended to the rejoinder, had a very quiet, easy, and natural conclusion.

ONE evening after the Miss Snaps were retired to rest, the Count thus addressed himself to young Wild: “ You cannot, I apprehend, Mr. Wild, be such a stranger to your own great capacity, as to be surpris’d when I tell you I have often view’d, with a mixture of astonishment and concern, your shining qualities confin’d to a sphere, where they can never reach the eyes of those who would introduce them properly into the world, and raise you to an eminence, where you may

* Thieves.

“ blaze out of the admiration of all men. I assure
 “ you I am pleased with my captivity, when I re-
 “ flect, I am likely to owe to it an acquaintance, and
 “ I hope friendship, with the greatest genius of my
 “ age; and, what is still more, when I indulge my
 “ vanity with a prospect of drawing from obscu-
 “ rity (pardon the expression) such talents as were,
 “ I believe, never before like to have been buried
 “ in it: for I make no question, but, at my dis-
 “ charge from confinement, which will now soon
 “ happen, I shall be able to introduce you into
 “ company, where you may reap the advantage of
 “ your superior parts.

“ I will bring you acquainted, Sir, with those,
 “ who, as they are capable of setting a true value
 “ on such qualifications, so they will have it both
 “ in their power and inclination to prefer you for
 “ them. Such an introduction is the only advan-
 “ tage you want, without which your merit might
 “ be your misfortune; for those abilities which
 “ would entitle you to honour and profit in a supe-
 “ rior station, may render you only obnoxious to
 “ danger and disgrace in a lower.”

MR. Wild answered: “ Sir, I am not insensible
 “ of my obligations to you, as well for the over-
 “ value you have set on my small abilities, as for
 “ the kindness you express in offering to introduce
 “ me among my superiors. I must own, my father
 “ hath often persuaded me to push myself into the
 “ company of my betters; but, to say the truth, I
 “ have an aukward pride in my nature, which is
 “ better pleased with being at the head of the lowest
 “ class, than at the bottom of the highest. Permit
 “ me to say, tho’ the idea may be somewhat coarse,
 “ I had rather stand on the summit of a dunghill,
 “ than at the bottom of a hill in paradise; I have
 “ always thought it signifies little into what rank of
 “ life I am thrown, provided I make a great figure
 “ therein; and should be as well satisfied with ex-
 “ erting

“ erting my talents well at the head of a small party
 “ or gang, as in the command of a mighty army :
 “ for I am far from agreeing with you, that great
 “ parts are often lost in a low situation ; on the con-
 “ trary, I am convinced it is impossible they should
 “ be lost. I have often persuaded myself that there
 “ were not fewer than a thousand in Alexander’s
 “ troops capable of performing what Alexander
 “ himself did.

“ BUT because such spirits were not elected or de-
 “ stined to an imperial command, are we therefore to
 “ imagine they came off without a booty ? Or that
 “ they contented themselves with the share in com-
 “ mon with their comrades ? Surely, no. In civil
 “ life, doubtless, the same genius, the same endow-
 “ ments have often composed the statesman and the
 “ Prig : for so we call what the vulgar name a Thief.
 “ The same parts, the same actions often promote
 “ men to the head of superior societies, which raise
 “ them to the head of lower ; and where is the essen-
 “ tial difference, if the one ends on Tower-hill, and
 “ the other at Tyburn ? Hath the block any prefe-
 “ rence to the gallows, or the ax to the halter, but
 “ was given them by the ill-guided judgment of
 “ men ? You will pardon me therefore, if I am not
 “ so hastily inflamed with the common outside of
 “ things, nor join the general opinion in preferring
 “ one state to another. A guinea is as valuable in a
 “ leathern as in an embroidered purse ; and a cod’s
 “ head is a cod’s head still, whether in a pewter or a
 “ silver dish.”

THE Count replied as follows : “ What you have
 “ now said doth not lessen my idea of your capacity ;
 “ but confirms my opinion of the ill effects of bad and
 “ low company. Can any man doubt, whether it is
 “ better to be a great statesman, or a common thief ?
 “ I have often heard that the devil used to say, where,
 “ or to whom, I know not, that it was better to reign
 “ in Hell, than to be a valet de chambre in Heaven,

“ and perhaps he was in the right; but sure if he had
 “ had the choice of reigning in either, he would
 “ have chosen better. The truth therefore, is, that
 “ by low conversation we contract a greater awe for
 “ high things than they deserve. We decline great
 “ pursuits not from contempt, but despair. The
 “ man who prefers the high road to a more reputa-
 “ ble way of making his fortune, doth it because he
 “ imagines the one easier than the other; but you
 “ yourself have asserted, and with undoubted truth,
 “ that the same abilities qualify you for undertak-
 “ ing, and the same means will bring you to your
 “ end in both journeys; as, in music, it is the same
 “ tune whether you play it in a higher or a lower
 “ key. To instance in some particulars: Is it not the
 “ same qualifications which enables this man to hire
 “ himself as a servant, and to get into the confidence
 “ and secrets of his master, in order to rob him, and
 “ that to undertake trusts of the highest nature with
 “ a design to break and betray them? Is it less
 “ difficult by false tokens to deceive a shopkeeper
 “ into the delivery of his goods, which you after-
 “ wards run away with, than to impose upon him by
 “ outward splendor, and the appearance of fortune,
 “ into a credit by which you gain, and he loses twenty
 “ times as much. Doth it not require more dexterity
 “ in the fingers to draw out a man’s purse from his
 “ pocket, or to take a lady’s watch from her side,
 “ without being perceived of any, (an excellence in
 “ which, without flattery, I am persuaded you have
 “ no superior) than to cog a die, or to shuffle a
 “ pack of cards? Is not as much art, as many ex-
 “ cellent qualities, required to make a pimping por-
 “ ter at a common bawdy-house, as would enable a
 “ man to prostitute his own or his friend’s wife or
 “ child? Doth it not ask as good a memory, as
 “ nimble an invention, as steady a countenance, to
 “ forswear yourself in Westminster-hall, as would
 “ furnish out a complete tool of state, or perhaps a
 “ statef-

“ statesman himself? It is needless to particularize
 “ every instance; in all we shall find, that there is
 “ a nearer connection between high and low life than
 “ is generally imagined, and that a highwayman is
 “ entitled to more favour with the great than he usu-
 “ ally meets with. If therefore, as I think I have
 “ proved, the same parts which qualify a man for
 “ eminence in a low sphere, qualify him likewise for
 “ eminence in a higher, sure it can be no doubt in
 “ which he would chuse to exert them. Ambition,
 “ without which no one can be a great man, will im-
 “ mediately instruct him, in your own phrase, to pre-
 “ fer a hill in paradise to a dunghill, nay, even fear,
 “ a passion the most repugnant to greatness, will shew
 “ him how much more safely he may indulge himself
 “ in the full and free exertion of his mighty abilities
 “ in the higher, than in the lower rank: Since ex-
 “ perience teaches him, that there is a croud oftener
 “ in one year at Tyburn, than on Tower-hill in a
 “ century.” Mr. Wild with much solemnity rejoined,
 “ That the same capacity which qualifies a Mill-
 “ ken *, a Bridle-cull †, or a Buttock and File ‡, to
 “ arrive at any degree of eminence in his profession,
 “ would likewise raise a man in what the world
 “ esteem a more honourable calling, I do not deny;
 “ nay, in many of your instances it is evident, that
 “ more ingenuity, more art is necessary to the lower,
 “ than the higher proficients. If therefore you had
 “ only contended, that every Prig might be a states-
 “ man if he pleased, I had readily agreed to it; but
 “ when you conclude, that it is his interest to be so,
 “ that ambition would bid him take that alterna-
 “ tive, in a word, that a statesman is greater or hap-
 “ pier than a Prig, I must deny my assent. But, in
 “ comparing these two together, we must carefully
 “ avoid being misled by the vulgar erroneous estima-

* A Housebreaker.

† A Highwayman.

‡ A Shoplifter. Terms used in the Cant Dictionary.

“ tion of things : for mankind err in disquisitions of
 “ this nature, as physicians do, who, in considering
 “ the operations of a disease, have not a due regard
 “ to the age and complexion of the patient. The
 “ same degree of heat, which is common in this con-
 “ stitution, may be a fever in that; in the same man-
 “ ner that which may be riches or honour to me, may
 “ be poverty or disgrace to another: for all these
 “ things are to be estimated by relation to the person
 “ who possesses them. A booty of 10*l.* looks as great
 “ in the eye of a Bridle-cull, and gives as much real
 “ happiness to his fancy, as that of as many thousands
 “ to the statesman; and doth not the former lay out
 “ his acquisitions in whores and fiddles, with much
 “ greater joy and mirth, than the latter in palaces and
 “ pictures? What are the flattery, the false com-
 “ pliments of his gang, to the statesman, when he
 “ himself must condemn his own blunders, and is
 “ obliged against his will to give fortune the whole
 “ honour of his success? what is the pride, result-
 “ ing from such sham applause, compared to the se-
 “ cret satisfaction which a Prig enjoys in his mind in
 “ reflecting on a well-contrived and well-executed
 “ scheme? Perhaps indeed the greater danger is on
 “ the Prig’s side; but then you must remember, that
 “ the greater honour is so too. When I mention ho-
 “ nour, I mean that which is paid them by their
 “ gang; for that weak part of the world, which is
 “ vulgarly called THE WISE, see both in a disad-
 “ vantageous and disgraceful light: And as the Prig
 “ enjoys (and merits too) the greater degree of ho-
 “ nour from his gang, so doth he suffer the less dis-
 “ grace from the world, who think his misdeeds, as
 “ they call them, sufficiently at last punished with a
 “ halter, which at once puts an end to his pain and
 “ infamy; whereas the other is not only hated in
 “ power, but detested and contemned at the scaf-
 “ fold; and future ages vent their malice on his fame,
 “ while

“ while the other sleeps quiet and forgotten. Besides,
 “ let us a little consider the secret quiet of their con-
 “ sciences; how easy is the reflection of having
 “ taken a few shillings or pounds from a stranger,
 “ without any breach of confidence, or perhaps any
 “ great harm to the person who loses it, compared
 “ to that of having betrayed a public trust, and
 “ ruined the fortunes of thousands, perhaps of a
 “ great nation? How much braver is an attack on
 “ the highway, than at the gaming-table; and how
 “ much more innocent the character of a b—y-house
 “ than a c—t pimp?” He was eagerly proceeding,
 when, casting his eyes on the Count, he perceived
 him to be fast asleep: wherefore having first picked
 his pocket of three shillings, then gently jogged him,
 in order to take his leave, and promised to return to
 him the next morning to breakfast, they separated:
 the Count retired to rest, and Master Wild to a
 night-cellar.

C H A P. VI.

*Further conferences between the Count and Mr. Wild,
 with other matters of the GREAT kind.*

THE Count missed his money the next morn-
 ing, and very well knew who had it; but, as
 he knew likewise how fruitless would be any com-
 plaint, he chose to pass it by without mentioning
 it. Indeed it may appear strange to some readers,
 that these gentlemen, who knew each other to be
 thieves, should never once give the least hint of this
 knowledge in all their discourse together; but, on
 the contrary, should have the words honesty, ho-
 nour, and friendship, as often in their mouths as
 any other men. This, I say, may appear strange
 to some; but those who have lived long in cities,
 courts, gaols, or such places, will perhaps be able
 to solve the seeming absurdity.

WHEN

WHEN our two friends met the next morning, the Count (who, though he did not agree with the whole of his friend's doctrine, was, however, high pleased with his argument) began to bewail the misfortune of his captivity, and the backwardness of friends to assist each other in their necessities; but what vexed him, he said, most, was the cruelty of the fair: for he entrusted Wild with the secret of his having had an intrigue with miss Theodosia, the elder of the Miss Snaps, ever since his confinement, tho' he could not prevail with her to set him at liberty. Wild answered, with a smile: "It was no wonder
 " a woman should wish to confine her lover where
 " she might be sure of having him entirely to her-
 " self; but added, he believed he could tell him a
 " method of certainly procuring his escape." The Count eagerly besought him to acquaint him with it. Wild told him, bribery was the surest means, and advised him to apply to the maid. The Count thanked him, but returned, "That he had not a farthing
 " left besides one guinea, which he had then given
 " her to change." To which Wild said, "He
 " must make it up with promises, which he sup-
 " posed he was courtier enough to know how to put
 " off." The Count greatly applauded the advice, and said, he hoped he should be able in time to persuade him to condescend to be a great man, for which he was so perfectly well qualified.

THIS method being concluded on, the two friends sat down to cards, a circumstance which I should not have mentioned, but for the sake of observing the prodigious force of habit; for, though the Count knew, if he won ever so much of Mr. Wild, he should not receive a shilling, yet could he not refrain from packing the cards; nor could Wild keep his hands out of his friend's pockets, though he knew there was nothing in them.

WHEN the maid came home, the Count began to put it to her; offered her all he had, and promised
 moun-

mountains *in futuro*; but all in vain, the maid's honesty was impregnable. She said, "She would not break her trust for the whole world; no not if she could gain a hundred pound by it." Upon which Wild stepping up, and telling her: "She need not fear losing her place, for it would never be found out; that they could throw a pair of sheets into the street, by which it might appear he got out at a window; that he himself would swear he saw him descending; that the money would be so much gains in her pocket; that, besides his promises, which she might depend on being performed, she would receive from him twenty shillings and ninepence in ready money (for she had only laid out threepence in plain Spanish) and lastly, that, besides his honour, the Count should leave a pair of gold buttons (which afterwards turned out to be brass) of great value in her hands, as a further pawn."

THE maid still remained inflexible, till Wild offered to lend his friend a guinea more, and to deposit it immediately in her hands. This reinforcement bore down the poor girl's resolution, and she faithfully promised to open the door to the Count that evening.

THUS did our young hero not only lend his rhetoric, which few people care to do without a fee, but his money too, a sum which many a good man would have made fifty excuses before he would have parted with; to his friend, and procured him his liberty.

BUT it would be highly derogatory from the GREAT character of Wild, should the reader imagine he lent such a sum to a friend without the least view of serving himself. As, therefore, the reader may easily account for it in a manner more advantageous to our hero's reputation, by concluding that he had some interested view in the Count's enlargement, we hope he will judge with charity, especially as the sequel makes it not only reasonable, but necessary, to suppose he had some such view.

A LONG

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A LONG intimacy and friendship subsisted between the Count and Mr. Wild, who, being by the advice of the Count dressed in good clothes, was by him introduced into the best company. They constantly frequented the assemblies, auctions, gaming-tables, and playhouses; at which last they saw two acts every night, and then retired without paying, this being, it seems, an immemorial privilege which the beaux of the town prescribe for to themselves. This, however, did not suit Wild's temper, who called it a cheat, and objected against it, as requiring no dexterity but what every blockhead might put in execution. He said it was a custom very much favouring of the Sneaking-budge*, but neither so honourable nor so ingenious.

WILD now made a considerable figure, and passed for a gentleman of great fortune in the funds. Women of quality treated him with great familiarity, young ladies began to spread their charms for him, when an accident happened that put a stop to his continuance in a way of life too insipid and inactive to afford employment for those great talents, which were designed to make a much more considerable figure in the world, than attends the character of a beau or a pretty gentleman.

C H A P. VII.

Mr. Wild sets out on his travels, and returns home again. A very short chapter, containing infinitely more time and less matter than any other in the whole story.

WE are sorry we cannot indulge our reader's curiosity with a full and perfect account of this accident; but as there are such various accounts, one of which only can be true, and possibly, and indeed probably, none; instead of following the general me-

* Shop-lifting.

thod of historians, who in such cases set down the various reports, and leave to your own conjecture which you will chuse, we shall pass them all over.

CERTAIN it is, that whatever this accident was, it determined our hero's father to send his son immediately abroad, for seven years; and, which may seem somewhat remarkable, to his majesty's plantations in America. That part of the world being, as he said, freer from vices than the courts and cities of Europe, and consequently less dangerous to corrupt a young man's morals. And as for the advantages, the old gentleman thought they were equal there with those attained in the politer climates; for travelling, he said, was travelling in one part of the world as well as another: It consisted in being such a time from home, and in traversing so many leagues; and appealed to experience, whether most of our travellers in France and Italy, did not prove at their return, that they might have been sent as profitably to Norway and Greenland?

ACCORDING to these resolutions of his father, the young gentleman went aboard a ship, and, with a great deal of good company, set out for the American hemisphere. The exact time of his stay is somewhat uncertain; most probably longer than was intended: But howsoever long his abode there was, it must be a blank in this history; as the whole story contains not one adventure worthy the reader's notice; being, indeed, a continued scene of whoring, drinking, and removing from one place to another.

To confess a truth, we are so ashamed of the shortness of this chapter, that we would have done a violence to our history, and have inserted an adventure or two of some other traveller: To which purpose we borrowed the journals of several young gentlemen who have lately made the tour of Europe; but to our great sorrow, could not extract a single incident strong enough to justify the theft to our conscience.

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WHEN we consider the ridiculous figure this chapter must make, being the history of no less than eight years, our only comfort is, that the histories of some mens lives, and perhaps of some men who have made a noise in the world, are in reality as absolute blanks as the travels of our hero. As, therefore, we shall make sufficient amends in the sequel for this inanity, we shall hasten on to matters of true importance, and immense greatness. At present we content ourselves with setting down our hero where we took him up, after acquainting our reader that he went abroad, staid seven years, and then came home again.

C H A P. VIII.

An adventure where Wild, in the division of the booty, exhibits an astonishing instance of GREATNESS.

THE Count was one night very successful at the hazard-table, where Wild, who was just returned from his travels, was then present; as was likewise a young gentleman whose name was Bob Bagshot, an acquaintance of Mr. Wild's, and of whom he entertained a great opinion; taking therefore Mr. Bagshot aside, he advised him to provide himself (if he had them not about him) with a case of pistols, and to attack the Count, in his way home, promising to plant himself near with the same arms, as a *Corps de Reserve*, and to come up on occasion. This was accordingly executed, and the Count obliged to surrender to savage force what he had in so genteel and civil a manner taken at play.

AND as it is a wise and philosophical observation, that one misfortune never comes alone, the Count had hardly passed the examination of Mr. Bagshot, when he fell into the hands of Mr. Snap, who, in company with Mr. Wild the elder, and one or two more gentlemen, being, it seems, thereto well warranted, laid hold
of

of the unfortunate Count, and conveyed him back to the same house from which, by the assistance of his good friend he had formerly escaped.

MR. Wild and Mr. Bagshot went together to the tavern, where Mr. Bagshot (generously, as he thought) offered to share the booty, and having divided the money into two unequal heaps, and added a golden snuff-box to the lesser heap, he desired Mr. Wild to take his choice.

MR. Wild immediately conveyed the larger share of the ready into his pocket, according to an excellent maxim of his: "First secure what share you can, before you wrangle for the rest:" And then, turning to his companion, he asked him, with a stern countenance, whether he intended to keep all that sum to himself? Mr. Bagshot answered, with some surprise, that he thought Mr. Wild had no reason to complain; for it was surely fair, at least on his part, to content himself with an equal share of the booty, who had taken the whole. "I grant you took it," replied Wild, "but, pray, who proposed or counselled the taking it? Can you say, that you have done more than executed my scheme? and might not I, if I had pleased, have employed another, since you well know there was not a gentleman in the room but would have taken the money, if he had known how conveniently and safely to do it? That is very true (returned Bagshot) but did not I execute the scheme, did not I run the whole risque? Should not I have suffered the whole punishment if I had been taken, and is not the labourer worthy of his hire? Doubtless (says Jonathan) he is so, and your hire I shall not refuse you, which is all that the labourer is entitled to, or ever enjoys. I remember when I was at school to have heard some verses, which for the excellence of their doctrine made an impression on me, purporting that the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field, work not for themselves. It is true, the farmer allows fodder

“ to his oxen, and pasture to his sheep ; but it is for
 “ his own service, nor theirs. In the same manner the
 “ ploughman, the shepherd, the weaver, the builder,
 “ and the soldier, work not for themselves but others;
 “ they are contented with a poor pittance (the labour-
 “ er’s, hire) and permit us, the GREAT, to enjoy the
 “ fruits of their labours. Aristotle, as my master
 “ told us, hath plainly proved, in the first book of
 “ his politics, that the low, mean, useful part of
 “ mankind, are born slaves to the wills of their su-
 “ periors, and are indeed as much their property as
 “ the cattle. It is well said of us, the higher order
 “ of mortals, that we are born only to devour the
 “ fruits of the earth ; and it may be as well said of
 “ the lower class, that they are born only to produce
 “ them for us. Is not the battle gained by the sweat
 “ and danger of the common soldier ? are not the
 “ honour and fruits of the victory the general’s who
 “ laid the scheme ? Is not the house built by the la-
 “ bour of the carpenter, and the bricklayer ? Is it
 “ not built for the profit only of the architect, and
 “ for the use of the inhabitant, who could not ea-
 “ sily have placed one brick upon another ? Is not
 “ the cloth, or the silk, wrought into its form, and
 “ variegated with all the beauty of colours, by those
 “ who are forced to content themselves with the coar-
 “ sest and vilest part of their work, while the profit
 “ and enjoyment of their labours fall to the share of
 “ others ? Cast your eye abroad, and see who is it
 “ lives in the most magnificent buildings, feasts his
 “ palate with the most luxurious dainties, his eyes
 “ with the most beautiful sculptures and delicate
 “ paintings, and clothes himself in the finest and
 “ richest apparel ; and tell me, if all these do not fall
 “ to his lot, who had not any the least share in pro-
 “ ducing all these conveniencies, nor the least abi-
 “ lity so to do ? Why then should the state of a
 “ * Prig differ from all others ? Or why should

* A Thief.

“ you,

“ you, who are the labourer only, the executor of
 “ my scheme, expect a share in the profit? Be ad-
 “ vised, therefore, deliver the whole booty to me,
 “ and trust to my bounty for your reward.” Mr.
 Bagshot was some time silent, and looked like a man
 thunderstruck: But at last recovering himself from his
 surprize, he thus began. “ If you think, Mr. Wild,
 “ by the force of your arguments to get the money
 “ out of my pocket, you are greatly mistaken. What
 “ is all this stuff to me? D——n me, I am a man
 “ of honour, and tho’ I can’t talk as well as you,
 “ by G— you shall not make a fool of me; and if
 “ you take me for one, I must tell you, you are a ras-
 “ cal.” At which words, he laid his hand to his
 pistol. Wild perceiving the little success the great
 strength of his arguments had met with, and the
 hasty temper of his friend, gave over his design for
 the present, and told Bagshot, he was only in jest.
 But this coolness with which he treated the other’s
 flame had rather the effect of oil than of water.
 Bagshot replied in a rage, “ D——n me, I don’t
 “ like such jests; I see you are a pitiful rascal, and
 “ a scoundrel.” Wild, with a philosophy worthy of
 great admiration, returned, “ As for your abuse,
 “ I have no regard to it; but to convince you, I am
 “ not afraid of you, let us lay the whole booty on the
 “ table, and let the conqueror take it all.” And
 having so said, he drew out his shining hanger, whose
 glittering so dazzled the eyes of Bagshot, that, in a tone
 entirely altered, he said, “ No! he was contented
 “ with what he had already; that it was mighty ri-
 “ diculous in them to quarrel among themselves;
 “ that they had common enemies enough abroad,
 “ against whom they should unite their common
 “ force; that if he had mistaken Wild, he was sorry
 “ for it; and as for a jest, he could take a jest as well
 “ as another.” Wild, who had a wonderful knack
 of discovering and applying to the passions of men,
 beginning now to have a little insight into his friend,

and to conceive what arguments would make the quickest impression on him, cried out in a loud voice, "That he had bullied him into drawing his hanger, and since it was out, he would not put it up without satisfaction." "What satisfaction would you have?" (answered the other.) "Your money or your blood," said Wild. "Why lookye, Mr. Wild, (said Bagshot) "if you want to borrow a little of my part, since I know you to be a man of honour, I don't care if I lend you:—For tho' I am not afraid of any man living, yet rather than break with a friend, and as it may be necessary for your occasions"—Wild who often declared that he looked upon borrowing to be as good a way of taking as any, and, as he called it, the genteelest kind of Sneaking-budge, putting up his hanger and shaking his friend by the hand, told him, he had hit the nail on the head; it was really his present necessity only that prevailed with him against his will; for that his honour was concerned to pay a considerable sum the next morning. Upon which, contenting himself with one half of Bagshot's share, so that he had three parts in four of the whole, he took leave of his companion, and retired to rest.

C H A P. IX.

Wild pays a visit to Miss Lætitia Snap. A description of that lovely young creature, and the successful issue of Mr. Wild's addresses.

THE next morning when our hero waked, he began to think of paying a visit to Miss Tishy Snap; a woman of great merit, and of as great generosity; yet Mr. Wild found a present was ever most welcome to her, as being a token of respect in her lover. He therefore went directly to a toy-shop, and there purchased a genteel snuff-box, with which he waited upon his mistress; whom he
found

found in the most beautiful undress. Her lovely hair hung wantonly over her forehead, being neither white with, nor yet free from powder; a neat double clout, which seemed to have been worn a few weeks only, was pinned under her chin; some remains of that art with which ladies improve nature, shone on her cheeks: her body was loosely attired, without stays or jumps; so that her breasts had uncontrolled liberty to display their beauteous orbs, which they did as low as her girdle; a thin covering of a rumpled muslin handkerchief almost hid them from the eyes, save in a few parts, where a good-natured hole gave opportunity to the naked breast to appear. Her gown was a sattin of a whitish colour, with about a dozen little silver spots upon it, so artificially interwoven at great distance, that they looked as if they had fallen there by chance. This flying open, discovered a fine yellow petticoat, beautifully edged round the bottom with a narrow piece of half gold lace, which was now almost become fringe; beneath this appeared another petticoat stiff'ned with whalebone, vulgarly called a hoop, which hung six inches at least below the other; and under this again appeared an undergarment of that colour which Ovid intends when he says,

—— *Qui color albus erat nunc est contrarius albo.*

She likewise displayed two pretty feet covered with silk, and adorned with lace; and tied, the right with a handsome piece of blue ribband; the left, as more unworthy, with a piece of yellow stuff, which seemed to have been a strip of her upper-petticoat. Such was the lovely creature whom Mr. Wild attended. She received him at first with some of that coldness which women of strict virtue by a commendable, tho' sometimes painful restraint, enjoin themselves to their lovers. The snuff-box being

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produced, was at first civilly, and indeed, gently refused; but on a second application accepted. The tea-table was soon called for, at which a discourse passed between these young lovers, which, could we set it down with any accuracy, would be very edifying as well as entertaining to our reader; let it suffice then that the wit, together with the beauty of this young creature, so inflamed the passion of Wild, which, tho' an honourable sort of a passion, was at the same time so extremely violent, that it transported him to freedoms too offensive to the nice chastity of Lætitia; who was, to confess the truth, more indebted to her own strength for the preservation of her virtue, than to the awful respect or backwardness of her lover: he was indeed so very urgent in his addresses, that had he not with many oaths promised her marriage, we could scarce have been strictly justified in calling his passion honourable; but he was so remarkably attached to decency, that he never offered any violence to a young lady without the most earnest promises of that kind, these being, he said, a ceremonial due to female modesty, which cost so little, and were so easily pronounced, that the omission could arise from nothing but the mere wantonness of brutality. The lovely Lætitia, either out of prudence, or perhaps religion, of which she was a liberal professor, was deaf to all his promises, and luckily invincible by his force; for though she had not yet learnt the art of well clenching her fist, nature had not however left her defenceless: for at the ends of her fingers she wore arms, which she used with such admirable dexterity, that the hot blood of Mr. Wild soon began to appear in several little spots on his face, and his full-blown cheeks to resemble that part which modesty forbids a boy to turn up any where but in a public school, after some pedagogue, strong of arm, hath exercised his talents thereon. Wild now retreated from the conflict, and the victorious Lætitia, with

becoming triumph and noble spirit, cried out, “D——n your eyes, if this be your way of shewing your love, I’ll warrant I gives you enough on’t.” She then proceeded to talk of her virtue, which Wild bid her carry to the devil with her; and thus our lovers parted.

C H A P. X.

A discovery of some matters concerning the chaste Lætitia, which must wonderfully surprise, and perhaps affect our reader.

MR. Wild was no sooner departed, than the fair conquerefs opening the door of a closet, called forth a young gentleman, whom she had there enclosed at the approach of the other. The name of this gallant was Tom Smirk. He was clerk to an attorney, and was indeed the greatest beau, and the greatest favourite of the ladies, at the end of the town where he lived. As we take dress to be the characteristic or efficient quality of a beau, we shall, instead of giving any character of this young gentleman, content ourselves with describing his dress only to our readers. He wore, then, a pair of white stockings on his legs, and pumps on his feet: his buckles were a large piece of pinchbeck plate, which almost covered his whole foot. His breeches were of red plush, which hardly reached his knees; his waistcoat was a white demity, richly embroidered with yellow silk, over which he wore a blue plush coat with metal buttons, a smart sleeve, and a cape reaching half way down his back. His wig was of a brown colour, covering almost half his pate, on which was hung, on one side, a little laced hat, but cocked with great smartness. Such was the accomplished Smirk, who, at his issuing forth from the closet, was received with open arms by the amiable Lætitia. She addressed him by the

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tender name of dear Tommy; and told him she had dismiss'd the odious creature whom her father intended for her husband, and had now nothing to interrupt her happiness with him.

HERE, reader, thou must pardon us if we stop a while to lament the capriciousness of nature in forming this charming part of the creation, designed to complete the happiness of man; with their soft innocence to allay his ferocity, with their sprightliness to soothe his cares, and with their constant friendship to relieve all the troubles and disappointments which can happen to him. Seeing then that these are the blessings chiefly sought after, and generally found in every wife, how must we lament that disposition in these lovely creatures, which leads them to prefer in their favour those individuals of the other sex, who do not seem intended by nature as so great a masterpiece. For surely, however useful they may be in the creation, as we are taught that nothing, not even a louse, is made in vain; yet these beaux, even that most splendid and honoured part, which, in this our island, nature loves to distinguish in red, are not, as some think, the noblest work of the Creator. For my own part, let any man chuse to himself two beaux, let them be captains or colonels, as well dressed men as ever lived, I would venture to oppose a single Sir Isaac Newton, a Shakespear, a Milton, or perhaps some few others, to both these beaux; nay, and I very much doubt, whether it had not been better for the world in general, that neither of these beaux had ever been born, than that it should have wanted the benefit arising to it from the labour of any one of those persons.

If this be true, how melancholy must be the consideration, that any single beau, especially if he have but half a yard of ribbon in his hat, shall weigh heavier, in the scale of female affection, than twenty Sir Isaac Newtons. How must our reader,
who

who perhaps had wisely accounted for the resistance which the chaste Lætitia had made to the violent addresses of the ravished (or rather ravishing) Wild from that lady's impregnable virtue, how must he blush, I say, to perceive her quit the strictness of her carriage, and abandon herself to those loose freedoms which she indulged to Smirk. But, alas! when we discover all, as, to preserve the fidelity of our history, we must, when we relate that every familiarity had past between them, and that the FAIR Lætitia (for we must, in this single instance, imitate Virgil, where he drops the *pius* and the *pater*, and drop our favourite epithet of *chaste*) the FAIR Lætitia had, I say, made Smirk as happy as Wild desired to be, what must then be our reader's confusion? We will, therefore, draw a curtain over this scene, from that philogyny which is in us, and proceed to matters, which, instead of dishonouring the human species, will greatly raise and enoble it.

C H A P. XI.

Containing as notable instances of human greatness as are to be met with in ancient or modern history. Concluding with some wholesome hints to the gay part of mankind.

WILD no sooner parted from the chaste Lætitia, than recollecting that his friend the Count was returned to his lodgings in the same house, he resolved to visit him: for he was none of those half-bred fellows, who are ashamed to see their friends when they have plundered and betrayed them: from which base and pitiful temper, many monstrous cruelties have been transacted by men, who have sometimes carried their modesty so far as to the murder, or utter ruin of those against whom their consciences have suggested to them, that they

have committed some small trespass, either by the debauching a friend's wife or daughter, belying or betraying the friend himself, or some other such trifling instance. In our hero there was nothing not truly great: he could, without the least abashment, drink a bottle with the man who knew he had the moment before picked his pocket; and, when he had stript him of every thing he had, never desired to do him any farther mischief; for he carried good-nature to that wonderful and uncommon height, that he never did a single injury to man or woman, by which he himself did not expect to reap some advantage. He would often indeed say, that by the contrary party men often made a bad bargain with the devil, and did his work for nothing.

Our hero found the captive Count, not basely lamenting his fate, nor abandoning himself to despair, but, with due resignation, employing himself in preparing several packs of cards for future exploits. The Count, little suspecting that Wild had been the sole contriver of the misfortune which had befallen him, rose up, and eagerly embraced him; and Wild returned his embrace with equal warmth. They were no sooner seated than Wild took an occasion, from seeing the cards lying on the table, to inveigh against gaming, and, with an usual and highly commendable freedom, after first exaggerating the distress circumstances in which the Count was then involved, imputed all his misfortunes to that cursed itch of play, which, he said, he concluded had brought his present confinement upon him, and must unavoidably end in his destruction. The other, with great alacrity, defended his favourite amusement, (or rather employment) and having told his friend the great success he had after his unluckily quitting the room, acquainted him with the accident which followed, and which the reader, as well as Mr. Wild, hath had some intimation of before; adding, however, one circumstance not hitherto mentioned,

mentioned, *viz.* that he had defended his money with the utmost bravery, and had dangerously wounded at least two of the three men that had attacked him. This behaviour Wild, who not only knew the extreme readiness with which the booty had been delivered, but also the constant frigidity of the Count's courage, highly applauded, and wished he had been present to assist him. The Count then proceeded to animadvert on the carelessness of the watch, and the scandal it was to the laws, that honest people could not walk the streets in safety; and, after expatiating some time on that subject, he asked Mr. Wild if he ever saw so prodigious a run of luck (for so he chose to call his winning, though he knew Wild was well acquainted with his having loaded dice in his pocket) the other answered, it was indeed prodigious, and almost sufficient to justify any person, who did not know him better, in suspecting his fair play. No man, I believe, dares call that in question, replied he. No surely, says Wild, you are well known to be a man of more honour: but pray, Sir, continued he, did the rascals rob you of all? Every shilling, cries the other, with an oath; they did not leave me a single stake.

WHILE they were thus discoursing, Mr. Snap, with a gentleman who followed him, introduced Mr. Bagshot into the company. It seems Mr. Bagshot, immediately after his separation from Mr. Wild, returned to the gaming-table, where, having trusted to fortune that treasure which he had procured by his industry, the faithless goddess committed a breach of trust, and sent Mr. Bagshot away with as empty pockets as are to be found in any laced coat in the kingdom. Now, as that gentleman was walking to a certain reputable house or shed in Covent-Garden market, he fortunately met with Mr. Snap, who had just returned from conveying the Count to his lodgings, and was then walking to and fro before the gaming-house door; for you are to know, my
good

good reader, if you have never been a man of wit and pleasure about town, that as the voracious pike lieth snug under some weed before the mouth of any of those little streams which discharge themselves into a large river, waiting for the small fry which issue thereout; so hourly before the door or mouth of these gaming-houses doth Mr. Snap, or some other gentleman of his occupation, attend the issuing forth of the small fry of young gentlemen, to whom they deliver little slips of parchment, containing invitations of the said gentlemen to their houses, together with one Mr. John Doe *, a person whose company is in great request. Mr. Snap, among many others of these billets, happened to have one directed to Mr. Bagshot, being at the suit or solicitation of one Mrs. Anne Sample, Spinster, at whose house the said Bagshot had lodged several months, and whence he had inadvertently departed without taking a formal leave; on which account Mrs. Anne had taken this method of *speaking with* him.

MR. SNAP's house being now very full of good company, he was obliged to introduce Mr. Bagshot into the Count's apartment, it being, as he said, the only chamber he had to *lock up* in. Mr. Wild no sooner saw his friend than he ran eagerly to embrace him, and immediately presented him to the Count, who received him with great civility.

C H A P. XII.

Further particulars relating to Miss Tishy, which perhaps may not greatly surprise after the former. The description of a very fine gentleman. And a dialogue between Wild and the Count, in which public virtue is just hinted at, with, &c.

MR. Snap had turned the key a very few minutes before a servant of the family, called Mr.

* This is a fictitious name which is put into every writ; for what purpose the lawyers best know.

Bagshot

Bagshot out of the room, telling him, there was a person below who desired to speak with him; and this was no other than Miss Lætitia Snap, whose admirer Mr. Bagshot had long been, and in whose tender breast his passion had raised a more ardent flame than that of any of his rivals had been able to raise. Indeed she was so extremely fond of this youth, that she often confessed to her female confidants, if she could ever have listened to the thought of living with any one man, Mr. Bagshot was he. Nor was she singular in this inclination, many other young ladies being her rivals in this lover, who had all the great and noble qualifications necessary to form a true gallant, and which nature is seldom so extremely bountiful as to indulge to any one person. We will endeavour, however, to describe them all with as much exactness as possible. He was then six feet high, had large calves, broad shoulders, a ruddy complexion, with brown curled hair, a modest assurance, and clean linen. He had indeed, it must be confessed, some small deficiencies to counterbalance these heroic qualities; for he was the silliest fellow in the world, could neither write nor read, nor had he a single grain or spark of honour, honesty, or good-nature, in his whole composition.

As soon as Mr. Bagshot had quitted the room, the Count, taking Wild by the hand, told him he had something to communicate to him of very great importance: "I am very well convinced, said he, that Bagshot is the person who robbed me." Wild started with great amazement at this discovery, and answered with a most serious countenance, "I advise you to take care how you cast any such reflections on a man of Mr. Bagshot's nice honour; for I am certain he will not bear it." "D—n his honour," quoth the enraged Count, "nor can I bear being robbed; I will apply to a justice of peace." Wild replied with great indignation, "Since you dare entertain such a suspicion against my friend, I will henceforth

“ henceforth disclaim all acquaintance with you.
 “ Mr. Bagshot is a man of honour, and my friend,
 “ and consequently it is impossible he should be
 “ guilty of a bad action.” He added much more
 to the same purpose, which had not the expected
 weight with the Count; for the latter seemed still
 certain as to the person, and resolute in applying for
 justice, which, he said, he thought he owed to the
 public; as well as to himself. Wild then changed
 his countenance into a kind of derision, and spoke
 as follows: “ Suppose it should be possible that Mr.
 “ Bagshot had, in a frolic, (for I will call it no
 “ other) taken this method of borrowing your mo-
 “ ney, what will you get by prosecuting him? Not
 “ your money again; for you hear he was stript at the
 “ gaming-table;” (of which Bagshot had, during
 their short confabulation, informed them) “ you will
 “ get then an opportunity of being still more out of
 “ pocket by the prosecution. Another advantage
 “ you may promise yourself, is the being blown up
 “ at every gaming-house in town, for that I will as-
 “ sure you of; and then much good may it do you,
 “ to sit down with the satisfaction of having dis-
 “ charged what it seems you owe the public. I am
 “ ashamed of my own discernment, when I mistook
 “ you for a great man. Would it not be better for
 “ you to receive part (perhaps all) of your money
 “ again by a wise concealment; for however * *seedy*
 “ Mr. Bagshot may be now, if he hath really played
 “ this frolic with you, you may believe he will play
 “ it with others, and when he is in cash, you may
 “ depend on a restoration; the law will be always in
 “ your power, and that is the last remedy which a
 “ brave or a wise man would resort to. Leave the
 “ affair therefore to me; I will examine Bagshot,
 “ and if I find he hath played you this trick, I will

* Poor.

“engage my own honour, you shall in the end be no
 “loser.” The Count answered: “If I was sure
 “to be no loser, Mr. Wild, I apprehend you have a
 “better opinion of my understanding than to ima-
 “gine I would prosecute a gentleman for the sake of
 “the public. These are foolish words of course,
 “which we learn a ridiculous habit of speaking, and
 “will often break from us without any design or
 “meaning. I assure you, all I desire is a reimburse-
 “ment, and if I can by your means obtain that,
 “the public may—” concluding with a phrase too
 coarse to be inserted in a history of this kind.

THEY were now informed that dinner was ready, and the company assembled below stairs, whither the reader may, if he please, attend these gentlemen.

THERE sat down at the table Mr. Snap, and the two Miss Snaps, his daughters, Mr. Wild the elder, Mr. Wild the younger, the Count, Mr. Bagshot, and a grave gentleman, who had formerly had the honour of carrying arms in a regiment of foot, and who was now engaged in the office (perhaps a more profitable one) of assisting or following Mr. Snap in the execution of the laws of his country.

NOTHING very remarkable passed at dinner. The conversation (as is usual in polite company) rolled chiefly on what they were then eating, and what they had lately eaten. In this the military gentleman, who had served in Ireland, gave them a very particular account of a new manner of roasting potatoes, and others gave an account of other dishes. In short, an indifferent bystander would have concluded from their discourse, that they had all come into this world for no other purpose than to fill their bellies; and indeed, if this was not the chief, it is probable it was the most innocent design nature had in their formation.

As soon as *the dish* was removed, and the ladies retired, the Count proposed a game at hazard, which

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was immediately assented to by the whole company, and the dice being immediately brought in, the Count took up the box, and demanded who would set him: to which no one made any answer, imagining perhaps the Count's pockets to be more empty than they were; for, in reality, that gentleman (notwithstanding what he had heartily sworn to Mr. Wild) had, since his arrival at Mr. Snap's, conveyed a piece of plate to pawn, by which means he had furnished himself with ten guineas. The Count, therefore, perceiving this backwardness in his friends, and probably somewhat guessing at the cause of it, took the said guineas out of his pocket, and threw them on the table; when lo! (such is the force of example) all the rest began to produce their funds, and immediately, a considerable sum glittering in their eyes, the game began.

C H A P. XIII.

A chapter, of which we are extremely vain; and which indeed we look on as our Chef d'Oeuvre, containing a wonderful story concerning the devil, and as nice a scene of honour as ever happened.

MY reader, I believe, even if he be a gamester, would not thank me for an exact relation of every man's success; let it suffice then that they played till the whole money vanished from the table. Whether the devil himself carried it away, as some suspected, I will not determine; but very surprising it was, that every person protested he had lost, nor could any one guess who, unless *the devil*, had won.

BUT though very probable it is, that this arch fiend had some share in the booty, it is likely he had not all; Mr. Bagshot being imagined to be a considerable winner, notwithstanding his assertions to the contrary; for he was seen by several to convey

vey money often into his pocket; and what is still a little stronger presumption is, that the grave gentleman, whom we have mentioned to have served his country in two honourable capacities, not being willing to trust alone to the evidence of his eyes, had frequently dived into the said Bagshot's pocket, whence (as he tells us in the apology for his life afterwards published *) tho' he might extract a few pieces, he was very sensible he had left many behind.

THE gentleman had long indulged his curiosity in this way before Mr. Bagshot, in the heat of gaming, had perceived him: but as Bagshot was now leaving off play, he discovered this ingenious feat of dexterity; upon which, leaping up from his chair in a violent passion, he cried out, "I thought "I had been among gentlemen, and men of honour, "but, d——n me, I find we have a pickpocket in "company." The scandalous sound of this word extremely alarmed the whole board, nor did they all shew less surprise than the *Conv——n* (whose not sitting of late is much lamented) would express at hearing there was an Atheist in the room: but it more particularly affected the gentleman at whom it was levelled, though it was not addressed to him. He likewise started from his chair, and, with a fierce countenance and accent, said, "Do you mean me? "D——n your eyes, you are a rascal and a scoundrel." Those words would have been immediately succeeded by blows, had not the company interposed, and with strong arm withheld the two antagonists from each other. It was however a long time before they could be prevailed on to sit down; which being at last happily brought about, Mr. Wild the elder,

* NOT in a book by itself, in imitation of some other such persons, but in the ordinary's account, &c. where all the apologies for the lives of rogues and whores, which have been published within these twenty years, should have been inserted.

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who was a well-disposed old man, advised them to shake hands and be friends; but the gentleman, who had received the first affront, absolutely refused it, and swore, *He would have the villain's blood.* Mr. Snap highly applauded the resolution, and affirmed that the affront was by no means to be put up by any who bore the name of a gentleman, and that unless his friend resented it properly, he would never execute another warrant in his company; that he had always looked upon him as a man of honour, and doubted not but he would prove himself so; and that, if it was his own case, nothing should persuade him to put up such an affront without proper satisfaction. The Count likewise spoke on the same side, and the parties themselves muttered several short sentences, purporting their intentions. At last Mr. Wild, our hero, rising slowly from his seat, and having fixed the attention of all present, began as follows: “ I have heard with infinite pleasure every
“ thing which the two gentlemen who spoke last
“ have said with relation to honour, nor can any
“ man possibly entertain a higher and nobler sense
“ of that word, nor a greater esteem of its inestimable value than myself. If we have no name
“ to express it by in our Cant Dictionary, it were
“ well to be wished we had. It is indeed the essential quality of a gentleman, and which no man
“ who ever was great in the field, or on the road,
“ (as others express it) can possibly be without.
“ But alas! Gentlemen, what pity is it, that a
“ Word of such sovereign use and virtue should
“ have so uncertain and various an application, that
“ scarce two people mean the same thing by it?
“ Do not some by honour mean good nature and
“ humanity, which weak minds call virtues? How
“ then! Must we deny it to the great, the brave, the
“ noble; to the sackers of towns, the plunderers of
“ provinces, and the conquerors of kingdoms?
“ Were not these men of honour? and yet they
“ scorned

“ scorned those pitiful qualities I have mentioned.
 “ Again, some few (or I am mistaken) include the
 “ idea of honesty in their honour. And shall we
 “ then say, that no man who withholds from an-
 “ other what law, or justice perhaps, calls his own,
 “ or who greatly and boldly deprives him of *such*
 “ property, is a man of honour? Heaven forbid I
 “ should say so in this, or, indeed, in any other
 “ good company. Is honour truth? No, it is not
 “ in the lie’s going from us, but in its coming to
 “ us our honour is injured. Doth it then consist
 “ in what the vulgar call cardinal virtues? It would
 “ be an affront to your understandings to suppose
 “ it, since we see every day so many men of honour
 “ without any. In what then doth the word honour
 “ consist? Why in itself alone. A man of honour
 “ is he that is called a man of honour; and while
 “ he is so called, he so remains, and no longer.
 “ Think not any thing a man commits can forfeit
 “ his honour. Look abroad into the world, the
 “ PRIG while he flourishes is a man of honour;
 “ when in gaol, at the bar, or the tree, he is so no
 “ longer. And why is this distinction? Not from
 “ his actions; for those are often as well known in
 “ his flourishing estate, as they are afterwards; but
 “ because men, I mean those of his own party, or
 “ gang, call him a man of honour in the former,
 “ and cease to call him so in the latter condition.
 “ Let us see then; how hath Mr. Bagshot injured
 “ the gentleman’s honour? Why, he hath called
 “ him a pickpocket; and that, probably, by a
 “ severe construction, and a long round-about way
 “ of reasoning, may seem a little to derogate from
 “ his honour, if considered in a very nice sense.
 “ Admitting it, therefore, for argument’s sake, to
 “ be some small imputation on his honour, let Mr.
 “ Bagshot give him satisfaction; let him doubly
 “ and triply repair this oblique injury by directly
 “ asserting, that he believes he is a man of honour.”

The gentleman answered, he was content to refer it to Mr. Wild, and whatever satisfaction he thought sufficient, he would accept. Let him give me my money again first, said Bagshot, and then I will call him a man of honour with all my heart. The gentleman then protested he had not any, which Snap seconded, declaring he had his eyes on him all the while; but Bagshot remained still unsatisfied, till Wild, rapping out a hearty oath, swore he had not taken a single farthing, adding, that whoever asserted the contrary gave him the lie, and he would resent it. And now, such was the ascendancy of this Great Man, that Bagshot immediately acquiesced, and performed the ceremonies required: and thus, by the exquisite address of our hero, this quarrel, which had so fatal an aspect, and which between two persons so extremely jealous of their honour, would most certainly have produced very dreadful consequences, was happily concluded.

MR. Wild was indeed a little interested in this affair, as he himself had set the gentleman to work, and had received the greatest part of the booty: and as to Mr. Snap's deposition in his favour, it was the usual height to which the ardour of that worthy person's friendship too frequently hurried him. It was his constant maxim, That he was a pitiful fellow who would stick at a little * *Rapping* for his friend.

C H A P. XIV.

In which the history of GREATNESS is continued.

MATTERS being thus reconciled, and the gaming over, from reasons before hinted, the company proceeded to drink about with the ut-

* *Rapping* is a cant term for perjury.

most cheerfulness and friendship; drinking healths, shaking hands, and professing the most perfect affection for each other. All which were not in the least interrupted by some designs which they then agitated in their minds, and which they intended to execute as soon as the liquor had prevailed over some of their understandings. Bagshot and the gentleman intending to rob each other; Mr. Snap and Mr. Wild the elder, meditating what other creditors they could find out, to charge the gentleman then in custody with: the Count hoping to renew the play, and Wild our hero laying a design to put Bagshot out of the way, or, as the vulgar express it, to hang him with the first opportunity. But none of these great designs could at present be put in execution, for Mr. Snap being soon after summoned abroad on business of great moment, which required likewise the assistance of Mr. Wild the elder, and his other friend, and as he did not care to trust to the nimbleness of the Count's heels, of which he had already had some experience, he declared he must *lock up* for that evening. Here, reader, if thou pleasest, as we are in no great haste, we will stop and make a simile. As when their lap is finished, the cautious huntsman to their kennel gathers the nimble-footed hounds; they with lank ears and tails slouch sullenly on, whilst he with his whippers-in follows close to their heels, regardless of their dogged humour, till having seen them safe within the door, he turns the key, and then retires to whatever business or pleasure calls him thence: so, with lowering countenance, and reluctant steps, mounted the Count and Bagshot to their chamber, or rather kennel, whither they were attended by Snap, and those who followed him, and where Snap having seen them deposited, very contentedly locked the door and departed. And now, reader, we will, in imitation of the truly laudable custom of the world, leave these our good friends to deliver themselves as they can, and pursue the

thriving fortunes of Wild our hero, who with that great aversion to satisfaction and content, which is inseparably incident to great minds, began to enlarge his views with his prosperity: for this restless amiable disposition, this noble avidity which increases with feeding, is the first principle or constituent quality of these our great men; to whom, in their passage on to greatness, it happens as to a traveller over the Alps, or, if this be a too far-fetched simile, to one who travels westward over the hills near Bath, where the simile was indeed made. He sees not the end of his journey at once; but passing on from scheme to scheme, and from hill to hill, with noble constancy, resolving still to attain the summit on which he hath fixed his eye, however dirty the roads may be through which he struggles, he at length arrives at——some vile inn, where he finds no kind of entertainment nor conveniency for repose. I fancy, reader, if thou hast ever travelled in these roads, one part of my simile is sufficiently apparent, (and indeed, in all these illustrations, one side is generally much more apparent than the other) but, believe me, if the other doth not so evidently appear to thy satisfaction, it is from no other reason, than because thou art unacquainted with these Great Men, and hast not had sufficient instruction, leisure, or opportunity to consider what happens to those who pursue what is generally understood by GREATNESS: for surely, if thou hadst animadverted not only on the many perils to which Great Men are daily liable while they are in their progress, but hadst discerned, as it were through a microscope (for it is invisible to the naked eye) that diminutive speck of happiness which they attain even in the consummation of their wishes, thou wouldst lament with me the unhappy fate of these Great Men, on whom nature hath set so superior a mark, that the rest of mankind are born for their use and emolument only, and be apt to cry out, “ It is pity
“ that

“ that THOSE, for whose pleasure and profit man-
 “ kind are to labour and sweat, to be hacked and
 “ hewed, to be pillaged, plundered, and every
 “ way destroyed, should reap so LITTLE advantage
 “ from all the miseries they occasion to others.”

For my part, I own myself of that humble kind of mortals, who consider themselves born for the behoof of some great man or other, and could I behold his happiness carved out of the labour and ruin of a thousand such reptiles as myself, I might with satisfaction exclaim, *Sic, sic juvat*: but when I behold one Great Man starving with hunger, and freezing with cold, in the midst of fifty thousand, who are suffering the same evils for his diversion; when I see another, whose own mind is a more abject slave to his own greatness, and is more tortured and racked by it than those of all his vassals: lastly, when I consider whole nations rooted out only to bring tears into the eyes of a Great Man, not indeed because he hath extirpated so many, but because he had no more nations to extirpate, then truly I am almost inclined to wish that nature had spared us this her MASTERPIECE, and that no GREAT MAN had ever been born into the world.

BUT to proceed with our history, which will, we hope, produce much better lessons, and more instructive than any we can preach: Wild was no sooner retired to a night-cellar, than he began to reflect on the sweets he had that day enjoyed from the labours of others, *viz.* First, from Mr. Bagshot, who had for his use robbed the Count; and, Secondly, from the gentleman, who for the same good purpose had picked the pocket of Bagshot. He then proceeded to reason thus with himself:

“ The art of policy is the art of multiplication; the
 “ degrees of greatness being constituted by those
 “ two little words *More* and *Less*. Mankind are first
 “ properly to be considered under two grand divisions,
 “ those that use their own hands, and those

“ who employ the hands of others. The former
 “ are the base and rabble; the latter, the genteel
 “ part of the creation. The mercantile part of the
 “ world, therefore, wisely use the term *employing*
 “ *hands*, and justly prefer each other, as they em-
 “ ploy more or fewer; for thus one merchant says
 “ he is greater than another, because he employs
 “ more hands. And now indeed the merchant
 “ should seem to challenge some character of great-
 “ ness, did we not necessarily come to a second di-
 “ vision, *viz.* Of those who employ hands for the
 “ use of the community in which they live, and of
 “ those who employ hands merely for their own use,
 “ without any regard to the benefit of society. Of
 “ the former sort are the yeoman, the manufacturer,
 “ the merchant, and, perhaps, the gentleman. The
 “ first of these being to manure and cultivate his
 “ native soil, and to employ hands to produce the
 “ fruits of the earth. The second being to improve
 “ them by employing hands likewise, and to pro-
 “ duce from them those useful commodities, which
 “ serve as well for the conveniencies as necessities of
 “ life. The third is to employ hands for the expor-
 “ tation of the redundance of our own commodities,
 “ and to exchange them with the redundances of
 “ foreign nations, that thus every soil and every
 “ climate may enjoy the fruits of the whole earth.
 “ The gentleman is, by employing hands likewise,
 “ to embellish his country with the improvement
 “ of arts and sciences, with the making and exe-
 “ cuting good and wholesome laws for the preserva-
 “ tion of property, and the distribution of justice,
 “ and in several other manners to be useful to so-
 “ ciety. Now we come to the second part of this
 “ division, *viz.* Of those who employ hands for their
 “ own use only: and this is that noble and great part,
 “ who are generally distinguished into *Conquerors*,
 “ *absolute Princes*, *Statesmen*, and *Prigs* *. Now all

* Thieves.

“ these

“ these differ from each other in greatness only, as
 “ they employ *more* or *fewer* hands. And Alex-
 “ ander the Great was only *greater* than a captain
 “ of one of the Tartarian or Arabian hords, as he
 “ was at the head of a larger number. In what then
 “ is a single *Prig* inferior to any other great Man,
 “ but because he employs his own hands only; for
 “ he is not on that account to be levelled with the
 “ base and vulgar, because he employs his hands
 “ for his own use only. Now, suppose a *Prig* had
 “ as many tools as any prime minister ever had,
 “ would he not be as great as any prime minister
 “ whatsoever? Undoubtedly he would. What then
 “ have I to do in the pursuit of greatness, but to
 “ procure a gang, and to make the use of this gang
 “ center in myself. This gang shall rob for me
 “ only, receiving very moderate rewards for their
 “ actions; out of this gang I will prefer to my
 “ favour the boldest and most iniquitous (as the
 “ vulgar express it); the rest I will, from time
 “ to time, as I see occasion, transport and hang at
 “ my pleasure; and thus (which I take to be the
 “ highest excellence of a *Prig*) convert those laws
 “ which are made for the benefit and protection of
 “ society, to my single use.”

HAVING thus preconceived his scheme, he saw nothing wanting to put it in immediate execution, but that which is indeed the beginning as well as the end of all human devices: I mean money. Of which commodity he was possessed of no more than sixty-five guineas, being all that remained from the double benefits he had made of Bagshot, and which did not seem sufficient to furnish his house, and every other convenience necessary for so grand an undertaking. He resolved therefore to go immediately to the gaming-house, which was then sitting, not so much with an intention of trusting to fortune, as to play the surer care of attacking the winner in his way home. On his arrival, however, he thought

he might as well try his success at the dice, and reserve the other recourse as his last expedient. He accordingly sat down to play, and, as fortune, no more than others of her sex, is observed to distribute her favours with strict regard to great mental endowments, so our hero lost every farthing in his pocket. This loss however he bore with great constancy of mind, and with as great composure of aspect. To say truth, he considered the money as only lent for a short time, or rather indeed as deposited with a banker. He then resolved to have immediate recourse to his surer stratagem; and casting his eyes round the room, he soon perceived a gentleman sitting in a disconsolate posture, who seemed a proper instrument or tool for his purpose. In short, (to be as concise as possible in these least shining parts of our history) Wild accosted this man, founded him, found him fit to execute, proposed the matter, received a ready assent, and having fixed on the person who seemed that evening the greatest favourite of fortune, they posted themselves in the most proper place to surprise the enemy as he was retiring to his quarters, where he was soon attacked, subdued, and plundered; but indeed of no considerable booty; for it seems this gentleman played on a common stock, and had deposited his winnings at the scene of action; nor had he any more than two shillings in his pocket when he was attacked.

THIS was so cruel a disappointment to Wild, and so sensibly affects us, as no doubt it will the reader; that, as it must disqualify us both from proceeding any farther at present, we will now take a little breath; and therefore we shall here close this book.

THE
HISTORY
OF THE
LIFE
OF THE LATE
Mr. JONATHAN WILD THE GREAT.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

*Characters of silly people, with the proper uses for
which such are designed.*

ONE reason why we chose to end our first book, as we did; with the last chapter was, that we are now obliged to produce two characters of a stamp entirely different from what we have hitherto dealt in. These persons are of that pitiful order of mortals, who are in contempt called Good-natured; being indeed sent into the world by nature, with the same design with which men put little fish into a pike-pond, in order to be devoured by that voracious water-hero.

BUT

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BUT to proceed with our history, Wild having shared the booty in much the same manner as before, *i. e.* taken three-fourths of it, amounting to eighteen-pence, was now retiring to rest, in no very happy mood, when by accident he met a young fellow who had formerly been his companion, and indeed intimate friend, at school. It hath been thought that friendship is usually nursed by similitude of manners; but the contrary had been the case between these lads: for whereas Wild was rapacious and intrepid, the other had always more regard for his skin than his money; Wild therefore had very generously compassionated this defect in his school-fellow, and had brought him off from many scrapes, into most of which he had first drawn him, by taking the fault and whipping to himself. He had always indeed been well paid on such occasions; but there are a sort of people, who, together with the best of the bargain, will be sure to have the obligation too on their side; so it had happened here: for this poor lad considered himself in the highest degree obliged to Mr. Wild, and had contracted a very great esteem and friendship for him; the traces of which, an absence of many years had not in the least effaced in his mind. He no sooner knew Wild therefore, than he accosted him in the most friendly manner, and invited him home with him to breakfast, (it being now near nine in the morning) which invitation our hero with no great difficulty consented to. This young man, who was about Wild's age, had some time before set up in the trade of a jeweller, in the materials or stock for which, he had laid out the greatest part of a little fortune, and had married a very agreeable woman for love, by whom he then had two children. As our reader is to be more acquainted with this person, it may not be improper to open somewhat of his character, especially as it will serve as a kind of foil to the noble and great disposition of our hero,
and

and as the one seems sent into this world as a proper object on which the talents of the other were to be displayed with a proper and just success.

MR. Thomas Heartfree then (for that was his name) was of an honest and open disposition. He was of that sort of men, whom experience only, and not their own natures, must inform, that there are such things as deceit and hypocrisy in the world; and who, consequently, are not at five and twenty as difficult to be imposed upon as the oldest and most subtle. He was possessed of several great weaknesses of mind; being good-natured, friendly, and generous to a great excess. He had indeed too little regard to common justice, for he had forgiven some debts to his acquaintance, only because they could not pay him; and had entrusted a bankrupt on his setting up a second time, from having been convinced, that he had dealt in his bankruptcy with a fair and honest heart, and that he had broke through misfortune only, and not from neglect or imposture. He was withal so silly a fellow, that he never took the least advantage of the ignorance of his customers, and contented himself with very moderate gains on his goods; which he was the better enabled to do, notwithstanding his generosity, because his life was extremely temperate, his expences being solely confined to the cheerful entertainment of his friends at home, and now and then a moderate glass of wine, in which he indulged himself in the company of his wife, who, with an agreeable person, was a mean-spirited, poor, domestic, low-bred animal, who confined herself mostly to the care of her family, placed her happiness in her husband and her children; followed no expensive fashions or diversions, and indeed rarely went abroad, unless to return the visits of a few plain neighbours, and twice a year afforded herself, in company with her husband, the diversion of a play, where she never sat in a higher place than the pit.

To

To this silly woman did this silly fellow introduce the GREAT WILD, informing her at the same time of their school-acquaintance, and the many obligations he had received from him. This simple woman no sooner heard her husband had been obliged to her guest, than her eyes sparkled on him with a benevolence, which is an emanation from the heart, and of which great and noble minds, whose hearts never swell but with an injury, can have no very adequate idea; it is therefore no wonder that our hero should misconstrue, as he did, the poor, innocent, and simple affection of Mrs. Heartfree towards her husband's friend, for that great and generous passion, which fires the eyes of a modern heroine, when the colonel is so kind as to indulge his city creditor with partaking of his table to-day, and of his bed to-morrow. Wild therefore instantly returned the compliment, as he understood it, with his eyes, and presently after bestowed many encomiums on her beauty, with which perhaps she, who was a woman, though a good one, and misapprehended the design, was not displeased any more than the husband.

WHEN breakfast was ended, and the wife retired to her household affairs, Wild, who had a quick discernment into the weaknesses of men, and who, besides the knowledge of his good (or foolish) disposition when a boy, had now discovered several sparks of goodness, friendship, and generosity in his friend, began to discourse over the accidents which had happened in their childhood, and took frequent occasions of reminding him of those favours which we have before mentioned his having conferred on him; he then proceeded to the most vehement professions of friendship, and to the most ardent expressions of joy in this renewal of their acquaintance. He at last told him with great seeming pleasure, that he believed he had an opportunity of serving him by the recommendation of a gentleman to his custom, who was

then on the brink of marriage, and, if he be not already engaged, "I will," says he, "endeavour to prevail on him to furnish his lady with jewels at your shop."

HEARTFREE was not backward in thanks to our hero, and, after many earnest solicitations to dinner, which were refused, they parted for the first time.

BUT here, as it occurs to our memory, that our readers may be surprised (an accident which sometimes happens in histories of this kind) how Mr. Wild the elder, in his present capacity, should have been able to maintain his son at a reputable school, as this appears to have been, it may be necessary to inform him, that Mr. Wild himself was then a tradesman in good business; but, by misfortunes in the world, to wit, extravagance and gaming, he had reduced himself to that honourable occupation which we have formerly mentioned.

HAVING cleared up this doubt, we will now pursue our hero, who forthwith repaired to the Count, and having first settled preliminary articles concerning distributions, he acquainted him with the scheme which he had formed against Heartfree; and after consulting proper methods to put it in execution, they began to concert measures for the enlargement of the Count; on which the first, and indeed only point to be considered, was to raise money, not to pay his debts, for that would have required an immense sum, and was contrary to his inclination or intention, but to procure him bail; for as to his escape, Mr. Snap had taken such precautions that it appeared absolutely impossible.

C H A P. II.

Great examples of GREATNESS in Wild, shewn as well by his behaviour to Bagshot, as in a scheme laid first to impose on Heartfree by means of the Count, and then to cheat the Count of the booty.

WILD undertook, therefore, to extract some money from Bagshot, who, notwithstanding the depredations made on him, had carried off a pretty considerable booty from their engagement at dice the preceding day. He found Mr. Bagshot in expectation of his bail, and, with a countenance full of concern, which he could at any time, with wonderful art, put on, told him, that all was discovered; that the Count knew him, and intended to prosecute him for the robbery, had not I exerted (said he) my utmost interest, and with great difficulty prevailed on him in case you refund the money—

“ Refund the money! cry’d Bagshot, that is in your
 “ power: for you know what an inconsiderable part
 “ of it fell to my share. How! replied Wild, is
 “ this your gratitude to me for saving your life?
 “ For your own conscience must convince you of
 “ your guilt, and with how much certainty the gentleman can give evidence against you. Marry
 “ come up, quoth Bagshot, I believe my life alone
 “ will not be in danger. I know those who are as
 “ guilty as myself. Do you tell me of conscience?
 “ —Yes, firrah! answered our hero, taking him
 “ by the collar, and since you dare threaten me, I
 “ will shew you the difference between committing
 “ a robbery, and conniving at it, which is all I
 “ can charge myself with. I own indeed I suspected
 “ when you shewed me a sum of money, that you
 “ had not come honestly by it. How, says Bagshot,
 “ frightened out of one half of his wits, and amazed
 “ out of the other, can you deny?—Yes, you ras-
 “ cal,

“cal, answered Wild, I do deny every thing, and
 “do you find a witness to prove it; and, to shew
 “you how little apprehensions I have of your power
 “to hurt me, I will have you apprehended this
 “moment.”—At which words he offered to break
 from him; but Bagshot laid hold of his skirts, and,
 with an altered tone and manner, begged him not
 to be so impatient. “Refund then, sirrah, cries
 “Wild, and perhaps I may take pity on you. What
 “must I refund?” answered Bagshot. “Every far-
 “thing in your pocket,” replied Wild; “then I may
 “have some compassion on you, and not only save
 “your life, but, out of an excess of generosity, may
 “return you something.” At which words Bag-
 shot seeming to hesitate, Wild pretended to make to
 the door, and rapt out an oath of vengeance with
 so violent an emphasis, that his friend no longer
 presumed to balance, but suffered Wild to search his
 pockets, and draw forth all he found, to the amount
 of twenty-one guineas and a half, which last piece
 our generous hero returned him again; telling him,
 he might now sleep secure, but advised him for the
 future never to threaten his friends.

THUS did our hero execute the greatest exploits
 with the utmost ease imaginable, by means of those
 transcendent qualities which nature had indulged
 him with, *viz.* a bold heart, a thundering voice,
 and a steady countenance.

WILD now returned to the Count, and informed
 him that he had got ten guineas of Bagshot; for,
 with great and commendable prudence, he sunk
 the other eleven into his own pocket; and told him,
 with that money he would procure him bail, which
 he after prevailed on his father, and another gentle-
 man of the same occupation, to become, for two
 guineas each; so that he made lawful prize of six
 more, making Bagshot debtor for the whole ten;
 for such were his great abilities, and so vast the
 compass of his understanding, that he never made
 any

any bargain without overreaching (or, in the vulgar phrase, cheating) the person with whom he dealt.

THE Count being, by these means, enlarged, the first thing they did, in order to procure credit from tradesmen, was the taking a handsome house ready furnished in one of the new streets; in which, as soon as the Count was settled, they proceeded to furnish him with servants and equipage, and all the *Infignia* of a large estate proper to impose on poor Heartfree. These being all obtained, Wild made a second visit to his friend, and, with much joy in his countenance, acquainted him that he had succeeded in his endeavours, and that the gentleman had promised to deal with him for the jewels which he intended to present his bride, and which were designed to be very splendid and costly; he therefore appointed him to go to the Count the next morning, and carry with him a set of the richest and most beautiful jewels he had, giving him at the same time some hints of the Count's ignorance of that commodity, and that he might extort what price of him he pleased; but Heartfree told him, not without some disdain, that he scorned to take any such advantage; and, after expressing much gratitude to his friend for his recommendation, he promised to carry the jewels at the hour, and to the place appointed.

I AM sensible that the reader, if he hath but the least notion of greatness, must have such a contempt for the extreme folly of this fellow, that he will be very little concerned at any misfortunes which may befall him in the sequel; for, to have no suspicion, that an old school-fellow, with whom he had, in his tenderest years, contracted a friendship, and who, on the accidental renewing of their acquaintance, had professed the most passionate regard for him, should be very ready to impose on him; in short, to conceive that a friend should, of his own accord, without any view to his own interest, endeavour to
do

do him a service; must argue such weakness of mind, such ignorance of the world, and such an artless, simple, undefining heart, as must render the person possessed of it the lowest creature, and the properest object of contempt imaginable, in the eyes of every man of understanding and discernment.

WILD remembered that his friend Heartfree's faults were rather in his heart than in his head; that though he was so mean a fellow, that he was never capable of laying a design to injure any human creature, yet was he by no means a fool, nor liable to any gross imposition, unless where his heart betrayed him. He therefore instructed the Count to take only one of his jewels at the first interview, and to reject the rest as not fine enough, and order him to provide some richer. He said, this management would prevent Heartfree from expecting ready-money for the jewel he brought with him, which the Count was presently to dispose of, and by means of that money, and his great abilities at cards and dice, to get together as large a sum as possible, which he was to pay down to Heartfree, at the delivery of the set of jewels, who would be thus void of all manner of suspicion, and would not fail to give him credit for the residue.

By this contrivance it will appear in the sequel, that Wild did not only propose to make the imposition on Heartfree, who was (hitherto) void of all suspicion, more certain; but to rob the Count himself of this sum. This double method of cheating the very tools who are our instruments to cheat others, is the superlative degree of greatness, and is probably, as far as any spirit crusted over with clay can carry it, falling very little short of Diabolism itself.

THIS method was immediately put in execution, and the Count, the first day, took only a single brilliant, worth about three hundred pounds, and ordered a necklace, earrings, and solitaire, of the value

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of three thousand more, to be prepared by that day sevensnight.

THIS interval was employed by Wild in prosecuting his scheme of raising a gang, in which he met with such success, that within a few days he had levied several bold and resolute fellows, fit for any enterprize, how dangerous or great soever.

WE have before remarked, that the truest mark of greatness is insatiability. Wild had covenanted with the Count to receive three-fourths of the booty, and had, at the same time, covenanted with himself, to secure the other fourth part likewise, for which he had formed a very great and noble design; but he now saw with concern, that sum, which was to be received in hand by Heartfree, in danger of being absolutely lost. In order, therefore, to possess himself of that likewise, he contrived that the jewels should be brought in the afternoon, and that Heartfree should be detained before the Count could see him; so that the night should overtake him in his return, when two of his gang were ordered to attack and plunder him.

C H A P. III.

*Containing scenes of softness, love, and honour, all in the
GREAT style.*

THE Count had disposed of his jewel for its full value, and this he had, by dexterity, raised to a thousand pounds; this sum therefore he paid down to Heartfree, promising him the rest within a month. His house, his equipage, his appearance, but, above all, a certain plausibility in his voice and behaviour would have deceived any, but one whose great and wise heart had dictated to him something within, which would have secured him from any danger of imposition from without. Heartfree therefore did not in the least scruple giving him credit; but

but as he had in reality procured those jewels of another, his own little stock not being able to furnish any thing so valuable, he begged the Count would be so kind to give his note for the money, payable at the time he mentioned; which that gentleman did not in the least scruple: so he paid him the thousand pounds in specie, and gave his note for two thousand eight hundred pounds more to Heartfree, who burnt with gratitude to Wild, for the noble customer he had recommended to him.

As soon as Heartfree was departed, Wild, who waited in another room, came in, and received the casket from the Count; it having been agreed between them, that this should be deposited in his hands, as he was the original contriver of the scheme, and was to have the largest share. Wild having received the casket, offered to meet the Count late that evening to come to a division; but such was the latter's confidence in the honour of our hero, that, he said, if it was any inconvenience to him, the next morning would do altogether as well. This was more agreeable to Wild, and accordingly an appointment being made for that purpose, he set out in haste to pursue Heartfree to the place where the two gentlemen were ordered to meet and attack him. Those gentlemen, with noble resolution, executed their purpose; they attacked and spoiled the enemy of the whole sum he had received from the Count.

As soon as the engagement was over, and Heartfree left sprawling on the ground, our hero, who wisely declined trusting the booty in his friends hands, tho' he had good experience of their honour, made off after the conquerors: at length they being all at a place of safety, Wild, according to a previous agreement, received nine-tenths of the booty; the subordinate heroes did indeed profess some little unwillingness (perhaps more than was strictly consistent with honour) to perform their contract; but Wild, partly

by argument, but more by oaths and threatnings, prevailed with them to fulfil their promise.

OUR hero having thus, with wonderful address, brought this great and glorious action to a happy conclusion, resolved to relax his mind after his fatigue, in the conversation of the fair. He therefore set forwards to his lovely Lætitia; but, in his way, accidentally met with a young lady of his acquaintance, Miss Molly Straddle, who was taking the air in Bridges-street. Miss Molly seeing Mr. Wild, stopped him, and with a familiarity peculiar to a genteel town education, tapp'd or rather flapp'd him on the back, and asked him to treat her with a pint of wine, at a neighbouring tavern. The hero, tho' he loved the chaste Lætitia with excessive tenderness, was not of that low sniveling breed of mortals, who, as it is generally expressed, *tie themselves to a woman's apron strings*; in a word, who are tainted with that mean, base, low vice or virtue as it is called, of constancy; therefore he immediately consented, and attended her to a tavern famous for excellent wine, known by the name of the Rummer and Horseshoe, where they retired to a room by themselves. Wild was very vehement in his addresses, but to no purpose; the young lady declared she would grant no favour till he had made her a present; this was immediately complied with, and the lover made as happy as he could desire.

THE immoderate fondness which Wild entertained for his dear Lætitia, would not suffer him to waste any considerable time with Miss Straddle. Notwithstanding, therefore, all the endearments and caresses of that young lady, he soon made an excuse to go down stairs, and thence immediately set forward to Lætitia, without taking any formal leave of Miss Straddle, or indeed of the drawer, with whom the lady was afterwards obliged to come to an account for the reckoning.

MR.

MR. WILD, on his arrival at Mr. Snap's, found only Miss Dosby at home; that young lady being employed alone, in imitation of Penelope, with her thread or worsted; only with this difference, that whereas Penelope unravelled by night what she had knit, or wove, or spun by day, so what our young heroine unravelled by day, she knit again by night. In short, she was mending a pair of blue stockings with red clocks; a circumstance which, perhaps, we might have omitted, had it not served to shew that there are still some ladies of this age, who imitate the simplicity of the antients.

WILD immediately asked for his beloved, and was informed, that she was not at home. He then enquired where she was to be found, and declared, he would not depart till he had seen her; nay, not till he had married her; for, indeed, his passion for her was truly honourable; in other words, he had so ungovernable a desire for her person, that he would go any length to satisfy it. He then pulled out the casket, which he swore was full of the finest jewels, and that he would give them all to her, with other promises; which so prevailed on Miss Dosby, who had not the common failure of sisters in envying, and often endeavouring to disappoint each other's happiness, that she desired Mr. Wild to sit down a few minutes, whilst she endeavoured to find her sister, and to bring her to him. The lover thanked her, and promised to stay till her return; and Miss Dosby, leaving Mr. Wild to his meditations, fastened him in the kitchen by barring the door, (for most of the doors in this mansion were made to be bolted on the outside) and then flapping too the door of the house with great violence, without going out at it, she stole softly up stairs, where Miss Lætitia was engaged in close conference with Mr. Bagshot. Miss Letty, being informed by her sister in a whisper of what Mr. Wild had said, and what he had produced, told Mr. Bagshot, that a young lady was below to

visit her, whom she would dispatch with all imaginable haste, and return to him. She desired him therefore to stay with patience for her in the meantime, and that she would leave the door unlocked, tho' her papa would never forgive her if he should discover it. Bagshot promised on his honour, not to step without his chamber; and the two young ladies went softly down stairs; when pretending first to make their entry into the house, they repaired to the kitchen, where not even the presence of the chaste Lætitia could restore that harmony to the countenance of her lover, which Miss Theodosia had left him possessed of; for, during her absence, he had discovered the absence of a purse containing bank-notes for 900 l. which had been taken from Mr. Heartfree, and which, indeed, Miss Straddle had, in the warmth of his amorous caresses, unperceived drawn from him. However, as he had that perfect mastery of his temper, or rather of his muscles, which is as necessary to the forming a great character, as to the personating it on the stage, he soon conveyed a smile into his countenance, and concealing as well his misfortune as his chagrin at it, began to pay honourable addresses to Miss Letty. This young lady, among many other good ingredients, had three very predominant passions; to wit, vanity, wantonness, and avarice. To satisfy the first of these, she employed Mr. Smirk and company; to the second, Mr. Bagshot and company; and our hero had the honour and happiness of solely engrossing the third. Now, these three sorts of lovers she had very different ways of entertaining. With the first, she was all gay and coquette; with the second, all fond and rampant; and with the last, all cold and reserved. She therefore told Mr. Wild, with a most composed aspect, that she was glad he had repented of his manner of treating her at their last interview, where his behaviour was so monstrous, that she had resolved never to see him any more; that she was afraid her own sex would hardly pardon her the weak-

weakness she was guilty of in receding from that resolution, which she was persuaded she never should have brought herself to, had not her sister, who was there to confirm what she said (as she did with many oaths) betrayed her into his company, by pretending it was another person to visit her: but however, as he now thought proper to give her more convincing proofs of his affections, (for he had now the casket in his hand) and since she perceived his designs were no longer against her virtue, but were such as a woman of honour might listen to, she must own—and then she feign'd an hesitation, when Theodosia began: “Nay, sister, I am resolved you shall counterfeit no longer. I assure you, Mr. Wild, she hath the most violent passion for you in the world; and indeed, dear Tishy, if you offer to go back, since I plainly see Mr. Wild’s designs are honourable, I will betray all you have ever said.”—“How, sister (answered Letitia) I protest you will drive me out of the room: I did not expect this usage from you.” Wild then fell on his knees, and taking hold of her hand, repeated a speech which, as the reader may easily suggest it to himself, I shall not here set down. He then offered her the casket, but she gently rejected it; and on a second offer, with a modest countenance and voice, desired to know what it contained. Wild then opened it, and took forth (with sorrow I write it, and with sorrow will it be read) one of those beautiful necklaces, with which, at the fair of Bartholomew, they deck the well-bewhitened neck of Thalestris queen of Amazons, Anna Bullen, queen Elizabeth, or some other high princess in Drollic story. It was indeed composed of that paste, which Derdæus Magnus, an ingenious toyman, doth at a very moderate price dispense of to the second-rate beaux of the metropolis. For, to open a truth, which we ask our reader’s pardon for having concealed from him so long; the sagacious Count, wisely fearing lest some accident

might prevent Mr. Wild's return at the appointed time, had carefully conveyed the jewels which Mr. Heartfree had brought with him, into his own pocket; and in their stead had placed in the casket these artificial stones, which, tho' of equal value to a philosopher, and perhaps of a much greater to a true admirer of the compositions of art, had not however the same charms in the eyes of Miss Letty; who had indeed some knowledge of jewels: for Mr. Snap, with great reason, considering how valuable a part of a lady's education it would be to be well instructed in these things, in an age when young ladies learn little more than how to dress themselves, had in her youth placed Miss Letty as the handmaid (or housemaid as the vulgar call it) of an eminent pawnbroker. The lightning, therefore, which should have flashed from the jewels, flashed from her eyes, and thunder immediately followed from her voice. She beknaved, berafcalled, berogued the unhappy hero, who stood silent, confounded with astonishment, but more with shame and indignation, at being thus outwitted and overreached. At length, he recovered his spirits, and throwing down the casket in a rage, he snatched the key from the table; and without making any answer to the ladies, who both very plentifully opened upon him, and without taking any leave of them, he flew out at the door, and repaired with the utmost expedition to the Count's habitation.

C H A P. IV.

In which Wild, after many fruitless endeavours to discover his friend, moralizes on his misfortune in a speech, which may be of use (if rightly understood) to some other considerable speech-makers.

NOT the highest fed footman of the highest-bred woman of quality knocks with more impetuosity, than Wild did at the Count's door, which was immediately opened by a well-drest liveryman, who answered that his master was not at home. Wild, not satisfied with this, searched the house, but to no purpose; he then ransacked all the gaming houses in town, but found no Count: indeed that gentleman had taken leave of his house the same instant Mr. Wild had turned his back, and, equipping himself with boots and a post-horse, without taking with him either servant, clothes, or any necessaries for the journey of a great man, made such mighty expedition that he was now upwards of twenty miles on his way to Dover.

WILD, finding his search ineffectual, resolved to give it over for that night; he then retired to his seat of contemplation, a night-cellar, where, without a single farthing in his pocket, he called for a sneaker of punch, and, placing himself on a bench by himself, he softly vented the following soliloquy:

“ How vain is human GREATNESS! What avail
 “ superior abilities, and a noble defiance of those
 “ narrow rules and bounds which confine the vulgar;
 “ when our best concerted schemes are liable
 “ to be defeated! How unhappy is the state of
 “ PRIGGISM! How impossible for human prudence
 “ to foresee and guard against every circumvention!
 “ It is even as a game of chess, where, while the
 “ rook, or knight, or bishop, is busied in forecasting
 “ some great enterprize, a worthless pawn inter-
 “ poses,

“ poses, and disconcerts his scheme. Better had it
 “ been for me to have observed the simple laws of
 “ friendship and morality, than thus to ruin my
 “ friend for the benefit of others. I might have
 “ commanded his purse to any degree of modera-
 “ tion, I have now disabled him from the power of
 “ serving me. Well! but that was not my design.
 “ If I cannot arraign my own conduct, why should
 “ I, like a woman or a child, sit down and lament
 “ the disappointment of chance? But can I acquit
 “ myself of all neglect? Did I not misbehave in put-
 “ ting it into the power of others to outwit me? But
 “ that is impossible to be avoided. In this a *Prig*
 “ is more unhappy than any other: a cautious man
 “ may, in a crowd, preserve his own pockets by
 “ keeping his hands in them; but while the *Prig*
 “ employs his hands in another’s pocket, how shall
 “ he be able to defend his own! Indeed, in this light
 “ what can be imagined more miserable than a *Prig*?
 “ How dangerous are his acquisitions! how unsafe,
 “ how unquiet his possessions! why then should any
 “ man wish to be a *Prig*, or where is his greatness?
 “ I answer, in his mind: ’tis the inward glory, the
 “ secret consciousness of doing great and wonderful
 “ actions, which can alone support the truly GREAT
 “ Man, whether he be a CONQUEROR, a TYRANT, a
 “ STATESMAN, or a PRIG. These must bear him
 “ up against the private curse and public imprec-
 “ tion, and while he is hated and detested by all man-
 “ kind, must make him inwardly satisfied with him-
 “ self. For what but some such inward satisfaction as
 “ this could inspire men possessed of power, of wealth,
 “ of every human blessing, which pride, avarice, or
 “ luxury could desire, to forsake their homes, aban-
 “ don ease and repose, and at the expence of riches
 “ and pleasures, at the price of labour and hardship,
 “ and at the hazard of all that fortune hath liberally
 “ given them, could send them at the head of a
 “ multitude of *Prigs* called an army, to molest their
 “ neigh-

“ neighbours; to introduce rape, rapine, bloodshed,
 “ and every kind of misery among their own spe-
 “ cies? What but some such glorious appetite of
 “ mind could inflame princes, endowed with the
 “ greatest honours, and enriched with the most plen-
 “ tiful revenues, to desire maliciously to rob those
 “ subjects of their liberties, who are content to sweat
 “ for the luxury, and to bow down their knees to
 “ the pride of those very princes? What but this
 “ can inspire them to destroy one half of their sub-
 “ jects, in order to reduce the rest to an absolute de-
 “ pendance on their own wills, and on those of their
 “ brutal successors? What other motive could se-
 “ duce a subject, possessor of great property in his
 “ community, to betray the interest of his fellow-
 “ subjects, of his brethren, and his posterity, to the
 “ wanton disposition of such princes? Lastly, what
 “ less inducement could persuade the *Prig* to forsake
 “ the methods of acquiring a safe, an honest, and
 “ a plentiful livelihood, and, at the hazard of even
 “ life itself, and what is mistakenly called disho-
 “ nour, to break openly and bravely through the
 “ laws of his country, for uncertain, unsteady, and
 “ unsafe gain? Let me then hold myself contented
 “ with this reflection, that I have been wise, though
 “ unsuccessful, and am a GREAT, though an un-
 “ happy man.”

His soliloquy and his punch concluded together; for he had at every pause comforted himself with a sip. And now it came first into his head, that it would be more difficult to pay for it, than it was to swallow it, when, to his great pleasure, he beheld, at another corner of the room, one of the gentlemen whom he had employed in the attack on Heartfree, and who, he doubted not, would readily lend him a guinea or two; but he had the mortification, on applying to him, to hear that the gaming-table had stripped him of all the booty which his own generosity had left in his possession. He was therefore obliged
 to

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to pursue his usual method on such occasions: so, cocking his hat fiercely, he marched out of the room without making any excuse, or any one daring to make the least demand.

C H A P. V.

Containing many surprising adventures, which our Hero, with GREAT GREATNESS, atchieved.

WE will now leave our hero to take a short repose, and return to Mr. Snap's, where at Wild's departure the fair Theodosia had again betaken herself to her stocking, and Miss Letty had retired up stairs to Mr. Bagshot; but that gentleman had broken his parole, and, having conveyed himself below stairs behind a door, he took the opportunity of Wild's sally to make his escape. We shall only observe, that Miss Letty's surprize was the greater, as she had, notwithstanding her promise to the contrary, taken the precaution to turn the key; but, in her hurry, she did it ineffectually. How wretched must have been the situation of this young creature, who had not only lost a lover, on whom her tender heart perfectly doated, but was exposed to the rage of an injured father, tenderly jealous of his honour, which was deeply engaged to the sheriff of London and Middlesex for the safe custody of the said Bagshot, and for which two very good responsible friends had given not only their words but their bonds.

BUT let us remove our eyes from this melancholy object, and survey our hero, who, after a successful search for Miss Straddle, with wonderful greatness of mind, and steadiness of countenance, went early in the morning to visit his friend Heartfree, at a time when the common herd of friends would have forsaken and avoided him. He entered the room with a cheerful air, which he presently changed into surprize

prize on seeing his friend in a nightgown, with his wounded head bound about with linen, and looking extremely pale from a great effusion of blood. When Wild was informed by Heartfree what had happened, he first expressed great sorrow, and afterwards suffered as violent agonies of rage against the robbers to burst from him. Heartfree, in compassion to the deep impressions his misfortune seemed to make on his friend, endeavoured to lessen it as much as possible, at the same time exaggerating the obligation he owed to Wild, in which his wife likewise seconded him; and they breakfasted with more comfort than was reasonably to be expected after such an accident. Heartfree expressing great satisfaction that he had put the Count's note in another pocket-book, adding, that such a loss would have been fatal to him; "for to confess the truth to you, my dear friend, said he, I have had some losses lately which have greatly perplexed my affairs; and though I have many debts due to me from people of great fashion, I assure you I know not where to be certain of getting a shilling." Wild greatly felicitated him on the lucky accident of preserving his note, and then proceeded, with much acrimony, to inveigh against the barbarity of people of fashion, who kept tradesmen out of their money.

WHILE they amused themselves with discourses of this kind, Wild, meditating within himself whether he should borrow or steal from his friend, or indeed whether he could not effect both, the apprentice brought a bank-note of 500 l. in to Heartfree, which, he said, a gentlewoman in the shop, who had been looking at some jewels, desired him to exchange. Heartfree looking at the number, immediately recollected it to be one of those he had been robbed of. With this discovery he acquainted Wild, who, with the notable presence of mind, and unchanged complexion, so essential to a great character, advised him to proceed cautiously; and offered (as Mr. Heartfree himself

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himself was, he said, too much flustered to examine the woman with sufficient art) to take her into a room in his house alone. He would, he said, personate the master of the shop, would pretend to shew her some jewels, and would undertake to get sufficient information out of her to secure the rogues, and most probably all their booty. This proposal was readily and thankfully accepted by Heartfree. Wild went immediately up stairs into the room appointed, whither the apprentice, according to appointment, conducted the lady.

THE apprentice was ordered down stairs the moment the lady entered the room; and Wild, having shut the door, approached her with great ferocity in his looks, and began to expatiate on the complicated baseness of the crime she had been guilty of; but though he uttered many good lessons of morality, as we doubt whether from a particular reason they may work any very good effect on our reader, we shall omit his speech, and only mention his conclusion, which was by asking her, what mercy she could now expect from him? Miss Straddle, for that was the young lady, who had had a good education, and had been more than once present at the Old Bailey, very confidently denied the whole charge, and said, she had received the note from a friend. Wild then raising his voice, told her, she should be immediately committed, and she might depend on being convicted; “but,” added he, changing his tone, “as I have a violent affection for thee, my dear Straddle, if you will follow my advice, I promise you on my honour, to forgive you, nor shall you be ever called in question on this account.” “Why, what would you have me to do, Mr. Wild?” replied the young lady, with a pleasanter aspect. “You must know then,” said Wild, “the money you picked out of my pocket (nay, by G—d you did, and if you offer to flinch, you shall be convicted of it.) I won at play of a fellow, who, it seems, robbed

“bed

“ bed my friend of it ; you must, therefore, give an
 “ information on oath against one Thomas Fierce,
 “ and say, that you received the note from him, and
 “ leave the rest to me. I am certain, Molly, you
 “ must be sensible of your obligations to me, who
 “ return good for evil to you in this manner.” The
 lady readily consented ; and advanced to embrace
 Mr. Wild, who stepped a little back and cry’d : “ Hold,
 “ Molly ; there are two other notes of 200 l. each
 “ to be accounted for, where are they ?” The lady
 protested with the most solemn asseverations that
 she knew of no more ; with which, when Wild was
 not satisfied, she cry’d ; “ I will stand search.” “ That
 “ you shall,” answered Wild, “ and stand strip too :”
 he then proceeded to tumble and search her, but to
 no purpose, till at last she burst into tears, and de-
 clared she would tell the truth (as indeed she did ;)
 she then confessed that she had disposed of the one to
 Jack Swagger, a great favourite of the ladies, be-
 ing an Irish gentleman, who had been bred clerk to
 an attorney, afterwards whipt out of a regiment of
 dragoons, and was then a Newgate solicitor, and a
 bawdyhouse bully ; and as for the other, she had
 laid it all out that very morning in brocaded silks,
 and Flanders lace. With this account Wild, who in-
 deed knew it to be a very probable one, was forced
 to be contented ; and now abandoning all further
 thoughts of what he saw was irretrievably lost, he
 gave the lady some further instructions, and then, de-
 siring her to stay a few minutes behind him, he re-
 turned to his friend, and acquainted him that he
 had discovered the whole roguery ; that the woman
 had confessed from whom she had received the note,
 and promised to give an information before a justice
 of peace ; adding, he was concerned he could not
 attend him thither, being obliged to go to the other
 end of the town to receive thirty pounds, which he
 was to pay that evening. Heartfree said, that should
 not prevent him of his company, for he could easily

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lend him such a trifle. This was accordingly done and accepted, and Wild, Heartfree, and the lady went to the justice together.

THE warrant being granted, and the constable being acquainted by the lady, who received her information from Wild of Mr. Fierce's haunts, he was easily apprehended, and, being confronted with Miss Straddle, who swore positively to him, though she had never seen him before; he was committed to Newgate, where he immediately conveyed an information to Wild of what had happened, and in the evening received a visit from him.

WILD affected great concern for his friend's misfortune, and as great surprize at the means by which it was brought about. However, he told Fierce that he must certainly be mistaken in that point, of his having had no acquaintance with Miss Straddle; but added, that he would find her out, and endeavour to take off her evidence; which, he observed, did not come home enough to endanger him; besides, he would secure him witnesses of an *Alibi*, and five or six to his character; so that he need be under no apprehension, for his confinement till the sessions would be his only punishment.

FIERCE, who was greatly comforted by these assurances of his friend, returned him many thanks, and both shaking each other very earnestly by the hand, with a very hearty embrace they separated.

THE hero considered with himself that a single evidence of Miss Straddle would not be sufficient to convict Fierce, whom he resolved to hang, as he was the person who had principally refused to deliver him the stipulated share of the booty; he therefore went in quest of Mr. James Sly, the gentleman who had assisted in the exploit; and found, and acquainted him with the apprehending of Fierce. Wild then intimating his fear, lest Fierce should impeach Sly, advised him to be beforehand, to surrender himself to
a justice

a justice of peace, and offer himself as an evidence. Sly approved Mr. Wild's opinion, went directly to a magistrate, and was by him committed to the Gate-house, with a promise of being admitted evidence against his companion.

FIERCE was, in a few days, brought to his trial at the Old Bailey, where, to his great confusion, his old friend Sly appeared against him, as did Miss Straddle. His only hopes were now in the assistances which our hero had promised him. These unhappily failed him: so that the evidence being plain against him, and he making no defence, the jury convicted him, the court condemned him, and Mr. Ketch executed him.

WITH such infinite address, did this truly great man know to play with the passions of men, to set them at variance with each other, and to work his own purposes out of those jealousies and apprehensions, which he was wonderfully ready at creating by means of those great arts which the vulgar call treachery, dissembling, promising, lying, falsehood, &c. but which are by great men summed up in the collective name of policy, or politics, or rather politricks; an art of which, as it is the highest excellence of human nature, perhaps our great man was the most eminent master.

CHAP. VI.

Of hats.

WILD had now got together a very considerable gang, composed of undone gamesters, ruined bailiffs, broken tradesmen, idle apprentices, attorneys clerks, and loose and disorderly youth, who being born to no fortune, nor bred to any trade or profession, were willing to live luxuriously without labour. As these persons wore different *Principles*, i. e. *Hats*, frequent dissensions grew among them.

There were particularly two parties, *viz.* those who wore hats *fiercely* cocked, and those who preferr'd the *Nab* or trencher hat, with the brim flapping over their eyes. The former were called *Cavaliers* and *Tory Rory Ranter Boys*, &c. The latter went by the several names of *Wags*, *Roundheads*, *Shakebags*, *Oldnolls*, and several others. Between these, continual jars arose; insomuch that they grew in time to think there was something essential in their differences, and that their interests were incompatible with each other, whereas, in truth, the difference lay only in the fashion of their hats. Wild therefore, having assembled them all at an alehouse on the night after Fierce's execution, and perceiving evident marks of their misunderstanding, from their behaviour to each other, addressed them in the following gentle, but forcible manner *. "Gentlemen, I am
 "ashamed to see men embarked in so great and glo-
 "rious an undertaking, as that of robbing the
 "public, so foolishly and weakly dissenting among

* There is something very mysterious in this speech, which probably that chapter written by Aristotle on this subject, which is mentioned by a French author, might have given some light into; but that is unhappily among the lost works of that philosopher. It is remarkable, that *Galerus*, which is Latin for a Hat, signifies likewise a Dog-fish, as the Greek word *Κυνέν* doth the Skin of that Animal; of which I suppose the hats or helmets of the ancients were composed, as ours at present are of the beaver or rabbit. Sophocles, in the latter end of his *Ajax*, alludes to a method of cheating in hats, and the scholiast on the place tells us of one Crephontes, who was a master of the art. It is observable likewise, that Achilles, in the first *Iliad* of Homer, tells Agamemnon, in anger, that he had dog's eyes. Now, as the eyes of a dog are handsomer than those of almost any other animal, this could be no term of reproach. He must therefore mean that he had a hat on, which, perhaps, from the creature it was made of, or from some other reason, might have been a mark of infamy. This superstitious opinion may account for that custom, which hath descended through all nations, of shewing respect by pulling off this covering; and that no man is esteemed fit to converse with his superiors with it on. I shall conclude this learned note with remarking, that the term *Old Hat*, is at present used by the vulgar in no very honourable sense.

"them-

“ themselves. Do you think the first inventors of
 “ hats, or at least of the distinctions between them,
 “ really conceived that one form of hats should in-
 “ spire a man with divinity, another with law, ano-
 “ ther with learning, or another with bravery? No,
 “ they meant no more by these outward signs, than
 “ to impose on the vulgar, and instead of putting
 “ great men to the trouble of acquiring or maintain-
 “ ing the substance, to make it sufficient that they
 “ condescend to wear the type or shadow of it.
 “ You do wisely, therefore, when in a crowd, to
 “ amuse the mob by quarrels on such accounts, that,
 “ while they are listening to your jargon, you may,
 “ with the greater ease and safety, pick their pockets:
 “ but surely to be in earnest, and privately to keep
 “ up such a ridiculous contention among yourselves,
 “ must argue the highest folly and absurdity. When
 “ you know you are all *Prigs*, what difference can a
 “ broad or a narrow brim create? Is a *Prig* less a *Prig*
 “ in one hat than in another? If the public should be
 “ weak enough to interest themselves in your quar-
 “ rels, and to prefer one pack to the other, while
 “ both are aiming at their purses; it is your business
 “ to laugh at, not imitate their folly. What can be
 “ more ridiculous than for gentlemen to quarrel
 “ about hats, when there is not one among you
 “ whose hat is worth a farthing. What is the use
 “ of a hat, farther than to keep the head warm, or
 “ to hide a bald crown from the public? It is the
 “ mark of a gentleman to move his hat on every
 “ occasion; and in courts and noble assemblies, no
 “ man ever wears one. Let me hear no more there-
 “ fore of this childish disagreement, but all toss up
 “ your hats together with one accord, and consider
 “ that hat as the best, which will contain the largest
 “ booty.” He thus ended his speech, which was
 followed by a murmuring applause, and immediately
 all present tossed their hats together as he had com-
 manded them.

C H A P. VII.

Shewing the consequence which attended Heartfree's adventures with Wild; all natural, and common enough to little wretches who deal with Great Men; together with some precedents of letters, being the different methods of answering a dun.

LET us now return to Heartfree, to whom the Count's note, which he had paid away, was returned, with an account that the drawer was not to be found, and that, on enquiring after him, they had heard he was run away, and consequently the money was now demanded of the indorser. The apprehension of such a loss would have affected any man of business, but much more one whose unavoidable ruin it must prove. He expressed so much concern and confusion on this occasion, that the proprietor of the note was frightened, and resolved to lose no time in securing what he could. So that, in the afternoon of the same day, Mr. Snap was commissioned to pay Heartfree a visit, which he did with his usual formality, and conveyed him to his own house.

MRS. Heartfree was no sooner informed of what had happened to her husband, than she raved like one distracted; but after she had vented the first agonies of her passion in tears and lamentations, she applied herself to all possible means to procure her husband's liberty. She hastened to beg her neighbours to secure bail for him. But as the news had arrived at their houses before her, she found none of them at home, except an honest Quaker, whose servants durst not tell a lie. However, she succeeded no better with him, for unluckily he had made an affirmation the day before, that he would never be bail for any man. After many fruitless efforts of this kind, she repaired to her husband to comfort him, at least with her presence. She found him sealing the last of several letters,

ters, which he was dispatching to his friends and creditors. The moment he saw her, a sudden joy sparkled in his eyes, which, however, had a very short duration; for despair soon closed them again; nor could he help bursting into some passionate expressions of concern for her and his little family; which she, on her part, did her utmost to lessen, by endeavouring to mitigate the loss, and to raise in him hopes from the Count, who might, she said, be possibly only gone into the country. She comforted him likewise, with the expectation of favour from his acquaintance, especially from those whom he had in a particular manner obliged and served. Lastly, she conjured him, by all the value and esteem he professed for her, not to endanger his health, on which alone depended her happiness, by too great an indulgence of grief; assuring him that no state of life could appear unhappy to her with him, unless his own sorrow or discontent made it so.

IN this manner did this weak, poor-spirited woman attempt to relieve her husband's pains, which it would have rather become her to aggravate, by not only painting out his misery in the liveliest colours imaginable, but by upbraiding him with that folly and confidence which had occasioned it, and by lamenting her own hard fate, in being obliged to share his sufferings.

HEARTFREE returned this goodness (as it is called) of his wife, with the warmest gratitude, and they passed an hour in a scene of tenderness, too low and contemptible to be recounted to our great readers. We shall therefore omit all such relations, as they tend only to make human nature low and ridiculous.

THOSE messengers who had obtained any answers to his letters now returned. We shall here copy a few of them, as they may serve for precedents to others who have an occasion, which happens com-

monly enough in genteel life, to answer the impertinence of a dun.

LETTER I.

MR. HEARTFREE,

MY Lord commands me to tell you, he is very much surprized at your assurance in asking for money, which you know hath been so little while due; however, as he intends to deal no longer at your shop, he hath ordered me to pay you as soon as I shall have cash in hand, which, considering many disbursements for bills long due, &c. can't possibly promise any time, &c. at present. And am

Your humble servant,

ROGER MORECRAFT.

LETTER II.

DEAR SIR,

THE money, as you truly say, hath been three years due, but upon my soul I am at present incapable of paying a farthing; but as I doubt not, very shortly, not only to content that small bill, but likewise to lay out very considerable further sums at your house, hope you will meet with no inconvenience by this short delay in, dear Sir,

Your most sincere

humble servant,

CHA. COURTLY.

LET-

LETTER III.

MR. HEARTFREE,

I BEG you would not acquaint my husband of the trifling debt between us; for, as I know you to be a very good-natured man, I will trust you with a secret; he gave me the money long since to discharge it, which I had the ill luck to lose at play. You may be assured I will satisfy you the first opportunity, and am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

CATH. RUBBERS.

Please to present my compliments to Mrs. Heartfree.

LETTER IV.

MR. THOMAS HEARTFREE, SIR,

YOURS received; but as to sum mentioned therein, doth not suit at present

Your humble servant,

PETER POUNCE.

LETTER V.

SIR,

I AM sincerely sorry it is not at present possible for me to comply with your request, especially after so many obligations received on my side, of which I shall always entertain the most grateful
I i 4 memory.

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memory. I am very greatly concerned at your misfortunes, and would have waited upon you in person, but am not at present very well, and, besides, am obliged to go this evening to Vauxhall. I am, Sir,

Your most obliged humble servant,

CHA. EASY.

P. S. I hope good Mrs. Heartfree and the dear little ones are well.

THERE were more letters to much the same purpose; but we proposed giving our reader a taste only. Of all these, the last was infinitely the most grating to poor Heartfree, as it came from one to whom, when in distress, he had himself lent a considerable sum, and of whose present flourishing circumstances he was well assured.

C H A P. VIII.

In which our hero carries GREATNESS to an immoderate height.

LET us remove, therefore, as fast as we can this detestable picture of ingratitude, and present the much more agreeable portrait of that assurance to which the French very properly annex the epithet of Good. Heartfree had scarce done reading his letters, when our hero appeared before his eyes; not with that aspect with which a pitiful parson meets his patron, after having opposed him at an election, or which a doctor wears, when sneaking away from a door, where he is informed of his patient's death; not with that downcast countenance which betrays the man who, after a strong conflict between virtue and vice, hath surrendered his mind to the latter, and is discovered in his first treachery; but with that noble,

noble, bold, great confidence with which a prime minister assures his dependent, that the place he promised him was disposed of before. And such concern and uneasiness as he expresses in his looks on those occasions did Wild testify on the first meeting of his friend. And as the said prime minister chides you for neglect of your interest, in not having asked in time, so did our hero attack Heartfree for his giving credit to the Count; and, without suffering him to make any answer, proceeded in a torrent of words to overwhelm him with abuse; which, however friendly its intention might be, was scarce to be outdone by an enemy. By these means Heartfree, who might perhaps otherwise have vented some little concern for that recommendation which Wild had given him to the Count, was totally prevented from any such endeavour, and, like an invading prince, when attacked in his own dominions, forced to recal his whole strength to defend himself at home. This indeed he did so well, by insisting on the figure and outward appearance of the Count and his equipage, that Wild at length grew a little more gentle, and with a sigh, said, “ I confess I have the least reason of all mankind to censure another for an imprudence of this nature, as I am myself the most easy to be imposed upon, and indeed have been so by this Count, who, if he be insolvent, hath cheated me of five hundred pounds. But, for my own part,” said he, “ I will not yet despair, nor would I have you. Many men have found it convenient to retire, or abscond for a while, and afterwards have paid their debts, or at least handsomely compounded them. This I am certain of, should a composition take place, which is the worst I think that can be apprehended, I shall be the only loser; for I shall think myself obliged in honour to repair your loss, even though you must confess it was principally owing to your own folly. Z—ds! had I imagined

“ it

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“ it necessary, I would have cautioned you ; but I
 “ thought the part of the town where he lived,
 “ sufficient caution not to trust him.—And such
 “ a sum !——The devil must have been in you
 “ certainly !”

THIS was a degree of impudence beyond poor Mrs. Heartfree’s imagination. Though she had before vented the most violent execrations on Wild, she was now thoroughly satisfied of his innocence, and begged him not to insist any longer on what he perceived so deeply affected her husband. She said, trade could not be carried on without credit, and surely he was sufficiently justified in giving it to such a person as the Count appeared to be. Besides, she said, reflections on what was past and irretrievable would be of little service ; that their present business was to consider how to prevent the evil consequences which threatened, and first to endeavour to procure her husband his liberty. Why doth he not procure bail ? said Wild. Alas ! Sir, said she, we have applied to many of our acquaintance in vain ; we have met with excuses even where we could least expect them. “ Not bail !” answered Wild, in a passion, “ he
 “ shall have bail, if there is any in the world. It is
 “ now very late, but trust me to procure him bail
 “ to-morrow morning.”

Mrs. Heartfree received these professions with tears, and told Wild he was a friend indeed. She then proposed to stay that evening with her husband ; but he would not permit her, on account of his little family, whom he would not agree to trust to the care of servants in this time of confusion.

A HACKNEY coach was then sent for, but without success ; for these, like hackney friends, always offer themselves in the sunshine, but are never to be found when you want them. And as for a chair, Mr. Snap lived in a part of the town which chairmen very little frequent. The good woman was therefore obliged to walk home, whither the gallant Wild offered to
 attend

attend her as a protector. This favour was thankfully accepted, and the husband and wife having taken a tender leave of each other, the former was locked in, and the latter locked out by the hands of Mr. Snap himself.

As this visit of Mr. Wild's to Heartfree may seem one of those passages in history, which writers, Draw-cansir-like, introduce only *because they dare*; indeed as it may seem somewhat contradictory to the greatness of our hero, and may tend to blemish his character with an imputation of that kind of friendship, which favours too much of weakness and imprudence; it may be necessary to account for this visit, especially to our more sagacious readers, whose satisfaction we shall always consult in the most especial manner. They are to know then, that, at the first interview with Mrs. Heartfree, Mr. Wild had conceived that passion, or affection, or friendship, or desire for that handsome creature, which the gentlemen of this our age agree to call LOVE; and which is indeed no other than that kind of affection which, after the exercise of the dominical day is over, a lusty divine is apt to conceive for the well-drest surloin or handsome buttock, which the well-edified squire in gratitude sets before him, and which, so violent is his love, he devours in imagination the moment he sees it. Not less ardent was the hungry passion of our hero, who, from the moment he had cast his eyes on that charming dish, had cast about in his mind by what method he might come at it. This, as he perceived, might most easily be effected after the ruin of Heartfree, which, for other considerations, he had intended. So he postponed all endeavours for this purpose, till he had first effected what, by order of time, was regularly to precede this latter design: with such regularity did this our hero conduct all his schemes, and so truly superior was he to all the efforts of passion, which so often disconcert and disappoint the noblest views of others,

C H A P. IX.

More GREATNESS in Wild. A low scene between Mrs. Heartfree and her children, and a scheme of our hero, worthy the highest admiration, and even astonishment.

WHEN first Wild conducted his flame (or rather his dish, to continue our metaphor) from the proprietor, he had projected a design of conveying her to one of those eating-houses in Covent-Garden, where female flesh is deliciously drest, and served up to the greedy appetites of young gentlemen; but fearing lest she should not come readily enough into his wishes, and that, by too eager and hasty a pursuit, he should frustrate his future expectations, and luckily at the same time a noble hint suggesting itself to him, by which he might almost inevitably secure his pleasure, together with his profit, he contented himself with waiting on Mrs. Heartfree home, and, after many protestations of friendship and service to her husband, took his leave, and promised to visit her early in the morning, and to conduct her back to Mr. Snap's.

WILD now retired to a night-cellar, where he found several of his acquaintance, with whom he spent the remaining part of the night in revelling; nor did the least compassion for Heartfree's misfortunes disturb the pleasure of his cups. So truly great was his soul, that it was absolutely composed, save that an apprehension of Miss Tilby's making some discovery (as she was then in no good temper towards him) a little ruffled and disquieted the perfect serenity he would otherwise have enjoyed. As he had, therefore, no opportunity of seeing her that evening, he wrote her a letter full of ten thousand protestations of honourable love, and (which he more depended on)

con-

containing as many promises, in order to bring the young lady into good humour, without acquainting her in the least with his suspicion, or giving her any caution; for it was his constant maxim, never to put it into any one's head to do you a mischief, by acquainting him that it is in his power.

WE must now return to Mrs. Heartfree, who past a sleepless night in as great agonies and horror for the absence of her husband, as a fine well-bred woman would feel at the return of her's from a long voyage or journey. In the morning the children being brought to her, the eldest asked, *where dear Papa was?* At which she could not refrain from bursting into tears. The child perceiving it, said, *Don't cry Mama, I am sure Papa would not stay abroad if he could help it.* At these words she caught the child in her arms, and throwing herself into the chair, in an agony of passion, cried out, *No, my child, nor shall all the malice of hell keep us long asunder.*

THESE are circumstances which we should not, for the amusement of six or seven readers only, have inserted, had they not served to shew, that there are weaknesses in vulgar life, to which great minds are so entirely strangers, that they have not even an idea of them; and, secondly, by exposing the folly of this low creature, to set off and elevate that greatness, of which we endeavour to draw a true portrait in this history.

WILD entering the room, found the mother with one child in her arms, and the other at her knee. After paying her his compliments, he desired her to dismiss the children and servant, for that he had something of the greatest moment to impart to her.

SHE immediately complied with his request, and, the door being shut, asked him with great eagerness if he had succeeded in his intentions of procuring the bail. He answered, he had not endeavoured at it yet; for a scheme had entered into his head, by which she might certainly preserve her husband, herself,

herself, and her family. In order to which he advised her instantly to remove with the most valuable jewels she had to Holland, before any statute of bankruptcy issued to prevent her; that he would himself attend her thither, and place her in safety, and then return to deliver her husband, who would be thus easily able to satisfy his creditors. He added, that he was that instant come from Snap's, where he had communicated the scheme to Heartfree, who had greatly approved of it, and desired her to put it in execution without delay, concluding that a moment was not to be lost.

THE mention of her husband's approbation left no doubt in this poor woman's breast, she only desired a moment's time to pay him a visit, in order to take her leave. But Wild peremptorily refused; he said by every moment's delay she risked the ruin of her family; that she would be absent only a few days from him, for that the moment he had lodged her safe in Holland, he would return, procure her husband his liberty, and bring him to her. I have been the unfortunate, the innocent cause of all my dear Tom's calamity, Madam, said he; and I will perish with him, or see him out of it. Mrs. Heartfree overflowed with acknowledgments of his goodness; but still begged for the shortest interview with her husband. Wild declared, that a minute's delay might be fatal; and added, though with the voice of sorrow rather than of anger, that if she had not resolution enough to execute the commands he brought her from her husband, his ruin would lie at her door; and, for his own part, he must give up any farther meddling in his affairs.

SHE then proposed to take her children with her; but Wild would not permit it, saying, they would only retard their flight, and that it would be proper for her husband to bring them. He at length absolutely prevailed on this poor woman, who immediately packed up the most valuable effects she could

could find, and, after taking a tender leave of her infants, earnestly commended them to the care of a very faithful servant. Then they called a hackney-coach, which conveyed them to an inn, where they were furnished with a chariot and six, in which they set forward for Harwich.

WILD rode with an exulting heart; secure, as he now thought himself, of the possession of that lovely woman, together with a rich cargo. In short, he enjoyed in his mind all the happiness which unbridled lust and rapacious avarice could promise him. As to the poor creature, who was to satisfy these passions, her whole soul was employed in reflecting on the condition of her husband and children. A single word scarce escaped her lips, tho' many a tear gushed from her brilliant eyes, which, if I may use a coarse expression, served only as delicious sauce to heighten the appetite of Wild.

C H A P. X.

Sea-adventures very new and surprising.

WHEN they arrived at Harwich, they found a vessel, which had put in there, just ready to depart for Rotterdam. So they went immediately on board, and sailed with a fair wind; but they had hardly proceeded out of sight of land, when a sudden and violent storm arose, and drove them to the South-West; insomuch that the captain apprehended it impossible to avoid the Goodwin sands, and he and all his crew gave themselves for lost. Mrs. Heartfree, who had no other apprehensions from death, but those of leaving her dear husband and children, fell on her knees to beseech the Almighty's favour, when Wild, with a contempt of danger truly great, took a resolution as worthy to be admired perhaps as any recorded of the bravest hero, ancient or modern; a resolution, which plainly proved

proved him to have these two qualifications so necessary to a hero, to be superior to all the energies of fear or pity. He saw the tyrant death ready to rescue from him his intended prey, which he had yet devoured only in imagination. He therefore swore he would prevent him, and immediately attacked the poor wretch, who was in the utmost agonies of despair, first with sollicitation, and afterwards with force.

Mrs. Heartfree, the moment she understood his meaning, which, in her present temper of mind, and in the opinion she held of him, she did not immediately, rejected him with all the repulses which indignation and horror could animate; but when he attempted violence, she filled the cabin with her shrieks, which were so vehement, that they reached the ears of the captain, the storm at this time luckily abating. This man, who was a brute, rather from his education, and the element he inhabited, than from nature, ran hastily down to her assistance, and finding her struggling on the ground with our hero, he presently rescued her from her intended ravisher; who was soon obliged to quit the woman, in order to engage with her lusty champion, who spared neither pains nor blows in the assistance of his fair passenger.

WHEN the short battle was over, in which our hero, had he not been overpowered with numbers, who came down on their captain's side, would have been victorious; the captain rapped out a hearty oath, and asked Wild, *If he had no more christianity in him than to ravish a woman in a storm?* To which the other greatly and sullenly answered: "It was very well; but d——n him if he had not satisfaction the moment they came on shore." The captain with great scorn replied, *Kiss——&c.* and then forcing Wild out of the cabin, he, at Mrs. Heartfree's request, locked her into it, and returned to the care of his ship.

THE

THE storm was now entirely ceased, and nothing remained but the usual ruffling of the sea after it, when one of the sailors spied a sail at a distance, which the captain wisely apprehended might be a privateer (for we were then engaged in a war with France) and immediately ordered all the sail possible to be crowded; but his caution was in vain; for the little wind which then blew, was directly adverse; so that the ship bore down upon them, and soon appeared to be what the captain had feared, a French privateer. He was in no condition of resistance, and immediately struck on her firing the first gun. The captain of the Frenchman, with several of his hands, came on board the English vessel; which they rifled of every thing valuable, and, amongst the rest, of poor Mrs. Heartfree's whole cargo; and then taking the crew, together with the two passengers, aboard his own ship, he determined, as the other would be only a burthen to him, to sink her, she being very old and leaky, and not worth going back with to Dunkirk. He preserved, therefore, nothing but the boat, as his own was none of the best, and then pouring a broadside into her, he sent her to the bottom.

THE French captain, who was a very young fellow, and a man of gallantry, was presently enamoured to no small degree with his beautiful captive; and imagining Wild, from some words he dropt, to be her husband, notwithstanding the ill affection towards him which appeared in her looks, he asked her, If she understood French? She answered in the affirmative, for indeed she did perfectly well. He then asked her, how long she and that gentleman (pointing to Wild) had been married? She answered with a deep sigh, and many tears, that she was married indeed, but not to that villain, who was the sole cause of all her misfortunes. That appellation raised a curiosity in the captain, and he importuned her in so pressing, but gentle a manner, to acquaint him with

the injuries she complained of, that she was at last prevailed on to recount to him the whole history of her afflictions. This so moved the captain, who had too little notions of greatness, and so incensed him against our hero, that he resolved to punish him; and, without regard to the laws of war, he immediately ordered out his shattered boat, and, making Wild a present of half-a-dozen biscuits to prolong his misery, he put him therein, and then committing him to the mercy of the sea, proceeded on his cruise.

C H A P. IX.

The great and wonderful behaviour of our Hero in the boat.

IT is probable, that a desire of ingratiating himself with his charming captive, or rather conqueror, had no little share in promoting this extraordinary act of illegal justice; for the Frenchman had conceived the same sort of passion, or hunger, which Wild himself had felt, and was almost as much resolved, by some means or other, to satisfy it. We will leave him, however, at present, in the pursuit of his wishes, and attend our hero in his boat; since it is in circumstances of distress that true greatness appears most wonderful. For that a prince in the midst of his courtiers, all ready to compliment him with his favourite character, or title, and indeed, with every thing else; or that a conqueror, at the head of an hundred thousand men, all prepared to execute his will, how ambitious, wanton, or cruel soever, should, in the giddiness of their pride, elevate themselves many degrees above those their tools, seems not difficult to be imagined, or indeed accounted for. But that a man in chains, in prison, nay, in the vilest dungeon, should, with persevering pride and obstinate dignity, discover that vast superiority in his own nature over the rest of mankind, who to a vulgar eye

seem much happier than himself; nay, that he should discover heaven and providence (whose peculiar care, it seems, he is) at that very time at work for him; this is among the arcana of greatness, to be perfectly understood only by an adept in that science.

WHAT could be imagined more miserable than the situation of our hero at this season, floating in a little boat on the open seas, without oar, without sail, and at the mercy of the first wave to overwhelm him? nay this was indeed the fair side of his fortune, as it was a much more eligible fate than that alternative, which threatened him with almost unavoidable certainty, viz. starving with hunger, the sure consequence of a continuance of the calm.

OUR hero, finding himself in this condition, began to ejaculate a round of blasphemies, which the reader, without being over pious, might be offended at seeing repeated. He then accused the whole female sex, and the passion of love (as he called it) particularly that which he bore to Mrs. Heartfree, as the unhappy occasion of his present sufferings. At length, finding himself descending too much into the language of meanness and complaint, he stopp'd short, and soon after broke forth as follows: "D——n it, a man can die but once, what signifies it! Every man must die, and when it is over it is over. I never was afraid of any thing yet, nor I won't begin now; no, d——n me, won't I. What signifies fear? I shall die whether I am afraid or no; Who's afraid then, d——n me?" At which words he looked extremely fierce, but recollecting that no one was present to see him, he relaxed a little the terror of his countenance, and pausing a while, repeated the word, d——n! "Suppose I should be d--ned at last," cries he, "when I never thought a syllable of the matter! I have often laughed and made a jest about it, and yet it may be so, for any thing which I know to the contrary. If there should be another world it will go hard with me, that is cer-

“ tain. I shall never escape for what I have done to
 “ Heartfree. The devil must have me for that un-
 “ doubtedly. The devil! Pshaw! I am not such a
 “ fool to be frighten’d at him neither. No, no;
 “ when a man’s dead, there’s an end of him. I wish
 “ I was certainly satisfied of it though; for there are
 “ some men of learning, as I have heard, of a diffe-
 “ rent opinion. It is but a bad chance, methinks, I
 “ stand. If there be no other world, why I shall be in
 “ no worse condition than a block or a stone: But if
 “ there should, — d——n me, I will think no
 “ longer about it.—Let a pack of cowardly rascals
 “ be afraid of death, I dare look him in the face. But
 “ shall I stay and be starved! —No, I will eat up
 “ the biscuits the French son of a whore bestowed on
 “ me, and then leap into the sea for drink, since
 “ the unconscionable dog hath not allowed me a single
 “ dram.” Having thus said, he proceeded imme-
 diately to put his purpose in execution, and as his re-
 solution never failed him, he had no sooner dispatch-
 ed the small quantity of provision, which his enemy
 had with no vast liberality presented him, than he
 cast himself headlong into the sea.

C H A P. XII.

The strange and yet natural escape of our Hero.

OUR hero having with wonderful resolution
 thrown himself into the sea, as we mentioned
 at the end of the last chapter, was miraculously within
 two minutes after replaced in his boat; and this
 without the assistance of a dolphin or seahorse, or
 any other fish or animal, who are always as ready at
 hand when a poet or historian pleases to call for them
 to carry a hero through a sea, as any chairman at a
 coffeehouse door near St. James’s, to convey a beau
 over a street, and preserve his white stockings. The
 truth is, we do not chuse to have any recourse to mi-
 racles,

racles, from the strict observance we pay to that rule of Horace,

Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus.

The meaning of which is, Do not bring in a supernatural agent when you can do without him; and indeed, we are much deeper read in natural than supernatural causes. We will therefore endeavour to account for this extraordinary event from the former of these; and in doing this it will be necessary to disclose some profound secrets to our reader, extremely well worth his knowing, and which may serve him to account for many occurrences of the phænomenous kind which have formerly appeared in this our hemisphere.

BE it known then, that the great Alma Mater, nature, is of all other females the most obstinate, and tenacious of her purpose. So true is that observation,

Naturam expellas furca licet, usque recurret.

Which I need not render in English, it being to be found in a book which most fine gentlemen are forced to read. Whatever nature, therefore, purposes to herself, she never suffers any reason, design, or accident to frustrate. Now, though it may seem to a shallow observer, that some persons were designed by nature for no use or purpose whatever; yet certain it is, that no man is born into the world without his particular allotment; viz. some to be kings, some statesmen, some ambassadors, some bishops, some generals, and so on. Of these there be two kinds; those to whom nature is so generous to give some endowment, qualifying them for the parts she intends them afterwards to act on this stage; and those whom she uses as instances of her unlimited power, and for whose preferment to such and such stations Solomon himself could have invented no other reason than that nature designed them so. These latter some great philosophers have, to shew them to be the favourites of nature, distinguished by the honourable

appellation of NATURALS. Indeed the true reason of the general ignorance of mankind on this head seems to be this; That as nature chuses to execute these her purposes by certain second causes, and as many of these second causes seem so totally foreign to her design, the wit of man, which, like his eye, sees best directly forward, and very little and imperfectly what is oblique, is not able to discern the end by the means. Thus, how a handsome wife or daughter should contribute to execute her original designation of a general; or how flattery, or half a dozen houses in a borough-town, should denote a judge, or a bishop, he is not capable of comprehending. And, indeed, we ourselves, wise as we are, are forced to reason *ab effectu*, and if we had been asked what nature had intended such men for, before she herself had by the event demonstrated her purpose, it is possible we might sometimes have been puzzled to declare; for it must be confessed, that at first sight, and to a mind uninspired, a man of vast natural capacity and much acquired knowledge may seem by nature designed for power and honour, rather than one remarkable only for the want of these, and indeed all other qualifications; whereas daily experience convinces us of the contrary, and drives us as it were into the opinion I have here disclosed.

Now, nature having originally intended our great man for that final exaltation, which, as it is the most proper and becoming end of all great men, it were heartily to be wished they might all arrive at; would by no means be diverted from her purpose. She therefore no sooner spied him in the water, than she softly whispered in his ear to attempt the recovery of his boat; which call he immediately obeyed, and being a good swimmer, and it being a perfect calm, with great facility accomplished it.

Thus we think this passage in our history, at first so greatly surprising, is very naturally accounted for; and our relation rescued from the Prodigious, which,
though

though it often occurs in biography, is not to be encouraged nor much commended on any occasion, unless when absolutely necessary to prevent the history's being at an end. Secondly, we hope our hero is justified from that imputation of want of resolution, which must have been fatal to the greatness of his character.

C H A P. XIII.

The conclusion of the boat adventure, and the end of the second book.

OUR hero pass'd the remainder of the evening, the night, and the next day, in a condition not much to be envied by any passion of the human mind, unless by ambition; which, provided it can only entertain itself with the most distant music of fame's trumpet, can disdain all the pleasures of the sensualist, and those more solemn, tho' quieter comforts, which a good conscience suggests to a christian philosopher.

He spent his time in contemplation, that is to say, in blaspheming, cursing, and sometimes singing and whistling. At last, when cold and hunger had almost subdued his native fierceness, it being a good deal past midnight, and extremely dark, he thought he beheld a light at a distance, which the cloudiness of the sky prevented his mistaking for a star: This light, however, did not seem to approach him, at least it approached by such imperceptible degrees, that it gave him very little comfort, and at length totally forsook him. He then renewed his contemplation as before, in which he continued till the day began to break; when, to his inexpressible delight, he beheld a sail at a very little distance, and which luckily seemed to be making towards him. He was likewise soon espied by those in the vessel, who wanted no signals to inform them of his distress, and as it was almost a calm, and their course lay within five

hundred yards of him, they hoisted out their boat and fetched him aboard.

THE captain of the ship was a Frenchman; she was laden with deal from Norway, and had been extremely shattered in the late storm. This captain was of that kind of men, who are actuated by a general humanity, and whose compassion can be raised by the distress of a fellow-creature, though of a nation whose king hath quarrelled with the monarch of their own. He therefore commiserating the circumstances of Wild, who had dress'd up a story proper to impose upon such a silly fellow; told him, that, as himself well knew, he must be a prisoner on his arrival in France, but that he would endeavour to procure his redemption; for which our hero greatly thanked him. But as they were making very slow sail (for they had lost their main-mast in the storm) Wild saw a little vessel at a distance, they being within a few leagues of the English shore, which, on enquiry, he was informed was probably an English fishing-boat. And, it being then perfectly calm, he promised, that if they would accommodate him with a pair of scullers, he could get within reach of the boat, at least near enough to make signals to her; and he preferred any risque to the certain fate of being a prisoner. As his courage was somewhat restored by the provisions (especially brandy) with which the Frenchman had supplied him, he was so earnest in his entreaties that the captain, after many persuasions, at length complied; and he was furnished with scullers, and with some bread, pork, and a bottle of brandy. Then, taking leave of his preservers, he again betook himself to his boat, and rowed so heartily, that he soon came within the sight of the fisherman, who immediately made towards him, and took him aboard.

No sooner was Wild got safe on board the fisherman, than he begged him to make the utmost speed into Deal; for that the vessel which was still in sight,
was

was a distressed Frenchman, bound for Havre de Grace, and might easily be made a prize, if there was any ship ready to go in pursuit of her. So nobly and greatly did our hero neglect all obligations conferred on him by the enemies of his country, that he would have contributed all he could to the taking his benefactor, to whom he owed both his life and his liberty.

THE fisherman took his advice, and soon arrived at Deal, where the reader will, I doubt not, be as much concerned as Wild was, that there was not a single ship prepared to go on the expedition.

OUR hero now saw himself once more safe on *Terra firma*; but unluckily at some distance from that city where men of ingenuity can most easily supply their wants without the assistance of money, or rather can most easily procure money for the supply of their wants. However, as his talents were superior to every difficulty, he framed so dexterous an account of his being a merchant, having been taken and plundered by the enemy, and of his great effects in London, that he was not only heartily regaled by the fisherman at his house; but made so handsome a booty by way of borrowing, a method of taking which we have before mentioned to have his approbation, that he was enabled to provide himself with a place in the stage-coach; which (as God permitted it to perform the journey) brought him, at the appointed time, to an inn in the metropolis.

AND now, reader, as thou canst be in no suspense for the fate of our great man, since we have returned him safe to the principal scene of his glory, we will a little look back on the fortunes of Mr. Heartfree, whom we left in no very pleasant situation; but of this we shall treat in the next book.

THE
H I S T O R Y
OF THE
L I F E
OF THE LATE
MR. JONATHAN WILD THE GREAT.

B O O K III.

C H A P. I.

The low and pitiful behaviour of Heartfree; and the foolish conduct of his apprentice.

HIS misfortunes did not entirely prevent Heartfree from closing his eyes. On the contrary, he slept several hours the first night of his confinement. However, he perhaps paid too severely dear both for his repose, and for a sweet dream which accompanied it, and represented his little family in one of those tender scenes, which had frequently pass'd in the days of his happiness and prosperity, when the provision they were making for the future fortunes of their children used to be one of the most agreeable topics of discourse, with which he and his wife entertained themselves. The pleasantness of this vision, therefore, served only, on his awaking, to set forth his present misery with additional

tional horror, and to heighten the dreadful ideas which now crowded on his mind.

He had spent a considerable time after his first rising from the bed on which he had, without undressing, thrown himself, and now began to wonder at Mrs. Heartfree's long absence; but as the mind is desirous (and perhaps wisely too) to comfort itself with drawing the most flattering conclusions from all events; so he hoped the longer her stay was, the more certain was his deliverance. At length his impatience prevailed, and he was just going to dispatch a messenger to his own house, when his apprentice came to pay him a visit, and, on his enquiry, informed him, that his wife had departed in company with Mr. Wild many hours before, and had carried all his most valuable effects with her; adding at the same time, that she had herself positively acquainted him she had her husband's express orders for so doing, and that she was gone to Holland.

It is the observation of many wise men, who have studied the anatomy of the human soul with more attention than our young physicians generally bestow on that of the body, that great and violent surprize hath a different effect from that which is wrought in a good housewife by perceiving any disorders in her kitchen; who, on such occasions, commonly spreads the disorder, not only over her whole family, but over the whole neighbourhood. Now, these great calamities, especially when sudden, tend to stifle and deaden all the faculties, instead of rousing them; and accordingly Herodotus tells us a story of Cræsus, king of Lydia, who, on beholding his servants and courtiers led captive, wept bitterly; but when he saw his wife and children in that condition, stood stupid and motionless; so stood poor Heartfree on this relation of his apprentice, nothing moving but his colour, which entirely forsook his countenance.

THE apprentice, who had not in the least doubted the veracity of his mistress, perceiving the surprize which too visibly appeared in his master, became speechless likewise, and both remained silent some minutes, gazing with astonishment and horror at each other. At last Heartfree cry'd out in an agony: "My wife deserted me in my misfortunes!" "Heaven forbid, Sir," answered the other. "And what is become of my poor children," replied Heartfree? "They are at home, Sir," said the apprentice. "Heaven be praised! She hath forsaken them too," cries Heartfree: "Fetch them hither this instant. Go, my dear Jack, bring hither my little all which remains now: Fly, child, if thou dost not intend likewise to forsake me in my afflictions." The youth answered, he would die sooner than entertain such a thought, and begging his master to be comforted, instantly obeyed his orders.

HEARTFREE, the moment the young man was departed, threw himself on his bed in an agony of despair; but, recollecting himself after he had vented the first sallies of his passion, he began to question the infidelity of his wife as a matter impossible. He ran over in his thoughts the uninterrupted tenderness which she had always shewn him, and, for a minute, blamed the rashness of his belief against her; 'till the many circumstances of her having left him so long, and neither writ nor sent to him since her departure with all his effects and with Wild, of whom he was not before without suspicion; and lastly and chiefly, her false pretence to his commands, entirely turned the scale, and convinced him of her disloyalty.

WHILE he was in these agitations of mind, the good apprentice, who had used the utmost expedition, brought his children to him. He embraced them with the most passionate fondness, and imprinted numberless kisses on their little lips. The little girl flew to him with almost as much eagerness as he himself expressed at her sight, and cry'd out: "O Papa, why
" did

“ did you not come home to poor mamma all this
 “ while ; I thought you would not have left your
 “ little Nancy so long.” After which he asked her
 for her mother, and was told she had kiss’d them
 both in the morning, and cried very much for his
 absence. All which brought a flood of tears into
 the eyes of this weak, silly man, who had not great-
 ness sufficient to conquer these low efforts of tender-
 ness and humanity.

He then proceeded to enquire of the maid servant,
 who acquainted him, that she knew no more than that
 her mistress had taken leave of her children in the
 morning with many tears and kisses, and had recom-
 mended them in the most earnest manner to her care;
 she said, she had promised faithfully to take care of
 them, and would, while they were entrusted to her,
 fulfil her promise. For which profession Heartfree
 expressed much gratitude to her; and, after indulg-
 ing himself with some little fondnesses, which we shall
 not relate, he delivered his children into the good wo-
 man’s hands, and dismissed her.

C H A P. II.

*A soliloquy of Heartfree’s, full of low and base ideas,
 without a syllable of GREATNESS.*

BEING now alone, he sat some short time si-
 lent, and then burst forth into the following so-
 liloquy:

“ What shall I do? Shall I abandon myself to a
 “ dispirited despair, or fly in the face of the Al-
 “ mighty? Surely both are unworthy of a wise man;
 “ for what can be more vain than weakly to lament
 “ my fortune, if irretrievable, or, if hope remains,
 “ to offend that being, who can most strongly sup-
 “ port it: But are my passions then voluntary? Am I
 “ so absolutely their master, that I can resolve with
 “ myself, so far only will I grieve? Certainly no.
 “ Reason,

“ Reason, however we flatter ourselves, hath not
 “ such despotic empire in our minds, that it can,
 “ with imperial voice, hush all our sorrow in a mo-
 “ ment. Where then is its use? For either it is
 “ an empty sound, and we are deceived in thinking
 “ we have reason, or it is given us to some end,
 “ and hath a part assigned it by the all-wise Crea-
 “ tor. Why, what can its office be, other than justly
 “ to weigh the worth of all things, and to direct us
 “ to that perfection of human wisdom, which pro-
 “ portions our esteem of every object to its real me-
 “ rit, and prevents us from over or under valuing
 “ whatever we hope for, we enjoy, or we lose. It
 “ doth not foolishly say to us, Be not glad or Be not
 “ sorry, which would be as vain and idle, as to bid
 “ the purling river cease to run, or the raging wind
 “ to blow. It prevents us only from exulting, like
 “ children, when we receive a toy, or from lament-
 “ ing when we are deprived of it. Suppose then I
 “ have lost the enjoyments of this world, and my
 “ expectation of future pleasure and profit is for ever
 “ disappointed; what relief can my reason afford?
 “ What, unless it can shew me I had fixed my af-
 “ fections on a toy; that what I desired was not, by
 “ a wise man, eagerly to be affected, nor its loss
 “ violently deplored; for there are toys adapted to
 “ all ages, from the rattle to the throne; and per-
 “ haps the value of all is equal to their several pos-
 “ sessors; for if the rattle pleases the ear of the in-
 “ fant, what can the flattery of sycophants give more
 “ to the prince. The latter is as far from examining
 “ into the reality and source of his pleasure, as the for-
 “ mer; for if both did, they must both equally despise
 “ it. And surely, if we consider them seriously, and
 “ compare them together, we shall be forced to con-
 “ clude all those pomps and pleasures, of which men
 “ are so fond, and which, through so much danger
 “ and difficulty, with such violence and villany they
 “ pursue, to be as worthless trifles as any exposed to
 “ sale

“ sale in a toy-shop. I have often noted my little girl
 “ viewing, with eager eyes, a jointed baby; I have
 “ marked the pains and solicitations she hath used,
 “ till I have been prevailed on to indulge her with it.
 “ At her first obtaining it, what joy hath sparkled
 “ in her countenance! with what raptures hath she
 “ taken possession; but how little satisfaction hath
 “ she found in it! What pains to work out her
 “ amusement from it! Its dress must be varied; the
 “ tinsel ornaments which first caught her eyes, pro-
 “ duce no longer pleasure; she endeavours to make
 “ it stand and walk in vain, and is constrained herself
 “ to supply it with conversation. In a day’s time it
 “ is thrown by and neglected, and some less costly
 “ toy preferred to it. How like the situation of this
 “ child is that of every man! What difficulties in the
 “ pursuit of his desires! What inanity in the posses-
 “ sion of most, and satiety in those which seem more
 “ real and substantial! The delights of most men
 “ are as childish and as superficial as that of my little
 “ girl; a feather or a fiddle are their pursuits and
 “ their pleasures through life, even to their ripest
 “ years, if such men may be said to attain any ripe-
 “ ness at all. But let us survey those whose under-
 “ standings are of a more elevated and refined tem-
 “ per: How empty do they soon find the world of
 “ enjoyments worth their desire or attaining! How
 “ soon do they retreat to solitude and contempla-
 “ tion, to gardening and planting, and such rural
 “ amusements, where their trees and they enjoy the
 “ air and the sun in common, and both vegetate
 “ with very little difference between them. But
 “ suppose (which neither truth nor wisdom will al-
 “ low) we could admit something more valuable and
 “ substantial in these blessings, would not the uncer-
 “ tainty of their possession be alone sufficient to lower
 “ their price? How mean a tenure is that at the will
 “ of fortune, which chance, fraud, and rapine are
 “ every day so likely to deprive us of, and often
 “ the

“ the more likely by how much the greater worth
 “ our possessions are of ! Is it not to place our affec-
 “ tions on a bubble in the water, or on a picture in
 “ the clouds ? What madman would build a fine
 “ house, or frame a beautiful garden on land in which
 “ he held so uncertain an interest ? But again, was
 “ all this less undeniable, did fortune, the lady of
 “ our manor, lease to us for our lives ; of how little
 “ consideration must even this term appear ? For
 “ admitting that these pleasures were not liable to be
 “ torn from us ; how certainly must we be torn
 “ from them ! Perhaps to-morrow,—Nay, or even
 “ sooner : For as the excellent poet says,

“ Where is to-morrow ?——In the other world.
 “ To thousands this is true, and the reverse
 “ Is sure to none.”

“ But if I have no further hope in this world, can I
 “ have none beyond it ? Surely those laborious wri-
 “ ters, who have taken such infinite pains to destroy
 “ or weaken all the proofs of futurity, have not so
 “ far succeeded as to exclude us from hope. That
 “ active principle in man which with such boldness
 “ pushes us on through every labour and difficulty, to
 “ attain the most distant and most improbable event
 “ in this world, will not surely deny us a little flat-
 “ tering prospect of those beautiful mansions, which,
 “ if they could be thought chimerical, must be al-
 “ lowed the loveliest which can entertain the eye of
 “ man ; and to which the road, if we understand it
 “ rightly, appears to have so few thorns and briers
 “ in it, and to require so little labour and fatigue from
 “ those who shall pass through it, that its ways are
 “ truly said to be ways of pleasantness, and all its paths
 “ to be those of peace. If the proofs of christianity
 “ be as strong as I imagine them, surely enough may
 “ be deduced from that ground only, to comfort and
 “ support the most miserable man in his afflictions.
 “ And this I think my reason tells me, that if the
 “ pro-

“ professors and propagators of infidelity are in the
 “ right, the losses which death brings to the virtuous
 “ are not worth their lamenting ; but if these are, as
 “ certainly they seem, in the wrong, the blessings it
 “ procures them are not sufficiently to be coveted
 “ and rejoiced at.

“ ON my own account then, I have no cause for
 “ sorrow, but on my childrens—! Why, the same
 “ Being to whose goodness and power I entrust my
 “ own happiness, is likewise as able and as willing to
 “ procure theirs. Nor matters it what state of life
 “ is allotted for them, whether it be their fate to
 “ procure bread with their own labour, or to eat it
 “ at the sweat of others. Perhaps, if we consider
 “ the case with proper attention, or resolve it with
 “ due sincerity; the former is much the sweeter. The
 “ hind may be more happy than the lord ; for his
 “ desires are fewer, and those such as are attended
 “ with more hope and less fear. I will do my ut-
 “ most to lay the foundations of my childrens hap-
 “ piness, I will carefully avoid educating them in
 “ a station superior to their fortune, and for the
 “ event trust to that Being, in whom whoever rightly
 “ confides, must be superior to all worldly sorrows.”

In this low manner, did this poor wretch proceed to argue, till he had worked himself up into an enthusiasm, which by degrees soon became invulnerable to every human attack ; so that when Mr. Snap acquainted him with the return of the writ, and that he must carry him to Newgate, he received the message as Socrates did the news of the ship’s arrival, and that he was to prepare for death.

C H A P. III.

Wherein our hero proceeds in the road to GREATNESS.

BUT we must not detain our reader too long with these low characters. He is doubtless as impatient as the audience at the theatre, till the principal figure returns on the stage; we will therefore indulge his inclination, and pursue the actions of the Great Wild.

THERE happened to be in the stage-coach, in which Mr. Wild travelled from Dover, a certain young gentleman who had sold an estate in Kent, and was going to London to receive the money. There was likewise a handsome young woman who had left her parents at Canterbury, and was proceeding to the same city, in order (as she informed her fellow-travellers) to make her fortune. With this girl the young spark was so much enamoured, that he publicly acquainted her with the purpose of his journey, and offered her a considerable sum in hand and a settlement, if she would consent to return with him into the country, where she would be at a safe distance from her relations. Whether she accepted this proposal or no, we are not able with any tolerable certainty to deliver: But Wild, the moment he heard of this money, began to cast about in his mind by what means he might become master of it. He entered into a long harangue about the methods of carrying money safely on the road, and said, He had at that time two bank bills of a hundred pounds each sewed in his coat; which, added he, is so safe a way, that it is almost impossible I should be in any danger of being robbed by the most cunning highwayman.

THE young gentleman, who was no descendant of Solomon, or, if he was, did not, any more than some other descendants of wise men, inherit the wisdom

dom of his ancestor, greatly approved Wild's ingenuity, and thanking him for his information, declared he would follow his example when he returned into the country : By which means he proposed to save the premium commonly taken for the remittance. Wild had then no more to do but to inform himself rightly of the time of the gentleman's journey, which he did with great certainty, before they separated.

At his arrival in town, he fixed on two whom he regarded as the most resolute of his gang for this enterprize ; and accordingly having summoned the principal, or most desperate, as he imagined him, of these two (for he never chose to communicate in the presence of more than one) he proposed to him the robbing and murdering this gentleman.

MR. Marybone (for that was the gentleman's name to whom he applied) readily agreed to the robbery ; but he hesitated at the murder. He said, as to robbery, he had, on much weighing and considering the matter, very well reconciled his conscience to it ; for tho' that noble kind of robbery which was executed on the highway, was from the cowardice of mankind less frequent ; yet the baser and meaner species, sometimes called Cheating, but more commonly known by the name of Robbery within the Law, was in a manner universal. He did not therefore pretend to the reputation of being so much honest than other people ; but could by no means satisfy himself in the commission of murder, which was a sin of the most heinous nature, and so immediately prosecuted by God's judgment, that it never passed undiscovered or unpunished.

WILD, with the utmost disdain in his countenance, answered as follows : “ Art thou he whom
“ I have selected out of my whole gang for this glorious undertaking, and dost thou cant of God's
“ revenge against murder ? You have, it seems, reconciled your conscience (a pretty word) to rob-

“ bery from its being so common. Is it then the
 “ novelty of murder which deters you? Do you
 “ imagine that guns, and pistols, and swords, and
 “ knives, are the only instruments of death? Look
 “ into the world, and see the numbers whom broken
 “ fortunes and broken hearts bring untimely to the
 “ grave. To omit those glorious heroes, who, to
 “ their immortal honour, have massacred whole na-
 “ tions, what think you of private persecution, trea-
 “ chery, and slander, by which the very souls of men
 “ are in a manner torn from their bodies? Is it not
 “ more generous, nay, more good-natured, to send
 “ a man to his rest, than, after having plundered
 “ him of all he hath, or from malice or malevolence
 “ deprived him of his character, to punish him with
 “ a languishing death, or what is worse, a languish-
 “ ing life? Murder, therefore, is not so uncommon
 “ as you weakly conceive it, tho’, as you said of rob-
 “ bery, that more noble kind, which lies within the
 “ paw of the law, may be so. But this is the most
 “ innocent in him who doth it, and the most eligible
 “ to him who is to suffer it. Believe me, lad, the
 “ tongue of a viper is less hurtful than that of a slan-
 “ derer, and the gilded scales of a rattlesnake less
 “ dreadful than the purse of the oppressor. Let me
 “ therefore hear no more of your scruples; but con-
 “ sent to my proposal without further hesitation, un-
 “ less, like a woman, you are afraid of bleeding
 “ your clothes, or, like a fool, are terrified with
 “ the apprehensions of being hang’d in chains. Take
 “ my word for it, you had better be an honest man
 “ than half a rogue. Do not think of continuing in
 “ my gang without abandoning yourself absolutely
 “ to my pleasure; for no man shall ever receive a
 “ favour at my hands, who sticks at any thing, or is
 “ guided by any other law than that of my will.”

WILD thus ended his speech, which had not the
 desired effect on Marybone: he agreed to the rob-
 bery, but would not undertake the murder, as Wild
 (who

(who feared that by Marybone's demanding to search the gentleman's coat he might hazard suspicion himself) insisted. Marybone was immediately entered by Wild in his black-book, and was presently after impeached and executed, as a fellow on whom his leader could not place sufficient dependance; thus falling, as many rogues do, a sacrifice, not to his roguery, but to his conscience.

C H A P. IV.

In which a young hero, of wonderful good promise, makes his first appearance, with many other GREAT MATTERS.

OUR hero next applied himself to another of his gang, who instantly received his orders, and instead of hesitating at a single murder, asked if he should blow out the brains of all the passengers, coachman and all. But Wild, whose moderation we have before noted, would not permit him; and therefore having given him an exact description of the devoted person, with his other necessary instructions, he dismissed him, with the strictest orders to avoid, if possible, doing hurt to any other person.

THE name of this youth, who will hereafter make some figure in this history, being the Achates of our Æneas, or rather the Hæphestion of our Alexander, was Fireblood. He had every qualification to make a second-rate GREAT MAN; or in other words, he was completely equipped for the tool of a real or first-rate GREAT MAN. We shall therefore (which is the properest way of dealing with this kind of GREATNESS) describe him negatively, and content ourselves with telling our reader what qualities he had not; in which number were humanity, modesty, and fear, not one grain of any of which was mingled in his whole composition.

WE will now leave this youth, who was esteemed the most promising of the whole gang, and whom Wild often declared to be one of the prettiest lads he had ever seen, of which opinion, indeed, were most other people of his acquaintance ; we will however leave him at his entrance on this enterprize, and keep our attention fixed on our hero, whom we shall observe taking large strides towards the summit of human glory.

WILD, immediately at his return to town, went to pay a visit to Miss Lætitia Snap ; for he had that weakness of suffering himself to be enslaved by women, so naturally incident to men of heroic disposition ; to say the truth, it might more properly be called a slavery to his own appetite ; for could he have satisfied that, he had not cared three farthings what had become of the little tyrant for whom he profess'd so violent a regard. Here he was informed, that Mr. Heartfree had been conveyed to Newgate the day before, the writ being then returnable. He was somewhat concerned at this news ; not from any compassion for the misfortunes of Heartfree, whom he hated with such inveteracy, that one would have imagined he had suffered the same injuries from him which he had done towards him. His concern therefore had another motive ; in fact, he was uneasy at the place of Mr. Heartfree's confinement, as it was to be the scene of his future glory, and where consequently he should be frequently obliged to see a face which hatred, and not shame, made him detest the sight of.

To prevent this, therefore, several methods suggested themselves to him. At first, he thought of removing him out of the way by the ordinary method of murder, which he doubted not but Fireblood would be very ready to execute ; for that youth had at their last interview sworn, *D—n his eyes, he thought there was no better pastime than blowing a man's brains out.* But besides the danger of this method, it did not look horrible nor barbarous enough for the last mischief

mischief which he should do to Heartfree. Considering, therefore, a little farther with himself, he at length came to a resolution to hang him, if possible, the very next sessions.

Now, though the observation, *How apt men are to hate those they injure, or how unforgiving they are of the injuries they do themselves*, be common enough, yet I do not remember to have ever seen the reason of this strange phænomenon as at first it appears. Know therefore, reader, that with much and severe scrutiny we have discovered this hatred to be founded on the passion of fear, and to arise from an apprehension that the person whom we have ourselves greatly injured, will use all possible endeavours to revenge and retaliate the injuries we have done him. An opinion so firmly established in bad and great minds (and those who confer injuries on others, have seldom very good, or mean ones) that no benevolence, nor even beneficence on the injured side, can eradicate it. On the contrary, they refer all these acts of kindness to imposture and design of lulling their suspicion, till an opportunity offers of striking a surer and severer blow; and thus, while the good man who hath received it, hath truly forgotten the injury, the evil mind which did it, hath it in lively and fresh remembrance.

As we scorn to keep any discoveries secret from our readers, whose instruction, as well as diversion, we have greatly considered in this history, we have here digressed somewhat to communicate the following short lesson to those who are simple, and well-inclined; *Though as a christian thou art obliged, and we advise thee to forgive thy enemy*; NEVER TRUST THE MAN WHO HATH REASON TO SUSPECT THAT YOU KNOW HE HATH INJURED YOU.

C H A P. V.

More and more GREATNESS, unparalleled in history or romance.

IN order to accomplish this great and noble scheme, which the vast genius of Wild had contrived, the first necessary step was to regain the confidence of Heartfree. But however necessary this was, it seemed to be attended with such insurmountable difficulties, that even our hero for some time despaired of success. He was greatly superior to all mankind in the steadiness of his countenance, but this undertaking seemed to require more of that noble quality than had ever been the portion of a mortal. However at last he resolved to attempt it, and from his success, I think, we may fairly assert, that what was said by the Latin poet of labour, that *it conquers all things*, is much more true when applied to impudence.

WHEN he had formed his plan, he went to Newgate, and burst resolutely into the presence of Heartfree, whom he eagerly embraced and kissed; and then, first arraigning his own rashness, and afterwards lamenting his unfortunate want of success, he acquainted him with the particulars of what had happened; concealing only that single incident of his attack on the other's wife, and his motive to the undertaking, which he assured Heartfree was a desire to preserve his effects from a statute of bankruptcy.

THE frank openness of this declaration, with the composure of countenance with which it was delivered; his seeming only ruffled by the concern for his friend's misfortune; the probability of truth attending it, joined to the boldness and disinterested appearance of this visit, together with his many professions of immediate service, at a time when he could not have the least visible motive from self-love; and

above

above all his offering him money, the last and surest token of friendship, rushed with such united force on the well-disposed heart, as it is vulgarly called, of this simple man, that they instantly staggered, and soon subverted all the determination he had before made in prejudice of Wild; who perceiving the balance to be turning in his favour, presently threw in a hundred imprecations on his own folly and ill-advised forwardness to serve his friend, which had thus unhappily produced his ruin; he added as many curses on the Count, whom he vowed to pursue with revenge all over Europe: lastly, he cast in some grains of comfort, assuring Heartfree that his wife was fallen into the gentlest hands, that she would be carried no farther than Dunkirk, whence she might very easily be redeemed.

HEARTFREE, to whom the lightest presumption of his wife's fidelity would have been more delicious than the absolute restoration of all his jewels, and who, indeed, had with the utmost difficulty been brought to entertain the slightest suspicion of her inconstancy, immediately abandoned all distrust of both her and his friend, whose sincerity (luckily for Wild's purpose) seemed to him to depend on the same evidence. He then embraced our hero, who had in his countenance all the symptoms of the deepest concern, and begged him to be comforted; saying, that the intentions, rather than the actions of men, conferred obligations; that as to the event of human affairs, it was governed either by chance or some superior agent; that friendship was concerned only in the direction of our designs; and suppose these failed of success, or produced an event never so contrary to their aim, the merit of a good intention was not in the least lessened, but was rather entitled to compassion.

HEARTFREE however was soon curious enough to enquire how Wild had escaped the captivity which his wife then suffered. Here likewise he recounted

the whole truth, omitting only the motive to the French captain's cruelty, for which he assigned a very different reason, namely, his attempt to secure Heartfree's jewels. Wild indeed always kept as much truth as was possible in every thing; and this he said was turning the cannon of the enemy upon themselves.

WILD having thus, with admirable and truly laudable conduct, atchieved the first step, began to discourse on the badness of the world; and particularly to blame the severity of creditors, who seldom or never attended to any unfortunate circumstances, but without mercy inflicted confinement on the debtor, whose body the law, with very unjustifiable rigour, delivered into their power. He added, that for his part, he looked on this restraint to be as heavy a punishment as any appointed by law for the greatest offenders. That the loss of liberty was, in his opinion, equal to, if not worse, than the loss of life; that he had always determined, if by any accident or misfortune he had been subjected to the former, he would run the greatest risque of the latter, to rescue himself from it; which, he said, if men did not want resolution, was always enough; for that it was ridiculous to conceive, that two or three men could confine two or three hundred, unless the prisoners were either fools or cowards, especially when they were neither chained nor fettered. He went on in this manner, till perceiving the utmost attention in Heartfree, he ventured to propose to him an endeavour to make his escape, which, he said, might easily be executed; that he would himself raise a party in the prison, and that, if a murder or two should happen in the attempt, he (Heartfree) might keep free from any share, either in the guilt or in the danger.

THERE is one misfortune which attends all great men and their schemes, *viz.* That, in order to carry them into execution, they are obliged, in proposing their purpose to their tools, to discover themselves
to

to be of that disposition, in which certain little writers have advised mankind to place no confidence; an advice which hath been sometimes taken. Indeed, many inconveniencies arise to the said great men from these scribblers publishing without restraint their hints or alarms to society; and many great and glorious schemes have been thus frustrated; wherefore it were to be wished, that in all well-regulated governments, such liberties should be by some wholesome laws restrained; and all writers inhibited from venting any other instructions to the people than what should be first approved and licensed by the said great men, or their proper instruments or tools; by which means nothing would ever be published but what made for the advancing their most noble projects.

HEARTFREE, whose suspicions were again raised by this advice, viewing Wild with inconceivable disdain, spoke as follows: " There is one thing, the
 " loss of which I should deplore infinitely beyond
 " that of liberty and of life also, I mean that of a
 " good conscience. A blessing which he who pos-
 " sesses can never be thoroughly unhappy; for the
 " bitterest potion of life is by this so sweetened, that
 " it soon becomes palatable; whereas without it,
 " the most delicate enjoyments quickly lose all their
 " relish, and life itself grows insipid, or rather nau-
 " seous to us. Would you then lessen my misfor-
 " tunes by robbing me of what hath been my only
 " comfort under them, and on which I place my
 " dependance of being relieved from them? I have
 " read that Socrates refused to save his life by break-
 " ing the laws of his country, and departing from
 " his prison, when it was open. Perhaps my vir-
 " tue would not go so far; but heaven forbid liberty
 " should have such charms, to tempt me to the per-
 " petration of so horrid a crime as murder. As to
 " the poor evasion of committing it by other hands,
 " it might be useful indeed to those who seek only
 " the escape from temporal punishment; but can
 " be

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“ be of no service to excuse me to that Being whom
 “ I chiefly fear offending ; nay, it would greatly ag-
 “ gravate my guilt by so impudent an endeavour
 “ to impose upon him, and by so wickedly involving
 “ others in my crime. Give me therefore no more
 “ advice of this kind ; for this is my great comfort
 “ in all my afflictions, that it is in the power of no
 “ enemy to rob me of my conscience, nor will I ever
 “ be so much my own enemy as to injure it.”

THOUGH our hero heard all this with proper contempt, he made no direct answer, but endeavoured to evade his proposal as much as possible, which he did with admirable dexterity : this method of getting tolerably well off, when you are repulsed in your attack on a man’s conscience, may be stiled the art of retreating, in which the politician, as well as the general, hath sometimes a wonderful opportunity of displaying his great abilities in his profession.

WILD having made this admirable retreat, and argued away all design of involving his friend in the guilt of murder, concluded however, that he thought him rather too scrupulous in not attempting his escape ; and then promising to use all such means as the other would permit, in his service, took his leave for the present. Heartfree, having indulged himself an hour with his children, repaired to rest, which he enjoyed quiet and undisturbed ; whilst Wild, disdainng repose, sat up all night, consulting how he might bring about the final destruction of his friend, without being beholden to any assistance from himself ; which he now despaired of procuring. With the result of these consultations we shall acquaint our reader in good time ; but at present we have matters of much more consequence to relate to him.

C H A P. VI.

The event of Fireblood's adventure, and a treaty of marriage, which might have been concluded either at Smithfield or St. James's.

FIREBLOOD returned from his enterprize unsuccessful. The gentleman happened to go home another way than he had intended; so that the whole design miscarried. Fireblood had indeed robbed the coach, and had wantonly discharged a pistol into it, which slightly wounded one of the passengers in the arm. The booty he met with was not very considerable, tho' much greater than that with which he acquainted Wild; for, of eleven pounds in money, two silver watches, and a wedding-ring, he produced no more than two guineas and the ring, which he protested with numberless oaths was his whole booty. However, when an advertisement of the robbery was published, with a reward promised for the ring and the watches, Fireblood was obliged to confess the whole, and to acquaint our hero where he had pawned the watches; which Wild, taking the full value of them for his pains, restored to the right owner.

He did not fail catechising his young friend on this occasion. He said, he was sorry to see any of his gang guilty of a breach of honour; that without honour *Priggery* was at an end; that if a *Prig* had but honour, he would overlook every vice in the world. "But, nevertheless," said he, "I will forgive you this time, as you are a hopeful lad; and I hope never afterwards to find you delinquent in this great point."

WILD had now brought his gang to great regularity: he was obeyed and feared by them all. He had likewise established an office, where all men who were robbed, paying the value only (or a little more) of their goods, might have them again. This was
of

of notable use to several persons who had lost pieces of plate they had received from their grandmothers; to others who had a particular value for certain rings, watches, heads of canes, snuff-boxes, &c. for which they would not have taken twenty times as much as they were worth, either because they had them a little while or a long time, or that somebody else had had them before, or from some other such excellent reason, which often stamps a greater value on a toy, than the great Bubble-boy himself would have the impudence to set upon it.

By these means, he seemed in so promising a way of procuring a fortune, and was regarded in so thriving a light by all the gentlemen of his acquaintance, as by the keeper and turnkeys of Newgate, by Mr. Snap, and others of his occupation, that Mr. Snap one day, taking Mr. Wild the elder aside, very seriously proposed what they had often lightly talked over, a strict union between their families, by marrying his daughter Tishy to our hero. This proposal was very readily accepted by the old gentleman, who promised to acquaint his son with it.

On the morrow, on which this message was to be delivered, our hero, little dreaming of the happiness which, of its own accord, was advancing so near towards him, had called Fireblood to him; and, after informing that youth of the violence of his passion for the young lady, and assuring him what confidence he reposed in him and his honour, he dispatched him to Miss Tishy with the following letter; which we here insert, not only as we take it to be extremely curious, but to be a much better pattern for that epistolary kind of writing, which is generally called Love-letters, than any to be found in the *academy of compliments*, and which we challenge all the beaux of our time to excel either in matter or spelling.

“ Most

“ Most deivine and adwhorable creeture,

“ **I** DOUBT not but those IIs, briter than the son,
 “ which have kindled such a flam in my hart,
 “ have likewise the faculty of seeing it. It would
 “ be the hiest preassumption to imagin you eggnorant
 “ of my loav. No, Madam, I sollemly purtest, that
 “ of all the butys in the unaversal glob, there is none
 “ kapable of hateracting my IIs like you. Corts and
 “ pallaces would be to me deserts without your kum-
 “ pany, and with it a wilderiness would have more
 “ charms than haven itself. For I hop you will be-
 “ leve me when I sware every place in the univarse
 “ is a haven with you. I am konvinced you must
 “ be sinfibel of my violent passion for you, which,
 “ if I endeavored to hid it, would be as impossible
 “ as for you, or the son to hid your buty’s. I as-
 “ sure you I have not slept a wink since I had the hap-
 “ nefs of seeing you last; therefore hop you will, out
 “ of Kumpassion, let me have the honour of seeing
 “ you this afternune; for I am with the greatest ad-
 “ whoration,

“ Most deivine creeture,

“ Your most passionate amirer,

“ Adwhorer and slave,

“ JOHANATAN WYLD.”

If the spelling of this letter be not so strictly orthographical, the reader will be pleased to remember, that such a defect might be worthy of censure in a low and scholastic character; but can be no blemish in that sublime greatness, of which we endeavour to raise a complete idea in this history. In which kind of composition, spelling, or indeed any kind of human literature, hath never been thought a necessary ingredient; for if these sort of great personages can but complot and contrive their noble schemes, and hack and hew mankind sufficiently, there will never be wanting fit and able persons who can spell, to re-

cord

cord their praises. Again, if it should be observed that the stile of this letter doth not exactly correspond with that of our hero's speeches, which we have here recorded, we answer, it is sufficient if in these the historian adheres faithfully to the matter, though he embellishes the diction with some flourishes of his own eloquence, without which the excellent speeches recorded in ancient historians (particularly in Salust) would have scarce been found in their writings. Nay, even amongst the moderns, famous as they are for elocution, it may be doubted whether those inimitable harangues, published in the monthly Magazines, came literally from the mouths of the HURGOS, &c. as they are there inserted, or whether we may not rather suppose some historian of great eloquence hath borrowed the matter only, and adorned it with those rhetorical flowers for which many of the said HURGOS are not so extremely eminent.

C H A P. VII.

Matters preliminary to the marriage between Mr. Jonathan Wild and the chaste Lætitia.

BUT to proceed with our history: Fireblood, having received this letter, and promised on his honour, with many voluntary asseverations, to discharge his embassy faithfully, went to visit the fair Lætitia. The lady having opened the letter, and read it, put on an air of disdain, and told Mr. Fireblood, she could not conceive what Mr. Wild meant by troubling her with his impertinence; she begged him to carry the letter back again, saying, had she known from whom it came, she would have been d—d before she had opened it. “But with you, young gentleman,” says she, “I am not in the least angry. I am rather sorry that so pretty a young man should be employed in such an errand.” She accompanied these words with so tender an accent,
and

and so wanton a leer, that Fireblood, who was no backward youth, began to take her by the hand, and proceeded so warmly, that, to imitate his actions with the rapidity of our narration, he in a few minutes ravished this fair creature, or at least would have ravished her, if she had not, by a timely compliance, prevented him.

FIREBLOOD, after he had ravished as much as he could, returned to Wild, and acquainted him, as far as any wise man would, with what had passed; concluding with many praises of the young lady's beauty, with whom, he said, if his honour would have permitted him, he should himself have fallen in love; but, d—n him, if he would not sooner be torn in pieces by wild horses, than even think of injuring his friend. He asserted indeed, and swore so heartily, that had not Wild been so thoroughly convinced of the impregnable chastity of the lady, he might have suspected his success: however, he was, by these means, entirely satisfied of his friend's inclination towards his mistress.

Thus constituted were the love-affairs of our hero, when his father brought him Mr. Snap's proposal. The reader must know very little of love, or indeed of any thing else, if he requires any information concerning the reception which this proposal met with. *Not guilty* never sounded sweeter in the ears of a prisoner at the bar, nor the sound of a reprieve to one at the gallows, than did every word of the old gentleman in the ears of our hero. He gave his father full power to treat in his name, and desired nothing more than expedition.

THE old people now met, and Snap, who had information from his daughter of the violent passion of her lover, endeavoured to improve it to the best advantage, and would have not only declined giving her any fortune himself, but have attempted to cheat her of what she owed to the liberality of her relations, particularly of a pint silver caudle-cup, the

gift of her grandmother. However, in this the young lady herself afterwards took care to prevent him. As to the old Mr. Wild, he did not sufficiently attend to all the designs of Snap, as his faculties were busily employed in designs of his own, to overreach (or, as others express it, to cheat) the said Mr. Snap, by pretending to give his son a whole number for a chair, when in reality he was intitled to a third only.

WHILE matters were thus settling between the old folks, the young lady agreed to admit Mr. Wild's visits; and, by degrees, began to entertain him with all the shew of affection, which the great natural reserve of her temper, and the greater artificial reserve of her education would permit. At length, every thing being agreed between their parents, settlements made, and the lady's fortune (to wit, seventeen pounds and nine shillings in money and goods) paid down, the day for their nuptials was fixed, and they were celebrated accordingly.

MOST private histories, as well as comedies, end at this period; the historian and the poet both concluding they have done enough for their hero when they have married him; or intimating rather, that the rest of his life must be a dull calm of happiness, very delightful indeed to pass through, but somewhat insipid to relate; and matrimony in general must, I believe, without any dispute, be allowed to be this state of tranquil felicity, including so little variety, that, like Salisbury Plain, it affords only one prospect, a very pleasant one it must be confessed, but the same.

Now, there was all the probability imaginable, that this contrast would have proved of such happy note, both from the great accomplishments of the young lady, who was thought to be possessed of every qualification necessary to make the marriage-state happy; and from the truly ardent passion of Mr. Wild; but whether it was that nature and fortune

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had great designs for him to execute, and would not suffer his vast abilities to be lost and sunk in the arms of a wife, or whether neither nature nor fortune had any hand in the matter, is a point I will not determine. Certain it is, that this match did not produce that serene state we have mentioned above; but resembled the most turbulent and ruffled, rather than the most calm sea.

I CANNOT here omit a conjecture ingenious enough of a friend of mine, who had a long intimacy in the Wild family. He hath often told me, he fancied one reason of the dissatisfactions which afterwards fell out between Wild and his lady, arose from the number of gallants, to whom she had before marriage granted favours; for, says he, and indeed very probable it is too, the lady might expect from her husband, what she had before received from several, and being angry not to find one man as good as ten, she had, from that indignation, taken those steps which we cannot perfectly justify.

FROM this person I received the following dialogue, which, he assured me, he had overheard and taken down *verbatim*. It passed on the day fortnight after they were married.

C H A P. VIII.

A dialogue matrimonial, which passed between JONATHAN WILD Esquire, and LÆTITIA his wife, on the morning of the day fortnight on which his nuptials were celebrated; which concluded more amicably than those debates generally do.

JONATHAN.

MY dear, I wish you would lie a little longer in bed this morning.

LÆTITIA. Indeed I cannot; I am engaged to breakfast with Jack Strongbow.

JONATHAN. I don't know what Jack Strongbow

M m 2

doth

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doth so often at my house. I assure you I am uneasy at it; for though I have no suspicion of your virtue, yet it may injure your reputation in the opinion of my neighbours.

LÆTITIA. I don't trouble my head about my neighbours; and they shall no more tell me what company I am to keep, than my husband shall.

JONATHAN. A good wife would keep no company which made her husband uneasy.

LÆTITIA. You might have found one of those good wives, Sir, if you had pleased; I had no objection to it.

JONATHAN. I thought I had found one in you.

LÆTITIA. You did! I am very much obliged to you for thinking me so poor-spirited a creature; but I hope to convince you to the contrary. What, I suppose, you took me for a raw, senseless girl, who knew nothing what other married women do!

JONATHAN. No matter what I took you for: I have taken you for better and worse.

LÆTITIA. And at your own desire too: for, I am sure, you never had mine. I should not have broken my heart if Mr. Wild had thought proper to bestow himself on any other more happy woman——
Ha, ha.

JONATHAN. I hope, Madam, you don't imagine that was not in my power, or that I married you out of any kind of necessity.

LÆTITIA. O no, Sir; I am convinced there are silly women enough. And far be it from me to accuse you of any necessity for a wife. I believe you could have been very well contented with the state of a batchelor; I have no reason to complain of your necessities: but that, you know, a woman cannot tell beforehand.

JONATHAN. I can't guess what you would insinuate; for I believe no woman had ever less reason to complain of her husband's want of fondness.

LÆTITIA. Then some, I am certain, have great
reason

reason to complain of the price they give for them.—But I know better things. (*These words were spoken with a very great air, and toss of the head.*)

JONATHAN. Well, my sweeting, I will make it impossible for you to wish me more fond.—

LÆTITIA. Pray, Mr. Wild, none of this nauseous behaviour, nor those odious words.—I wish you were fond!—I assure you—I don't know what you would pretend to insinuate of me.—I have no wishes which misbecome a virtuous woman—No, nor should not, if I had married for love.—And especially now when nobody, I am sure, can suspect me of any such thing.—

JONATHAN. If you did not marry for love, why did you marry?

LÆTITIA. Because it was convenient, and my parents forced me.

JONATHAN. I hope, Madam, at least, you will not tell me to my face, you have made your convenience of me.

LÆTITIA. I have made nothing of you; nor do I desire the honour of making any thing of you.

JONATHAN. Yes, you have made a husband of me.

LÆTITIA. No, you made yourself so; for I repeat once more, It was not my desire, but your own.

JONATHAN. You should think yourself obliged to me for that desire.

LÆTITIA. La, Sir! you was not so singular in it. I was not in despair.—I have had other offers, and better too.

JONATHAN. I wish you had accepted them with all my heart.

LÆTITIA. I must tell you, Mr. Wild, this is a very brutish manner of treating a woman, to whom you have such obligations; but I know how to despise it, and to despise you too for shewing it me: Indeed I am well enough paid for the foolish pre-

ference I gave to you. I flattered myself that I should at least have been used with good manners. I thought I had married a gentleman; but I find you every way contemptible, and below my concern.

JONATHAN. D—n you, Madam, have not I more reason to complain, when you tell me you married me for your convenience only?

LÆTITIA. Very fine, truly. Is it behaviour worthy a man to swear at a woman? yet why should I mention what comes from a wretch whom I despise.

JONATHAN. Don't repeat that word so often. I despise you as heartily as you can me. And, to tell you a truth, I married you for my convenience likewise, to satisfy a passion which I have now satisfied, and you may be d—d for any thing I care.

LÆTITIA. The world shall know how barbarously I am treated by such a villain.

JONATHAN. I need take very little pains to acquaint the world what a b—ch you are, your actions will demonstrate it.

LÆTITIA. Monster! I would advise you not to depend too much on my sex, and provoke me too far; for I can do you a mischief, and will, if you dare use me so, you villain!

JONATHAN. Begin whenever you please, Madam; but assure yourself, the moment you lay aside the woman, I will treat you as such no longer; and if the first blow is yours, I promise you the last shall be mine.

LÆTITIA. Use me as you will; but d—n me if ever you shall use me as a woman again; for may I be cursed, if ever I enter your bed more.

JONATHAN. May I be cursed if that abstinence be not the greatest obligation you can lay upon me; for, I assure you faithfully, your person was all I had ever any regard for; and that I now loath and detest, as much as ever I liked it.

LÆTITIA.

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LÆTITIA. It is impossible for two people to agree better ; for I always detested your person ; and, as for any other regard, you must be convinced I never could have any for you.

JONATHAN. Why, then, since we are come to a right understanding, as we are to live together, suppose we agreed, instead of quarrelling and abusing, to be civil to each other.

LÆTITIA. With all my heart.

JONATHAN. Let us shake hands then, and hence-forwards never live like man and wife ; that is, never be loving, nor ever quarrel.

LÆTITIA. Agreed.—But pray, Mr. Wild, why B—ch ? Why did you suffer such a word to escape you ?

JONATHAN. It is not worth your remembrance.

LÆTITIA. You agree I shall converse with whomsoever I please ?

JONATHAN. Without controul. And I have the same liberty ?

LÆTITIA. When I interfere, may every curse you can wish attend me.

JONATHAN. Let us now take a farewell kiss ; and may I be hang'd if it is not the sweetest you ever gave me.

LÆTITIA. But why, B—ch ?——Methinks I should be glad to know why B—ch ?

AT which words he sprang from the bed, d—ing her temper heartily. She returned it again with equal abuse, which was continued on both sides while he was dressing. However, they agreed to continue stedfast in this new resolution ; and the joy arising on that occasion at length dismissed them pretty cheerfully from each other, though Lætitia could not help concluding with the words, WHY B—CH.

C H A P. IX.

Observations on the foregoing dialogue, together with a base design on our hero, which must be detested by every lover of GREATNESS.

THUS did this dialogue (which, though we have termed it matrimonial, had indeed very little favour of the sweets of matrimony in it) produce at last a resolution more wise than strictly pious, and which, if they could have rigidly adhered to it, might have prevented some unpleasant moments, as well to our hero as to his serene consort; but their hatred was so very great and unaccountable, that they never could bear to see the least composure in one another's countenance, without attempting to ruffle it. This set them on so many contrivances to plague and vex one another, that as their proximity afforded them such frequent opportunities of executing their malicious purposes, they seldom pass'd one easy or quiet day together.

AND this, reader, and no other is the cause of those many inquietudes, which thou must have observed to disturb the repose of some married couples, who mistake implacable hatred for indifference; for why should Corvinus, who lives in a round of intrigue, and seldom doth, and never willingly would, dally with his wife, endeavour to prevent her from the satisfaction of an intrigue in her turn? Why doth Camilla refuse a more agreeable invitation abroad, only to expose her husband at his own table at home? In short, to mention no more instances, whence can all the quarrels, and jealousies, and jars, proceed, in people who have no love for each other, unless from that noble passion abovementioned, that desire, according to my lady Betty Modish, of *curing each other of a smile?*

We thought proper to give our reader a short taste

taste of the domestic state of our hero the rather to shew him that great men are subject to the same frailties and inconveniencies in ordinary life, with little men, and that heroes are really of the same species with other human creatures, notwithstanding all the pains they themselves, or their flatterers, take to assert the contrary; and that they differ chiefly in the immensity of their greatness, or, as the vulgar erroneously call it, villany. Now therefore, that we may not dwell too long on low scenes, in a history of this sublime kind, we shall return to actions of a higher note, and more suitable to our purpose.

WHEN the boy Hymen had, with his lighted torch, driven the boy Cupid out of doors; that is to say, in common phrase, when the violence of Mr. Wild's passion (or rather appetite) for the chaste Lætitia began to abate, he returned to visit his friend Heartfree, who was now in the liberties of the Fleet, and had appeared to the commission of bankruptcy against him. Here he met with a more cold reception than he himself had apprehended. Heartfree had long entertained suspicions of Wild, but these suspicions had from time to time been confounded with circumstances, and principally smothered with that amazing confidence, which was indeed the most striking virtue in our hero. Heartfree was unwilling to condemn his friend without certain evidence, and laid hold on every probable semblance to acquit him; but the proposal made at his last visit had so totally blackened his character in this poor man's opinion, that it entirely fixed the wavering scale, and he no longer doubted but that our hero was one of the greatest villains in the world.

CIRCUMSTANCES of great improbability often escape men who devour a story with greedy ears; the reader therefore cannot wonder that Heartfree, whose passions were so variously concerned, first for the fidelity, and secondly for the safety of his wife; and lastly, who was so distracted with doubt concerning

C H A P. IX.

Observations on the foregoing dialogue, together with a base design on our hero, which must be detested by every lover of GREATNESS.

THUS did this dialogue (which, though we have termed it matrimonial, had indeed very little favour of the sweets of matrimony in it) produce at last a resolution more wise than strictly pious, and which, if they could have rigidly adhered to it, might have prevented some unpleasant moments, as well to our hero as to his serene consort; but their hatred was so very great and unaccountable, that they never could bear to see the least composure in one another's countenance, without attempting to ruffle it. This set them on so many contrivances to plague and vex one another, that as their proximity afforded them such frequent opportunities of executing their malicious purposes, they seldom pass'd one easy or quiet day together.

AND this, reader, and no other is the cause of those many inquietudes, which thou must have observed to disturb the repose of some married couples, who mistake implacable hatred for indifference; for why should Corvinus, who lives in a round of intrigue, and seldom doth, and never willingly would, dally with his wife, endeavour to prevent her from the satisfaction of an intrigue in her turn? Why doth Camilla refuse a more agreeable invitation abroad, only to expose her husband at his own table at home? In short, to mention no more instances, whence can all the quarrels, and jealousies, and jars, proceed, in people who have no love for each other, unless from that noble passion abovementioned, that desire, according to my lady Betty Modish, of *curing each other of a smile?*

We thought proper to give our reader a short
taste

taste of the domestic state of our hero the rather to shew him that great men are subject to the same frailties and inconveniencies in ordinary life, with little men, and that heroes are really of the same species with other human creatures, notwithstanding all the pains they themselves, or their flatterers, take to assert the contrary; and that they differ chiefly in the immensity of their greatness, or, as the vulgar erroneously call it, villany. Now therefore, that we may not dwell too long on low scenes, in a history of this sublime kind, we shall return to actions of a higher note, and more suitable to our purpose.

WHEN the boy Hymen had, with his lighted torch, driven the boy Cupid out of doors; that is to say, in common phrase, when the violence of Mr. Wild's passion (or rather appetite) for the chaste Lætitia began to abate, he returned to visit his friend Heartfree, who was now in the liberties of the Fleet, and had appeared to the commission of bankruptcy against him. Here he met with a more cold reception than he himself had apprehended. Heartfree had long entertained suspicions of Wild, but these suspicions had from time to time been confounded with circumstances, and principally smothered with that amazing confidence, which was indeed the most striking virtue in our hero. Heartfree was unwilling to condemn his friend without certain evidence, and laid hold on every probable semblance to acquit him; but the proposal made at his last visit had so totally blackened his character in this poor man's opinion, that it entirely fixed the wavering scale, and he no longer doubted but that our hero was one of the greatest villains in the world.

CIRCUMSTANCES of great improbability often escape men who devour a story with greedy ears; the reader therefore cannot wonder that Heartfree, whose passions were so variously concerned, first for the fidelity, and secondly for the safety of his wife; and lastly, who was so distracted with doubt concerning

cerning the conduct of his friend, should at his first relation pass unobserved the incident of his being committed to the boat by the captain of the privateer, which he had at the time of his telling so lamely accounted for; but now when Heartfree came to reflect on the whole, and with a high prepossession against Wild, the absurdity of this fact glared in his eyes, and struck him in the most sensible manner. At length a thought of great horror suggested itself to his imagination, and this was, whether the whole was not a fiction, and Wild, who was, as he had learn'd from his own mouth, equal to any undertaking how black soever, had not spirited away, robbed and murdered his wife.

INTOLERABLE as this apprehension was, he not only turned it round and examined it carefully in his own mind, but acquainted young Friendly, with it at their next interview. Friendly who detested Wild (from that envy probably, with which these GREAT CHARACTERS naturally inspire low fellows) encouraged these suspicions so much, that Heartfree resolved to attack our hero, and carry him before a magistrate.

THIS resolution had been some time taken, and Friendly, with a warrant and a constable, had with the utmost diligence searched several days for our hero; but whether it was that in compliance with modern custom he had retired to spend the honeymoon with his bride, the only moon indeed in which it is fashionable or customary for the married parties to have any correspondence with each other; or perhaps his habitation might for particular reasons be usually kept a secret: Like those of some few great men, whom unfortunately the law hath left out of that reasonable as well as honourable provision, which it hath made for the security of the persons of other great men.

BUT Wild resolved to perform works of supere-rogation in the way of honour, and, tho' no hero

is obliged to answer the challenge of my lord chief justice, or indeed of any other magistrate; but may with unblemished reputation slide away from it; yet such was the bravery, such the greatness, the magnanimity of Wild, that he appeared in person to it.

Indeed envy may say one thing, which may lessen the glory of this action, namely, that the said Mr. Wild knew nothing of the said warrant or challenge; and as thou mayst be assured, reader, that the malicious fury will omit nothing which can any ways fully so great a character, so she hath endeavoured to account for this second visit of our hero to his friend Heartfree, from a very different motive than that of asserting his own innocence.

C H A P. X.

Mr. Wild with unprecedented generosity visits his friend Heartfree, and the ungrateful reception he met with.

IT hath been said then, that Mr. Wild, not being able on the strictest examination to find in a certain spot of human nature called his own heart, the least grain of that pitiful low quality called honesty, and resolved, perhaps a little too generally, that there was no such thing. He therefore imputed the resolution with which Mr. Heartfree had so positively refused to concern himself in murder, either to a fear of bloodying his hands, or the apprehension of a ghost, or lest he should make an additional example in that excellent book called, God's Revenge against Murder; and doubted not but he would (at least in his present necessity) agree without scruple to a simple robbery, especially where any considerable booty should be proposed, and the safety of the attack plausibly made appear; which if he could prevail on him to undertake, he would immediately afterwards get him impeached, convicted, and hanged.

ed. He no sooner therefore had discharged his duties to Hymen, and heard that Heartfree had procured himself the liberties of the Fleet, than he resolved to visit him, and to propose a robbery with all the allurements of profit, ease, and safety.

THIS proposal was no sooner made, than it was answered by Heartfree in the following manner :

“ I MIGHT have hoped the answer which I gave
 “ to your former advice would have prevented me
 “ from the danger of receiving a second affront of
 “ this kind. An affront I call it, and surely if it
 “ be so to call a man a villain, it can be no less to
 “ shew him you suppose him one. Indeed it may be
 “ wondered how any man can arrive at the boldness,
 “ I may say impudence, of first making such an
 “ overture to another ; surely it is seldom done, un-
 “ less to those who have previously betrayed some
 “ symptoms of their own baseness. If I have there-
 “ fore shewn you any such, these insults are more
 “ pardonable ; but I assure you, if such appear, they
 “ discharge all their malignance outwardly, and re-
 “ flect not even a shadow within ; for to me base-
 “ ness seems inconsistent with this rule, OF DOING
 “ NO OTHER PERSON AN INJURY FROM ANY MO-
 “ TIVE OR ON ANY CONSIDERATION WHATEVER.
 “ This, Sir, is the rule by which I am determined
 “ to walk, nor can that man justify disbelieving
 “ me, who will not own, he walks not by it him-
 “ self. But whether it be allowed to me or no, or
 “ whether I feel the good effects of its being prac-
 “ tised by others, I am resolved to maintain it : For
 “ surely no man can reap a benefit from my pursu-
 “ ing it equal to the comfort I myself enjoy : For
 “ what a ravishing thought ! how replete with ex-
 “ tasy must the consideration be, that Almighty
 “ Goodness is by its own nature engaged to re-
 “ ward me ! How indifferent must such a persuasion
 “ make a man to all the occurrences of this life !
 “ What trifles must he represent to himself both
 “ the

“ the enjoyments and the afflictions of this world !
 “ How easily must he acquiesce under missing the
 “ former, and how patiently will he submit to the lat-
 “ ter, who is convinced that his failing of a transitory
 “ imperfect reward here, is a most certain argument
 “ of his obtaining one permanent and complete
 “ hereafter ! Dost thou think then, thou little, pal-
 “ try, mean animal, (with such language did he
 “ treat our truly great man) that I will forego such
 “ comfortable expectations for any pitiful reward
 “ which thou canst suggest or promise to me ; for
 “ that sordid lucre for which all pains and labour
 “ are undertaken by the industrious, and all barba-
 “ rities and iniquities committed by the vile ; for a
 “ worthless acquisition, which such as thou art can
 “ possess, can give, or can take away ?” The for-
 mer part of this speech occasioned much yawning
 in our hero, but the latter roused his anger ; and
 he was collecting his rage to answer, when Friend-
 ly and the constable, who had been summoned by
 Heartfree, on Wild’s first appearance, entered the
 room, and seized the great man just as his wrath was
 bursting from his lips.

The dialogue which now ensued, is not worth re-
 lating, Wild was soon acquainted with the reason of
 this rough treatment, and presently conveyed before
 a magistrate.

NOTWITHSTANDING the doubts raised by Mr.
 Wild’s lawyer on his examination, he insisting that
 the proceeding was improper ; for that a *Writ de Ho-
 mine replegiando* should issue, and on the return of
 that a *Capias in Withernam*, the justice inclined to
 commitment, so that Wild was driven to other me-
 thods for his defence. He therefore acquainted the
 justice, that there was a young man likewise with
 him in the boat, and begged that he might be sent
 for, which request was accordingly granted, and
 the faithful Achates (Mr. Fireblood) was soon pro-
 duced to bear testimony for his friend, which he did
 with

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with so much becoming zeal, and went through his examination with such coherence (tho' he was forced to collect his evidence from the hints given him by Wild in the presence of the justice and the accusers) that as here was direct evidence against mere presumption, our hero was most honourably acquitted, and poor Heartfree was charged by the justice, the audience, and all others, who afterwards heard the story, with the blackest ingratitude, in attempting to take away the life of a man, to whom he had such eminent obligations.

LEST so vast an effort of friendship as this of Fireblood's should too violently surprize the reader in this degenerate age; it may be proper to inform him, that beside the ties of engagement in the same employ, another nearer and stronger alliance subsisted between our hero and this youth, which latter was just departed from the arms of the lovely Lætitia, when he received her husband's message; an instance which may also serve to justify those strict intercourses of love and acquaintance, which so commonly subsist in modern history between the husband and gallant, displaying the vast force of friendship, contracted by this more honourable than legal alliance, which is thought to be at present one of the strongest bonds of amity between great men, and the most reputable as well as easy way to their favour.

FOUR months had now passed since Heartfree's first confinement, and his affairs had begun to wear a more benign aspect; but they were a good deal injured by this attempt on Wild, (so dangerous is any attack on a GREAT MAN) several of his neighbours, and particularly one or two of his own trade, industriously endeavouring, from their bitter animosity against such kind of iniquity, to spread and exaggerate his ingratitude as much as possible; not in the least scrupling, in the violent ardour of their indignation, to add some small circumstances of their own knowledge of the many obligations conferred
on

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on Heartfree by Wild. To all these scandals he quietly submitted, comforting himself in the consciousness of his own innocence, and confiding in time, the sure friend of justice, to acquit him.

C H A P. XI.

A scheme so deeply laid, that it shames all the politics of this our age; with digression and subdigression.

WILD having now, to the hatred he bore Heartfree on account of those injuries he had done him, an additional spur from this injury received, (for so it appeared to him, who, no more than the most ignorant, considered how truly he deserved it) applied his utmost industry to accomplish the ruin of one whose very name sounded odious in his ears; when luckily a scheme arose in his imagination, which not only promised to effect it securely, but (which pleased him most) by means of the mischief he had already done him; and which would at once load him with the imputation of having committed what he himself had done to him, and would bring on him the severest punishment for a fact, of which he was not only innocent, but had already so greatly suffered by. And this was no other than to charge him with having conveyed away his wife, with his most valuable effects, in order to defraud his creditors.

HE no sooner started this thought than he immediately resolved on putting it in execution. What remained to consider was only the *Quomodo*, and the person or tool to be employed; for the stage of the world differs from that in Drury-Lane principally in this; that whereas on the latter, the hero, or chief figure, is almost continually before your eyes, whilst the under-actors are not seen above once in an evening; now, on the former, the hero, or great man, is always behind the curtain, and seldom or never appears,

appears, or doth any thing in his own person. He doth indeed, in this Grand Drama, rather perform the part of the Prompter, and doth instruct the well-drest figures, who are strutting in public on the stage, what to say and do. To say the truth, a puppetshow will illustrate our meaning better, where it is the master of the show (the great man) who dances and moves every thing; whether it be the king of Muscovy, or whatever other potentate, alias puppet, which we behold on the stage; but he himself wisely keeps out of sight; for should he once appear, the whole motion would be at an end. Not that any one is ignorant of his being there, or supposes that the puppets are not mere sticks of wood, and he himself the sole mover; but as this (though every one knows it) doth not appear visibly, i. e. to their eyes, no one is ashamed of consenting to be imposed upon; of helping on the Drama, by calling the several sticks or puppets by the names which the master hath allotted to them, and by assigning to each the character which the great man is pleased they shall move in, or rather in which he himself is pleased to move them.

It would be to suppose thee, gentle reader, one of very little knowledge in this world, to imagine thou hast never seen some of these puppetshows, which are so frequently acted on the great stage; but though thou shouldst have resided all thy days in those remote parts of this island, which great men seldom visit; yet, if thou hast any penetration, thou must have had some occasions to admire both the solemnity of countenance in the actor, and the gravity in the spectator, while some of those farces are carried on, which are acted almost daily in every village in the kingdom. He must have a very despicable opinion of mankind indeed, who can conceive them to be imposed on as often as they appear to be so. The truth is, they are in the same situation with the readers of Romances; who, though they

know the whole to be one entire fiction, nevertheless agree to be deceived; and as these find amusement, so do the others find ease and convenience in this concurrence. But this being a subdigression, I return to my digression.

A GREAT MAN ought to do his business by others; to employ hands, as we have before said, to his purposes, and keep himself as much behind the curtain as possible; and though it must be acknowledged that two very great men, whose names will be both recorded in history, did in these latter times, come forth themselves on the stage; and did hack and hew, and lay each other most cruelly open to the diversion of the spectators; yet this must be mentioned rather as an example of avoidance, than imitation, and is to be ascribed to the number of those instances which serve to evince the truth of these maxims: *Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit. Ira furor brevis est, &c.*

C H A P. XII.

New instances of Friendly's folly, &c.

TO return to my history, which, having rested itself a little, is now ready to proceed on its journey: Fireblood was the person chosen by Wild for this service. He had, on a late occasion, experienced the talents of this youth for a good round perjury. He immediately, therefore, found him out, and proposed it to him: when receiving his instant assent, they consulted together, and soon framed an evidence, which, being communicated to one of the most bitter and severe creditors of Heartfree, by him laid before a magistrate, and attested by the oath of Fireblood, the justice granted his warrant; and Heartfree was accordingly apprehended and brought before him.

WHEN the officers came for this poor wretch, they found him meanly diverting himself with his little children, the younger of whom sat on his knees, and the elder was playing at a little distance from him with Friendly. One of the officers, who was a very good sort of a man, but one very laudably severe in his office, after acquainting Heartfree with his errand, bad him come along and be d—d, and leave those little bastards; for so, he said, he supposed they were, for a legacy to the parish. Heartfree was much surprized at hearing there was a warrant for felony against him; but he shewed less concern than Friendly did in his countenance. The elder daughter, when she saw the officer lay hold on her father, immediately quitted her play, and, running to him, and bursting into tears, cry'd out: You shall not hurt poor Papa. One of the other ruffians offered to take the little one rudely from his knees; but Heartfree started up, and, catching the fellow by the collar, dashed his head so violently against the wall, that, had he had any brains, he might possibly have lost them by the blow.

THE officer, like most of those heroic spirits who insult men in adversity, had some prudence mixt with his zeal for justice. Seeing, therefore, this rough treatment of his companion, he began to pursue more gentle methods, and very civilly desired Mr. Heartfree to go with him, seeing he was an officer, and obliged to execute his warrant; that he was sorry for his misfortune, and hoped he would be acquitted. The other answered, He should patiently submit to the laws of his country, and would attend him whither he was ordered to conduct him: then, taking leave of his children with a tender kiss, he recommended them to the care of Friendly; who promised to see them safe home, and then to attend him at the justice's, whose name and abode he had learnt of the constable.

FRIENDLY

FRIENDLY arrived at the magistrate's house just as that gentleman had signed the Mittimus against his friend; for the evidence of Fireblood was so clear and strong, and the justice was so incensed against Heartfree, and so convinced of his guilt, that he would hardly hear him speak in his own defence, which the reader perhaps, when he hears the evidence against him, will be less inclined to censure: For this witness deposed, " That he had been, " by Heartfree himself, employed to carry the orders of embezzling to Wild, in order to be delivered to his wife; that he had been afterwards present with Wild and her at the inn, when they took coach for Harwich, where she shewed him the casket of jewels, and desired him to tell her husband, that she had fully executed his command; and this he swore to have been done after Heartfree had notice of the commission, and in order to bring it within that time, Fireblood, as well as Wild, swore that Mrs. Heartfree lay several days concealed at Wild's house before her departure for Holland."

WHEN Friendly found the justice obdurate, and that all he could say had no effect, nor was it any way possible for Heartfree to escape being committed to Newgate, he resolved to accompany him thither: Where, when they arrived, the turnkey would have confined Heartfree (he having no money) amongst the common felons; but Friendly would not permit it, and advanced every shilling he had in his pocket, to procure a room in the Prels-Yard for his friend, which indeed, through the humanity of the keeper, he did at a cheap rate.

THEY spent that day together, and, in the evening, the prisoner dismissed his friend, desiring him, after many thanks for his fidelity, to be comforted on his account, " I know not," says he, " how far the malice of my enemy may prevail; but whatever my sufferings are, I am convinced my innocence will

“ somewhere be rewarded. If, therefore, any fatal
 “ accident should happen to me (for he who is in
 “ the hands of perjury, may apprehend the worst)
 “ my dear Friendly, be a father to my poor chil-
 “ dren,” at which words the tears gushed from his
 eyes. The other begged him not to admit any such
 apprehensions; for that he would employ his utmost
 diligence in his service, and doubted not but to sub-
 vert any villanous design laid for his destruction,
 and to make his innocence appear to the world as
 white as it was in his own opinion.

WE cannot help mentioning a circumstance here,
 though we doubt it will appear very unnatural and
 incredible to our reader; which is, that, notwith-
 standing the former character and behaviour of
 Heartfree, this story of his embezzling was so far
 from surprizing his neighbours, that many of them
 declared they expected no better from him. Some
 were assured he could pay forty shillings in the pound,
 if he would. Others had overheard hints formerly
 pass between him and Mrs. Heartfree, which had
 given them suspicions. And, what is most astonish-
 ing of all is, that many of those who had before cen-
 sured him for an extravagant heedless fool, now no
 less confidently abused him for a cunning, tricking,
 avaricious knave.

C H A P. XIII.

*Something concerning Fireblood, which will surprize;
 and somewhat touching one of the Miss Snaps, which
 will greatly concern the reader.*

HOWEVER, notwithstanding all these cen-
 sures abroad, and in despite of all his mis-
 fortunes at home, Heartfree in Newgate enjoyed a
 quiet, undisturbed repose; while our hero, nobly
 disdaining rest, lay sleepless all night; partly from
 the apprehensions of Mrs. Heartfree's return before
 he

he had executed his scheme; and partly from a suspicion lest Fireblood should betray him; of whose infidelity he had, nevertheless, no other cause to maintain any fear, but from his knowing him to be an accomplished rascal, as the vulgar term it, a complete GREAT MAN in our language. And indeed, to confess the truth, these doubts were not without some foundation; for the very same thought unluckily entered the head of that noble youth, who considered, whether he might not possibly sell himself for some advantage to the other side, as he had yet no promise from Wild; but this was, by the sagacity of the latter, prevented in the morning with a profusion of promises, which shewed him to be of the most generous temper in the world, with which Fireblood was extremely well satisfied; and made use of so many protestations of his faithfulness, that he convinced Wild of the justice of his suspicions.

At this time an accident happened, which, though it did not immediately affect our hero, we cannot avoid relating; as it occasioned great confusion in his family, as well as in the family of Snap. It is indeed a calamity highly to be lamented, when it stains untainted blood, and happens to an honourable house. An injury never to be repaired. A blot never to be wiped out. A sore never to be healed. To detain my reader no longer: Miss Theodosia Snap was now safely delivered of a male infant, the product of an amour which that beautiful (O that I could say, virtuous) creature had with the Count.

MR. WILD and his lady were at breakfast, when Mr. Snap, with all the agonies of despair both in his voice and countenance, brought them this melancholy news. Our hero, who had (as we have said) wonderful good-nature when his greatness or interest was not concerned, instead of reviling his sister-in-law, asked with a smile: "Who was the father?" But the chaste Lætitia, we repeat the chaste, for well did she now deserve that epithet; received it in ano-

ther manner. She fell into the utmost fury at the relation, reviled her sister in the bitterest terms, and vowed she would never see nor speak to her more. Then burst into tears, and lamented over her father, that such dishonour should ever happen to him and herself. At length she fell severely on her husband, for the light treatment which he gave this fatal accident. She told him, He was unworthy of the honour he enjoyed, of marrying into a chaste family. That she looked on it as an affront to her virtue. That if he had married one of the naughty hussies of the town, he could have behaved to her in no other manner. She concluded with desiring her father to make an example of the slut, and to turn her out of doors; for that she would not otherwise enter his house, being resolved never to set her foot within the same threshold with the trollop, whom she detested so much the more, because (which was perhaps true) she was her own sister.

So violent, and indeed so outrageous was this chaste lady's love of virtue, that she could not forgive a single slip (indeed the only one Theodosia had ever made) in her own sister, in a sister who loved her, and to whom she owed a thousand obligations.

PERHAPS the severity of Mr. Snap, who greatly felt the injury done to the honour of his family, would have relented, had not the parish-officers been extremely pressing on this occasion, and, for want of security, conveyed the unhappy young lady to a place, the name of which, for the honour of the Snaps, to whom our hero was so nearly allied, we bury in eternal oblivion; where she suffered so much correction for her crime, that the good-natured reader of the male kind may be inclined to compassionate her, at least to imagine she was sufficiently punished for a fault, which, with submission to the chaste Lætitia, and all other strictly virtuous ladies, it should be either less criminal in a woman to commit, or more so in a man to solicit her to it.

BUT

BUT to return to our hero, who was a living and strong instance, that human greatness and happiness are not always inseparable. He was under a continual alarm of frights, and fears, and jealousies. He thought every man he beheld wore a knife for his throat, and a pair of scissars for his purse. As for his own gang particularly, he was thoroughly convinced there was not a single man amongst them, who would not, for the value of five shillings, bring him to the gallows. These apprehensions so constantly broke his rest, and kept him so assiduously on his guard, to frustrate and circumvent any designs which might be forming against him; that his condition, to any other than the glorious eye of ambition, might seem rather deplorable, than the object of envy or desire.

C H A P. XIV.

In which our hero makes a speech well worthy to be celebrated; and the behaviour of one of the gang, perhaps more unnatural than any other part of this history.

THERE was in the gang a man named Blue-skin; one of those merchants who trade in dead oxen, sheep, &c. in short, what the vulgar call a Butcher. This gentleman had two qualities of a great man, viz. undaunted courage, and an absolute contempt of those ridiculous distinctions of *Meum* and *Tuum* which would cause endless disputes, did not the law happily decide them by converting both into *Suum*. The common form of exchanging property by trade seemed to him too tedious; he therefore resolved to quit the mercantile profession, and, falling acquainted with some of Mr. Wild's people, he provided himself with arms, and enlisted of the gang. In which he behaved for some time with great decency and order, and submitted to accept such share of the booty with the rest, as our hero allotted him.

BUT this subserviency agreed ill with his temper ; for we should have before remembered a third heroic quality, namely, ambition, which was no inconsiderable part of his composition. One day, therefore, having robbed a gentleman at Windsor of a gold watch ; which, on its being advertised in the newspapers, with a considerable reward, was demanded of him by Wild, he peremptorily refused to deliver it.

“ How, Mr. Blueskin !” says Wild, “ you will not deliver the watch ?” “ No, Mr. Wild,” answered he ; “ I have taken it, and will keep it ; or, if I dispose of it, I will dispose of it myself, and keep the money for which I sell it.” “ Sure,” replied Wild, “ you have not the assurance to pretend you have any property or right in this watch ?” “ I am certain,” returned Blueskin, “ whether I have any right in it or no, you can prove none.” “ I will undertake,” cries the other, “ to shew I have an absolute right to it, and that by the laws of our gang, of which I am providentially at the head.” “ I know not who put you at the head of it,” cries Blueskin ; “ but those who did, certainly did it for their own good, that you might conduct them the better in their robberies, inform them of the richest booties, prevent surprizes, pack juries, bribe evidence, and so contribute to their benefit and safety ; and not to convert all their labour and hazard to your own benefit and advantage.” “ You are greatly mistaken, Sir,” answered Wild ; “ you are talking of a legal society, where the chief magistrate is always chosen for the public good, which, as we see in all the legal societies of the world, he constantly consults, daily contributing, by his superior skill, to their prosperity, and not sacrificing their good to his own wealth, or pleasure, or humour : But in an illegal society or gang, as this of ours, it is otherwise ; for who would be at the head of a gang, unless

“ unless for his own interest? And without a head,
 “ you know you cannot subsist. Nothing but a
 “ head, and obedience to that head, can preserve a
 “ gang a moment from destruction. It is absolutely
 “ better for you to content yourselves with a mode-
 “ rate reward, and enjoy that in safety at the disposal
 “ of your chief, than to engross the whole with the
 “ hazard to which you will be liable without his
 “ protection. And surely, there is none in the whole
 “ gang, who has less reason to complain than you;
 “ you have tasted of my favours; witness that piece
 “ of ribbon you wear in your hat, with which I dub-
 “ bed you captain.—Therefore pray, captain, deli-
 “ ver the watch.”—“ D—n your cajoling,” says
 Blueikin: “ Do you think I value myself on this bit
 “ of ribbon, which I could have bought myself for
 “ sixpence, and have worn without your leave? Do
 “ you imagine I think myself a captain, because
 “ you whom I know not empowered to make one,
 “ call me so? The name of captain is but a sha-
 “ dow: The men and the salary are the substance:
 “ And I am not to be bubbled with a shadow. I
 “ will be called captain no longer, and he who flat-
 “ ters me by that name, I shall think affronts me,
 “ and I will knock him down, I assure you.”—“ Did
 “ ever man talk so unreasonably?” cries Wild. “ Are
 “ you not respected as a captain by the whole gang
 “ since my dubbing you so? But it is the shadow
 “ only, it seems; and you will knock a man down
 “ for affronting you, who calls you captain! Might
 “ not a man as reasonably tell a minister of state:
 “ *Sir, you have given me the shadow only. The ribbon*
 “ *or the bauble, that you gave me, implies that I have*
 “ *either signalized myself, by some great action, for the*
 “ *benefit and glory of my country; or at least that I*
 “ *am descended from those who have done so. I know*
 “ *myself to be a scoundrel, and so have been those few*
 “ *ancestors I can remember, or have ever heard of.*
 “ *Therefore I am resolved to knock the first man down,*

“ who

“ *who calls me Sir, or Right Honourable.* But all great
 “ and wise men think themselves sufficiently repaid
 “ by what procures them honour and precedence in
 “ the gang, without enquiring into substance; nay,
 “ if a title, or a feather, be equal to this purpose, they
 “ are substance, and not mere shadows. But I have
 “ not time to argue with you at present, so give me
 “ the watch without any more deliberation.” “ I
 “ am no more a friend to deliberation than yourself,”
 answered Blueskin, “ and so I tell you once for all,
 “ by G—I never will give you the watch, no, nor
 “ will I ever hereafter surrender any part of my
 “ booty. I won it, and I will wear it. Take your
 “ pistols yourself, and go out on the highway, and
 “ don’t lazily think to fatten yourself with the dan-
 “ gers and pains of other people.” At which words
 he departed in a fierce mood, and repaired to the
 tavern used by the gang, where he had appointed to
 meet some of his acquaintance, whom he informed
 of what had passed between him and Wild, and ad-
 vised them all to follow his example; which they all
 readily agreed to, and Mr. Wild’s D—tion was the
 universal toast; in drinking bumpers to which they
 had finished a large bowl of punch, when a constable,
 with a numerous attendance, and Wild at their
 head, entered the room, and seized on Blueskin,
 whom his companions, when they saw our hero, did
 not dare attempt to rescue. The watch was found
 upon him, which, together with Wild’s information,
 was more than sufficient to commit him to
 Newgate.

In the evening, Wild and the rest of those who
 had been drinking with Blueskin, met at the tavern,
 where nothing was to be seen but the profoundest
 submission to their leader. They vilified and abused
 Blueskin as much as they had before abused our
 hero, and now repeated the same toast, only changing
 the name of Wild into that of Blueskin. All
 agreeing with Wild, that the watch found in his
 pocket,

pocket, and which must be a fatal evidence against him, was a just judgment on his disobedience and revolt.

THUS did this Great Man, by a resolute and timely example (for he went directly to the justice when Blueskin left him) quell one of the most dangerous conspiracies which could possibly arise in a gang; and which, had it been permitted one day's growth, would inevitably have ended in his destruction; so much doth it behove all great men to be eternally on their guard, and expeditious in the execution of their purposes; while none but the weak and honest can indulge themselves in remissness or repose.

THE Achates, Fireblood, had been present at both these meetings; but though he had a little too hastily concurred in cursing his friend, and in vowing his perdition; yet now he saw all that scheme dissolved, he returned to his integrity; of which he gave an incontestable proof, by informing Wild of the measures which had been concerted against him. In which, he said, he had pretended to acquiesce, in order the better to betray them; but this, as he afterwards confessed on his deathbed, at Tyburn, was only a copy of his countenance: For that he was, at that time, as sincere and hearty in his opposition to Wild as any of his companions.

OUR hero received Fireblood's information with a very placid countenance. He said, As the gang had seen their errors, and repented, nothing was more noble than forgiveness. But though he was pleased modestly to ascribe this to his lenity, it really arose from much more noble and political principles. He considered that it would be dangerous to attempt the punishment of so many; besides, he flattered himself that fear would keep them in order; and indeed Fireblood had told him nothing more than he knew before, viz. that they were all complete Prigs, whom he was to govern by their fears, and in whom he was to place no more confidence than was neces-

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fary, and to watch them with the utmost caution and circumspection; for a rogue, he wisely said, like gunpowder, must be used with caution; since both are altogether as liable to blow up the party himself who uses them, as to execute his mischievous purpose against some other person or animal.

WE will now repair to Newgate, it being the place where most of the great men of this history are hastening as fast as possible; and to confess the truth, it is a castle very far from being an improper, or misbecoming habitation for any great man whatever. And as this scene will continue during the residue of our history, we shall open it with a new book; and shall, therefore, take this opportunity of closing our third.

THE
H I S T O R Y
OF THE
L I F E
OF THE LATE
Mr. JONATHAN WILD THE GREAT.

B O O K IV.

C H A P. I.

A sentiment of the ordinary's, worthy to be written in letters of gold; a very extraordinary instance of folly in Friendly; and a dreadful accident which befel our hero.

HEARTFREE had not been long in Newgate before his frequent conversation with his children, and other instances of a good heart, which betrayed themselves in his actions and conversation, created an opinion in all about him that he was one of the silliest fellows in the universe. The ordinary himself, a very sagacious as well as very worthy person, declared that he was a cursed rogue, but no conjurer.

WHAT

WHAT indeed might induce the former, *i. e.* the roguish part of this opinion in the ordinary was a wicked sentiment which Heartfree one day disclosed in conversation, and which we, who are truly orthodox, will not pretend to justify, *That he believed a sincere Turk would be saved.* To this the good man, with becoming zeal and indignation, answered, *I know not what may become of a sincere Turk, but if this be your persuasion, I pronounce it impossible you should be saved.* No, Sir, so far from a sincere Turk's being within the pale of salvation, neither will any sincere Presbyterian, Anabaptist, nor Quaker whatever, be saved.

BUT neither did the one or the other part of this character prevail on Friendly to abandon his old master. He spent his whole time with him, except only those hours when he was absent for his sake, in procuring evidence for him against his trial, which was now shortly to come on. Indeed this young man was the only comfort, besides a clear conscience, and the hopes beyond the grave, which this poor wretch had; for the sight of his children was like one of those alluring pleasures which men in some diseases indulge themselves often fatally in, which at once flatter and heighten their malady.

FRIENDLY being one day present while Heartfree was, with tears in his eyes, embracing his eldest daughter, and lamenting the hard fate to which he feared he should be obliged to leave her, spoke to him thus: "I have long observed with admiration
 " the magnanimity with which you go through your
 " own misfortunes, and the steady countenance
 " with which you look on death. I have observed
 " that all your agonies arise from the thoughts of
 " parting with your children, and of leaving them in
 " a distressed condition; now, though I hope all your
 " fears will prove ill-grounded, yet, that I may
 " relieve you as much as possible from them, be
 " assured, that as nothing can give me more real
 " misery,

“ misery, than to observe so tender and loving a
 “ concern in a master, to whose goodness I owe so
 “ many obligations, and whom I so sincerely love,
 “ so nothing can afford me equal pleasure with my
 “ contributing to lessen or to remove it. Be con-
 “ vinced, therefore, if you can place any confidence
 “ in my promise, that I will employ my little for-
 “ tune, which you know to be not entirely inconfi-
 “ derable, in the support of this your little family.
 “ Should any misfortune, which I pray heaven avert,
 “ happen to you before you have better provided
 “ for these little ones, I will be myself their father,
 “ nor shall either of them ever know distress, if it
 “ be any way in my power to prevent it. Your
 “ younger daughter I will provide for, and as for
 “ my little prattler, your elder, as I never yet thought
 “ of any woman for a wife, I will receive her as such
 “ at your hands; nor will I ever relinquish her for
 “ another.” Heartfree flew to his friend, and em-
 braced him with raptures of acknowledgment. He
 vowed to him, that he had eased every anxious
 thought of his mind but one, and that he must carry
 with him out of the world. “ O Friendly,” cried
 he, “ it is my concern for that best of women,
 “ whom I hate myself for having ever censured in
 “ my opinion. O Friendly! thou didst know her
 “ goodness; yet, sure her perfect character none but
 “ myself was ever acquainted with. She had every
 “ perfection both of mind and body, which heaven
 “ hath indulged to her whole sex, and possessed all
 “ in a higher excellence than nature ever indulged
 “ to another in any single virtue. Can I bear the
 “ loss of such a woman? Can I bear the appren-
 “ sions of what mischiefs that villain may have done
 “ to her, of which death is perhaps the lightest?”
 Friendly gently interrupted him as soon as he saw
 any opportunity, endeavouring to comfort him on
 this head likewise, by magnifying every circum-
 stance

stance which could possibly afford any hopes of his seeing her again.

By this kind of behaviour, in which the young man exemplified so uncommon an height of friendship, he had soon obtained in the castle the character of as odd and silly a fellow as his master. Indeed, they were both the byword, laughingstock, and contempt of the whole place.

THE sessions now came on at the Old Baily. The grand jury at Hicks's-hall had found the bill of indictment against Heartfree, and on the second day of the session he was brought to his trial; where, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of Friendly, and of the honest old female servant, the circumstances of the fact corroborating the evidence of Fireblood, as well as that of Wild, who counterfeited the most artful reluctance at appearing against his old friend Heartfree, the jury found the prisoner guilty.

WILD had now accomplished his scheme; for as to what remained, it was certainly unavoidable, seeing that Heartfree was entirely void of interest with the great, and was besides convicted on a statute, the infringers of which could hope no pardon.

THE catastrophe, to which our hero had reduced this wretch, was so wonderful an effort of greatness, that it probably made fortune envious of her own darling; but whether it was from this envy, or only from that known inconstancy and weakness so often and judiciously remarked in that lady's temper, who frequently lifts men to the summit of human greatness, only

ut lapsu graviore ruant ;

certain it is, she now began to meditate mischief against Wild, who seems to have come to that period, at which all heroes have arrived, and which she was resolved they never should transcend. In short, there seems to be a certain measure of mischief and iniquity, which every great man is to fill
up,

up, and then fortune looks on him of no more use than a silkworm, whose bottom is spun, and deserts him. Mr. Blueskin was convicted the same day of robbery, by our hero, an unkindness, which tho' he had drawn on himself, and necessitated him to, he took greatly amiss; as Wild therefore was standing near him, with that disregard and indifference which great men are too carelessly inclined to have for those whom they have ruined; Blueskin privily drawing a knife, thrust the same into the body of our hero with such violence, that all who saw it concluded he had done his business. And indeed, had not fortune, not so much out of love to our hero, as from a fixed resolution to accomplish a certain purpose, of which we have formerly given a hint, carefully placed his guts out of the way, he must have fallen a sacrifice to the wrath of his enemy, which, as he afterwards said, he did not deserve; for had he been contented to have robbed and only submitted to give him the booty, he might have still continued safe and unimpeached in the gang; but so it was, that the knife missing those noble parts (the noblest of many) the guts, perforated only the hollow of his belly, and caused no other harm than an immoderate effusion of blood, of which, tho' it at present weakened him, he soon after recovered.

THIS accident, however, was in the end attended with worse consequences: for, as very few people (those greatest of all men, absolute princes excepted) attempt to cut the thread of human life, like the fatal sisters, merely out of wantonness and for their diversion, but rather by so doing, propose to themselves the acquisition of some future good, or the avenging some past evil; and as the former of these motives did not appear probable, it put inquisitive persons on examining into the latter. Now, as the vast schemes of Wild, when they were discovered, however great in their nature, seemed to some per-

sons like the projects of most other such persons, rather to be calculated for the glory of the great man himself, than to redound to the general good of society; designs began to be laid by several of those who thought it principally their duty, to put a stop to the future progress of our hero; and a learned judge particularly, a great enemy to this kind of greatness, procured a clause in an act of parliament as a trap for Wild, which he soon after fell into. By this law it was made capital in a Prig to steal with the hands of other people. A law so plainly calculated for the destruction of all priggish greatness, that it was indeed impossible for our hero to avoid it.

C H A P. II.

A short hint concerning popular ingratitude. Mr. Wild's arrival in the castle, with other occurrences, to be found in no other history.

IF we had any leisure, we would here digress a little on that ingratitude, which so many writers have observed to spring up in the people in all free governments towards their great men; who, while they have been consulting the good of the public, by raising their own greatness, in which the whole body (as the kingdom of France thinks itself in the glory of their grand monarch) was so deeply concerned, have been sometimes sacrificed by those very people for whose glory the said great men were so industriously at work: and this from a foolish zeal for a certain ridiculous imaginary thing called Liberty, to which great men are observed to have a great animosity.

THIS law had been promulgated a very little time when Mr. Wild, having received from some dutiful members of the gang, a valuable piece of goods, did, for a consideration somewhat short of its original price, reconvey it to the right owner; for which
fact

fact being ungratefully informed against by the said owner, he was surprized in his own house, and being overpowered by numbers, was hurried before a magistrate, and by him committed to that castle, which, suitable as it is to greatness, we do not chuse to name too often in our history, and where many great men, at this time, happened to be assembled.

THE governor, or, as the law more honourably calls him, keeper of this castle, was Mr. Wild's old friend and acquaintance. This made the latter greatly satisfied with the place of his confinement, as he promised himself not only a kind reception and handsome accommodation there, but even to obtain his liberty from him, if he thought it necessary to desire it: but alas! he was deceived; his old friend knew him no longer, and refused to see him, and the lieutenant-governor insisted on as high garnish for fetters, and as exorbitant a price for lodging, as if he had had a fine gentleman in custody for murder, or any other genteel crime.

To confess a melancholy truth, it is a circumstance much to be lamented, that there is no absolute dependance on the friendship of great men. An observation which hath been frequently made by those who have lived in courts, or in Newgate, or in any other place set apart for the habitation of such persons.

The second day of his confinement he was greatly surprized at receiving a visit from his wife; and much more so, when, instead of a countenance ready to insult him, the only motive to which he could ascribe her presence, he saw the tears trickling down her lovely cheeks. He embraced her with the utmost marks of affection, and declared he could hardly regret his confinement, since it had produced such an instance of the happiness he enjoyed in her, whose fidelity to him on this occasion would, he believed, make him the envy of most husbands, even in Newgate. He then begged her to dry her eyes, and be

comforted; for that matters might go better with him than she expected. "No, no," says she, "I am certain you will be found guilty *Death*. I knew what it would always come to. I told you it was impossible to carry on such a trade long; but you would not be advised, and now you see the consequence, now you repent when it is too late. All the comfort I shall have when you are * *nubbed* is, that I gave you a good advice. If you had always gone out by yourself, as I would have had you, you might have robbed on to the end of the chapter; but you was wiser than all the world, or rather lazier, and see what your laziness is come to—to the † *cheat*, for thither you will go now, that's infallible. And a just judgment on you for following your headstrong will; I am the only person to be pitied, poor I, who shall be scandalized for your fault. *There goes she whose husband was hang'd*: methinks I hear them crying so already." At which words she burst into tears. He could not then forbear chiding her for this unnecessary concern on his account, and begged her not to trouble him any more. She answered with some spirit: "On your account, and be d—d to you! No, if the old cull of a justice had not sent me hither, I believe it would have been long enough before I should have come hither to see after you; d—n me, I am committed for the ‡ *filting-lay*, man, and we shall be both *nubbed* together. I'faith, my dear, it almost makes me amends for being *nubbed* myself, to have the pleasure of seeing thee *nubbed* too." "Indeed, my dear," answered Wild, "it is what I have long wished for thee; but I do not desire to bear thee company, and I have still hopes to have the pleasure of seeing you go without me; at least I will have the pleasure to be rid of you now." And so saying, he seized her by

* The cant word for *hanging*.

† The *gallows*.

‡ *Picking pockets*.

the waist, and with strong arm flung her out of the room; but not before she had with her nails left a bloody memorial on his cheek: and thus this fond couple parted.

WILD had scarce recovered himself from the uneasiness into which this unwelcome visit, proceeding from the disagreeable fondness of his wife, had thrown him, than the faithful Achates appeared. The presence of this youth was indeed a cordial to his spirits. He received him with open arms, and expressed the utmost satisfaction in the fidelity of his friendship, which so far exceeded the fashion of the times, and said many things, which we have forgot, on the occasion; but we remember they all tended to the praise of Fireblood, whose modesty, at length, put a stop to the torrent of compliments, by asserting he had done no more than his duty, and that he should have detested himself, could he have forsaken his friend in his adversity; and after many protestations, that he came the moment he heard of his misfortune, he asked him if he could be of any service. Wild answered, since he had so kindly proposed that question, he must say he should be obliged to him, if he could lend him a few guineas; for that he was very *seedy*. Fireblood replied, that he was greatly unhappy in not having it then in his power, adding many hearty oaths, that he had not a farthing of money in his pocket, which was, indeed, strictly true; for he had only a bank-note, which he had that evening purloined from a gentleman in the playhouse passage. He then asked for his wife, to whom, to speak truly, the visit was intended, her confinement being the misfortune of which he had just heard; for, as for that of Mr. Wild himself, he had known it from the first minute, without ever intending to trouble him with his company. Being informed therefore of the visit which had lately happened, he reproved Wild for his cruel treatment of that good creature; then taking as sudden a leave as he civilly could of

the gentleman, he hastened to comfort his lady, who received him with great kindness.

C H A P. III.

Curious anecdotes relating to the history of Newgate.

THERE resided in the castle at the same time with Mr. Wild, one Roger Johnson, a very GREAT MAN, who had long been at the head of all the *Prigs* in Newgate, and had raised contributions on them. He examined into the nature of their defence, procured and instructed their evidence, and made himself, at least in their opinion, so necessary to them, that the whole fate of Newgate seemed entirely to depend upon him.

WILD had not been long in confinement before he began to oppose this man. He represented him to the *Prigs* as a fellow, who, under the plausible pretence of assisting their causes, was in reality undermining THE LIBERTIES OF NEWGATE. He at first threw out certain sly hints and insinuations; but having by degrees formed a party against Roger, he one day assembled them together, and spoke to them in the following florid manner:

Friends and fellow-citizens,

“ THE cause which I am to mention to you this
 “ day, is of such mighty importance, that when I
 “ consider my own small abilities, I tremble with an
 “ apprehension, lest your safety may be rendered
 “ precarious by the weakness of him who hath un-
 “ dertaken to represent to you your danger. Gentle-
 “ men, the liberty of Newgate is at stake: your
 “ privileges have been long undermined, and are now
 “ openly violated by one man; by one who hath en-
 “ grossed to himself the whole conduct of your trials,
 “ under colour of which, he exacts what contribu-
 “ tions on you he pleases: but are those sums ap-
 “ propriated

“ appropriated to the uses for which they are raised?
 “ Your frequent convictions at the Old Baily, those
 “ depredations of justice, must too sensibly and fore-
 “ ly demonstrate the contrary. What evidence doth
 “ he ever produce for the prisoner, which the pri-
 “ soner himself could not have provided, and often
 “ better instructed? How many noble youths have
 “ there been lost, when a single *Alibi* would have
 “ saved them! Should I be silent, nay, could your
 “ own injuries want a tongue to remonstrate, the
 “ very breath, which by his neglect hath been stop-
 “ ped at the *Cheat*, would cry out loudly against him.
 “ Nor is the exorbitancy of his plunders visible only
 “ in the dreadful consequences it hath produced to
 “ the *Prigs*, nor glares it only in the miseries brought
 “ on them: it blazes forth in the more desirable ef-
 “ fects it hath wrought for himself, in the rich per-
 “ quisites acquired by it: witness that silk night-
 “ gown, that robe of shame, which, to his eternal
 “ dishonour, he publicly wears; that gown, which
 “ I will not scruple to call the winding-sheet of the
 “ liberties of Newgate. Is there a *Prig* who hath
 “ the interest and honour of Newgate so little at heart,
 “ that he can refrain from blushing when he beholds
 “ that trophy, purchased with the breath of so many
 “ *Prigs*! Nor is this all. His waistcoat embroidered
 “ with silk, and his velvet cap, bought with the
 “ same price, are ensigns of the same disgrace. Some
 “ would think the rags which covered his naked-
 “ ness, when first he was committed hither, well
 “ exchanged for these gaudy trappings; but in my
 “ eye, no exchange can be profitable when disho-
 “ nour is the condition. If therefore, Newgate—”
 Here the only copy which we could procure of this
 speech breaks off abruptly; however, we can assure
 the reader, from very authentic information, that he
 concluded with advising the *Prigs* to put their affairs
 into other hands. After which, one of his party, as

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had been before concerted, in a very long speech recommended him (Wild himself) to their choice.

NEWGATE was divided into parties on this occasion; the *Prigs* on each side representing their chief or Great Man to be the only person by whom the affairs of Newgate could be managed with safety and advantage. The *Prigs* had indeed very incompatible interests; for whereas the supporters of Johnson, who was in possession of the plunder of Newgate, were admitted to some share under their leader; so the abettors of Wild had, on his promotion, the same views of dividing some part of the spoil among themselves. It is no wonder therefore they were both so warm on each side. What may seem more remarkable was, that the debtors, who were entirely unconcerned in the dispute, and who were the destined plunder of both parties, should interest themselves with the utmost violence, some on behalf of Wild, and others in favour of Johnson. So that all Newgate resounded with WILD *for ever*, JOHNSON *for ever*. And the poor debtors re-echoed *the liberties of Newgate*, which, in the cant language, signifies *Plunder*, as loudly as the thieves themselves. In short, such quarrels and animosities happened between them, that they seemed rather the people of two countries long at war with each other, than the inhabitants of the same castle.

WILD's party at length prevailed, and he succeeded to the place and power of Johnson, whom he presently stript of all his finery; but when it was proposed, that he should sell it, and divide the money for the good of the whole; he waved that motion, saying, it was not yet time, that he should find a better opportunity, that the clothes wanted cleaning, with many other pretences, and, within two days, to the surprize of many, he appeared in them himself; for which he vouchsafed no other apology than, that they fitted him much better than they did Johnson,
and

and that they became him in a much more elegant manner.

THIS behaviour in Wild greatly incensed the debtors, particularly those by whose means he had been promoted. They grumbled extremely, and vented great indignation against Wild; when one day a very grave man, and one of much authority among them, bespoke them as follows:

“ NOTHING sure can be more justly ridiculous
 “ than the conduct of those, who should lay the
 “ lamb in the wolf’s way, and then should lament
 “ his being devoured. What a wolf is in a sheep-
 “ fold, a great man is in society. Now, when one
 “ wolf is in possession of a sheepfold, how little would
 “ it avail the simple flock to expel him, and place
 “ another in his stead? Of the same benefit to us is
 “ the overthrowing one *Prig* in favour of another.
 “ And for what other advantage was your struggle?
 “ Did you not all know that Wild and his follow-
 “ ers were *Prigs*, as well as Johnson and his? What
 “ then could the contention be among such, but
 “ that which you have now discovered it to have
 “ been? Perhaps some would say, Is it then our duty
 “ tamely to submit to the rapine of the *Prig* who now
 “ plunders us, for fear of an exchange? Surely no:
 “ but I answer, It is better to shake the plunder off,
 “ than to exchange the plunderer. And by what
 “ means can we effect this, but by a total change in
 “ our manners? Every *Prig* is a slave. His own
 “ *Priggish* desires which enslave him, themselves be-
 “ tray him to the tyranny of others. To preserve,
 “ therefore, the liberty of Newgate, is to change the
 “ manners of Newgate. Let us therefore, who are
 “ confined here for debt only, separate ourselves en-
 “ tirely from the *Prigs*; neither drink with them,
 “ nor converse with them. Let us, at the same
 “ time, separate ourselves farther from *Priggism*
 “ itself. Instead of being ready, on every opportu-
 “ nity, to pillage each other, let us be content with
 “ our

“ our honest share of the common bounty, and with
 “ the acquisition of our own industry. When we
 “ separate from the *Prigs*, let us enter into a closer
 “ alliance with one another. Let us consider our-
 “ selves all as members of one community, to the
 “ public good of which we are to sacrifice our pri-
 “ vate views; not to give up the interest of the
 “ whole for every little pleasure or profit which shall
 “ accrue to ourselves. Liberty is consistent with no
 “ degree of honesty inferior to this, and the com-
 “ munity where this abounds, no *Prig* will have the
 “ impudence or audaciousness to endeavour to en-
 “ slave; or if he should, his own destruction would
 “ be the only consequence of his attempt. But while
 “ one man pursues his ambition, another his interest,
 “ another his safety; while one hath a roguery (a
 “ *Priggism* they here call it) to commit, and another
 “ a roguery to defend, they must naturally fly to the
 “ favour and protection of those, who have power
 “ to give them what they desire, and to defend them
 “ from what they fear; nay, in this view it becomes
 “ their interest to promote this power in their pa-
 “ trons. Now, gentlemen, when we are no longer
 “ *Prigs*, we shall no longer have these fears or these
 “ desires. What remains, therefore, for us, but to
 “ resolve bravely to lay aside our *Priggism*, our
 “ roguery, in plainer words, and preserve our liber-
 “ ty, or to give up the latter in the preservation and
 “ preference of the former.”

THIS speech was received with much applause; however, Wild continued as before to levy contribu-
 tions among the prisoners, to apply the garnish to
 his own use, and to strut openly in the ornaments
 which he had stript from Johnson. To speak sin-
 cerely, there was more bravado than real use or ad-
 vantage in these trappings. As for the nightgown,
 its outside indeed made a glittering tinsel appearance,
 but it kept him not warm; nor could the finery of
 it do him much honour, since every one knew it did
 not

not properly belong to him; as to the waistcoat, it fitted him very ill, being infinitely too big for him; and the cap was so heavy, that it made his head ach. Thus these clothes, which perhaps (as they presented the idea of their misery more sensibly to the people's eyes) brought him more envy, hatred, and detraction, than all his deeper impositions and more real advantages; afforded very little use or honour to the wearer; nay, could scarce serve to amuse his own vanity, when this was cool enough to reflect with the least seriousness. And, should I speak in the language of a man who estimated human happiness without regard to that greatness, which we have so laboriously endeavoured to paint in this history, it is probable he never took (*i. e.* robbed the prisoners of) a shilling, which he himself did not pay too dear for.

C H A P. IV.

The dead-warrant arrives for Heartfree; on which occasion Wild betrays some human weakness.

THE dead-warrant, as it is called, now came down to Newgate for the execution of Heartfree among the rest of the prisoners. And here the reader must excuse us, who profess to draw natural, not perfect characters, and to record the truths of history, not the extravagancies of romance, while we relate a weakness in Wild, of which we are ourselves ashamed, and which we would willingly have concealed, could we have preserved at the same time that strict attachment to truth and impartiality, which we have professed in recording the annals of this great man. Know then, reader, that this dead-warrant did not affect Heartfree, who was to suffer a shameful death by it, with half the concern it gave Wild, who had been the occasion of it. He had been a little struck the day before, on seeing the children carried
away

away in tears from their father. This sight brought the remembrance of some slight injuries he had done the father, to his mind, which he endeavoured, as much as possible, to obliterate; but when one of the keepers (I should say lieutenants of the castle) repeated Heartfree's name among those of the malefactors who were to suffer within a few days, the blood forsook his countenance, and, in a cold still stream, mov'd heavily to his heart, which had scarce strength enough left to return it through his veins. In short, his body so visibly demonstrated the pangs of his mind, that, to escape observation, he retired to his room, where he suddenly gave vent to such bitter agonies, that even the injured Heartfree, had not the apprehension of what his wife had suffered shut every avenue of compassion, would have pitied him.

WHEN his mind was thoroughly fatigued, and worn out with the horrors which the approaching fate of the poor wretch, who lay under a sentence which he had iniquitously brought upon him, had suggested, sleep promised him relief; but this promise was, alas! delusive. This certain friend to the tired body is often the severest enemy to the oppressed mind. So at least it proved to Wild, adding visionary to real horrors, and tormenting his imagination with phantoms too dreadful to be described. At length starting from these visions, he no sooner recovered his waking senses, than he cry'd out: "I may yet prevent this catastrophe. It is not too late to discover the whole." He then paused a moment: But greatness instantly returning to his assistance, checked the base thought, as it first offered itself to his mind. He then reasoned thus coolly with himself: "Shall I, like a child, or a woman, or one of those mean wretches, whom I have always despised, be frightened by dreams and visionary phantoms, to sully that honour which I have so difficultly acquired, and so gloriously maintained! Shall I, to redeem the worthless life of
" this

“ this silly fellow, suffer my reputation to contract
 “ a stain, which the blood of millions cannot wipe
 “ away! Was it only that the few, the simple part
 “ of mankind, should call me a Rogue, perhaps I
 “ could submit; but to be for ever contemptible to
 “ the PRIGS, as a wretch who wanted spirit to ex-
 “ ecute my undertaking, can never be digested.
 “ What is the life of a single man? Have not whole
 “ armies and nations been sacrificed to the honour
 “ of ONE GREAT MAN? Nay, to omit that first
 “ class of greatness, the conquerors of mankind,
 “ how often have numbers fallen by a fictitious plot,
 “ only to satisfy the spleen, or perhaps exercise the
 “ ingenuity of a member of that second order of
 “ greatness the Ministerial! What have I done then?
 “ Why, I have ruined a family, and brought an in-
 “ nocent man to the gallows. I ought rather to weep
 “ with Alexander, that I have ruined no more, than
 “ to regret the little I have done.” He at length,
 therefore, bravely resolved to consign over Heartfree
 to his fate, though it cost him more struggling than
 may easily be believed, utterly to conquer his reluc-
 tance, and to banish away every degree of humanity
 from his mind, these little sparks of which composed
 one of those weaknesses, which we lamented in the
 opening of our history.

BUT, in vindication of our hero, we must beg
 leave to observe, that nature is seldom so kind as
 those writers who draw characters absolutely perfect.
 She seldom creates any man so completely great, or
 completely low, but that some sparks of humanity
 will glimmer in the former, and some sparks of what
 the vulgar call evil, will dart forth in the latter; utter-
 ly to extinguish which will give some pain and un-
 easiness to both; for, I apprehend, no mind was
 ever yet formed entirely free from blemish, unless
 peradventure that of a sanctified hypocrite, whose
 praises some well-fed flatterer hath gratefully thought
 proper to sing forth.

C H A P. V.

Containing various matters.

THE day was now come when poor Heartfree was to suffer an ignominious death. Friendly had, in the strongest manner, confirmed his assurance of fulfilling his promise, of becoming a father to one of his children, and a husband to the other. This gave him inexpressible comfort, and he had, the evening before, taken his last leave of the little wretches, with a tenderness which drew a tear from one of the keepers, joined to a magnanimity which would have pleased a Stoic. When he was informed that the coach, which Friendly had provided for him, was ready, and that the rest of the prisoners were gone, he embraced that faithful friend with great passion, and begged that he would leave him here; but the other desired leave to accompany him to his end; which at last he was forced to comply with. And now he was proceeding towards the coach, when he found his difficulties were not yet over; for now a friend arrived, of whom he was to take a harder and more tender leave than he had yet gone through. This friend, reader, was no other than Mrs. Heartfree herself, who ran to him with a look all wild, staring, and frantic, and, having reached his arms, fainted away in them without uttering a single syllable. Heartfree was, with great difficulty, able to preserve his own senses in such a surprize at such a season. And indeed our good-natured reader, will be rather inclined to wish this miserable couple had, by dying in each other's arms, put a final period to their woes, than have survived to taste those bitter moments which were to be their portion, and which the unhappy wife, soon recovering from the short intermission of being, now began to suffer. When she became first mistress of her voice, she burst forth into the

the following accents: "O my husband!—Is this the
 " condition in which I find you after our cruel separation! Who hath done this? Cruel heaven! What
 " is the occasion? I know thou canst deserve no ill.
 " Tell me, somebody who can speak, while I have
 " my senses left to understand,—what is the matter?"
 At which words several laughed, and one answered:
 " The matter! Why no great matter.—The gentleman is not the first, nor won't be the last: The
 " worst of the matter is, that if we are to stay all
 " the morning here, I shall lose my dinner." Heartfree, pausing a moment, and recollecting himself, cry'd out: " I will bear all with patience." And then, addressing himself to the commanding officer, begged he might only have a few minutes by himself with his wife, whom he had not seen before, since his misfortunes. The great man answered: " He had
 " compassion on him, and would do more than he
 " could answer; but he supposed he was too much
 " a gentleman not to know that something was due
 " for such civility." On this hint, Friendly, who was himself half dead, pulled five guineas out of his pocket; which the great man took, and said, he would be so generous to give him ten minutes; on which one observed, that many a gentleman had bought ten minutes with a woman dearer, and many other facetious remarks were made, unnecessary to be here related. Heartfree was now suffered to retire into a room with his wife, the commander informing him at his entrance, that he must be expeditious, for that the rest of the good company would be at the tree before him, and he supposed he was a gentleman of too much breeding to make them wait.

THIS tender wretched couple were now retired for these few minutes, which the commander without carefully measured with his watch; and Heartfree was mustering all his resolution to part with what his soul so ardently doated on, and to conjure her to support his loss for the sake of her poor infants, and to
 comfort

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comfort her with the promise of Friendly on their account; but all his design was frustrated. Mrs. Heartfree could not support the shock, but again fainted away, and so entirely lost every symptom of life, that Heartfree called vehemently for assistance. Friendly rushed first into the room, and was soon followed by many others, and, what was remarkable, one who had unmoved beheld the tender scene between these parting lovers, was touched to the quick by the pale looks of the woman, and ran up and down for water, drops, &c. with the utmost hurry and confusion. The ten minutes were expired, which the commander now hinted; and seeing nothing offered for the renewal of the term (for indeed Friendly had unhappily emptied his pockets) he began to grow very importunate, and at last told Heartfree, *He should be ashamed not to act more like a man.* Heartfree begged his pardon, and said, he would make him wait no longer. Then, with the deepest sigh, cry'd: "O my angel!" and embracing his wife with the utmost eagerness, kissed her pale lips with more fervency than ever bridegroom did the blushing cheeks of his bride; he then cry'd: "The Almighty
 " blefs thee, and, if it be his pleasure, restore thee
 " to life; if not, I beseech him we may presently
 " meet again in a better world than this." He was breaking from her, when perceiving her sense returning, he could not forbear renewing his embrace, and again pressing her lips, which now recovered life and warmth so fast, that he begged one ten minutes more to tell her what her swooning had prevented her hearing. The worthy commander, being perhaps a little touched at this tender scene, took Friendly aside, and asked him what he would give, if he would suffer his friend to remain half an hour? Friendly answered, any thing; that he had no more money in his pocket, but he would certainly pay him that afternoon. Well then, I'll be moderate, said he,——Twenty guineas.—Friendly answered, *It is a bargain*

a bargain. The commander, having exacted a firm promise, cry'd,—Then I don't care if they stay a whole hour together; for what signifies hiding good news!—The gentleman is reprieved —; of which he had just before received notice in a whisper. It would be very impertinent to offer at a description of the joy this occasioned to the two friends, or to Mrs. Heartfree, who was now again recovered. A surgeon who was happily present, was employed to bleed them all. After which the commander, who had his promise of the money again confirmed to him, wished Heartfree joy, and, shaking him very friendly by the hands, cleared the room of all the company, and left the three friends together.

C H A P. VI.

In which the foregoing happy incident is accounted for.

BUT here, though I am convinced my good-natured reader may almost want the surgeon's assistance also, and that there is no passage in this whole story, which can afford him equal delight; yet lest our reprieve should seem to resemble that in the Beggars Opera, I shall endeavour to shew him, that this incident, which is undoubtedly true, is at least as natural as delightful; for, we assure him, we would rather have suffered half mankind to be hang'd, than have saved one contrary to the strictest rules of writing and probability.

BE it known then (a circumstance which I think highly credible) that the great Fireblood had been, a few days before, taken in the fact of a robbery, and carried before the same justice of peace, who had, on his evidence, committed Heartfree to prison. This magistrate, who did indeed no small honour to the commission he bore, duly considered the weighty charge committed to him, by which he was entrusted with decisions affecting the lives, liberties; and

properties of his countrymen; he therefore examined always with the utmost diligence and caution into every minute circumstance. And, as he had a good deal balanced, even when he committed Heartfree, on the excellent character given him by Friendly and the maid; and, as he was much staggered on finding that of the two persons, on whose evidence alone Heartfree had been committed, and had been since convicted, one was in Newgate for a felony, and the other was now brought before him for a robbery, he thought proper to put the matter very home to Fireblood at this time. The young Achates was taken, as we have said, in the fact; so that denial, he saw, was in vain. He, therefore, honestly confessed what he knew must be proved; and desired, on the merit of the discoveries he made, to be admitted as an evidence against his accomplices. This afforded the happiest opportunity to the justice, to satisfy his conscience in relation to Heartfree. He told Fireblood, that, if he expected the favour he solicited, it must be on condition, that he revealed the whole truth to him concerning the evidence which he had lately given against a bankrupt, and which some circumstances had induced a suspicion of; that he might depend on it, the truth would be discovered by other means, and gave some oblique hints (a deceit entirely justifiable) that Wild himself had offered such a discovery. The very mention of Wild's name immediately alarmed Fireblood, who did not in the least doubt the readiness of that GREAT MAN to hang any of the gang, when his own interest seemed to require it. He therefore hesitated not a moment; but, having obtained a promise from the justice, that he should be accepted as an evidence, he discovered the whole falsehood, and declared that he had been seduced by Wild to depose as he had done.

THE justice having thus luckily and timely discovered this scene of villany, alias greatness, lost not a moment in using his utmost endeavours to get the
case

case of the unhappy convict represented to the sovereign; who immediately granted him that gracious reprieve, which caused such happiness to the persons concerned; and which, we hope, we have now accounted for to the satisfaction of the reader.

THE good magistrate having obtained this reprieve for Heartfree, thought it incumbent on him to visit him in the prison, and to sound, if possible, the depth of this affair, that, if he should appear as innocent as he now began to conceive him, he might use all imaginable methods to obtain his pardon and enlargement.

THE next day therefore after that when the miserable scene above described had passed, he went to Newgate, where he found those three persons, namely Heartfree, his wife, and Friendly, sitting together. The justice informed the prisoner of the confession of Fireblood, with the steps which he had taken upon it. The reader will easily conceive the many outward thanks as well as inward gratitude which he received from all three; but those were of very little consequence to him, compared with the secret satisfaction he felt in his mind, from reflecting on the preservation of innocence, as he soon after very clearly perceived was the case.

WHEN he entered the room, Mrs. Heartfree was speaking with some earnestness: As he perceived, therefore, he had interrupted her, he begged she would continue her discourse, which, if he prevented by his presence, he desired to depart; but Heartfree would not suffer it. He said, she had been relating some adventures, which perhaps might entertain him to hear, and which she the rather desired he would hear, as they might serve to illustrate the foundation on which this falsehood had been built, which had brought on her husband all his misfortunes.

THE justice very gladly consented, and Mrs. Heartfree, at her husband's desire, began the relation from the first renewal of Wild's acquaintance with

him ; but, though this recapitulation was necessary for the information of our good magistrate, as it would be useless, and perhaps tedious, to the reader, we shall only repeat that part of her story to which he is only a stranger, beginning with what happened to her after Wild had been turned adrift in the boat, by the captain of the French privateer.

C H A P. VII.

Mrs. Heartfree relates her adventures.

MRS. Heartfree proceeded thus : “ The vengeance which the French captain exacted on
 “ that villain (our hero) persuaded me, that I was fallen into the hands of a man of honour and justice ;
 “ nor, indeed, was it possible for any person to be
 “ treated with more respect and civility than I now
 “ was ; but if this could not mitigate my sorrows,
 “ when I reflected on the condition in which I had
 “ been betrayed to leave all that was dear to me, much
 “ less could it produce such an effect, when I discovered, as I soon did, that I owed it chiefly to a
 “ passion, which threatened me with great uneasiness,
 “ as it quickly appeared to be very violent, and as I
 “ was absolutely in the power of the person who possessed it, or was rather possessed by it. I must
 “ however do him the justice to say, my fears carried
 “ my suspicions farther than I afterwards found I had
 “ any reason to carry them : He did indeed very
 “ soon acquaint me with his passion, and used all those
 “ gentle methods, which frequently succeed with our sex, to prevail with me to gratify it ; but never once
 “ threatened, nor had the least recourse to force. He
 “ did not even once insinuate to me, that I was totally in his power, which I myself sufficiently saw,
 “ and whence I drew the most dreadful apprehensions, well knowing, that as there are some dispositions so brutal, that cruelty adds a zest and flavour
 “ to

“ to their pleasures; so there are others whose gentler
 “ inclinations are better gratified, when they win us
 “ by softer methods to comply with their desires;
 “ yet that even these may be often compelled by an
 “ unruly passion to have recourse at last to the means
 “ of violence, when they despair of success from per-
 “ suasion; but I was happily the captive of a better
 “ man. My conqueror was one of those over whom
 “ vice hath a limited jurisdiction, and tho’ he was too
 “ easily prevailed on to sin, he was proof against any
 “ temptation to villany.

“ WE had been two days almost totally becalmed,
 “ when a brisk gale rising, as we were in sight of
 “ Dunkirk, we saw a vessel making full sail towards
 “ us. The captain of the privateer was so strong,
 “ that he apprehended no danger but from a man of
 “ war, which the sailors discerned this not to be.
 “ He therefore struck his colours, and furled his
 “ sails as much as possible, in order to lie by and ex-
 “ pect her, hoping she might be a prize.” (Here
 Heartfree smiling, his wife stopp’d and enquired the
 cause. He told her, it was from her using the sea terms
 so aptly: She laughed, and answered, he would won-
 der less at this, when he heard the long time she had
 been on board: And then proceeded) “ This vessel
 “ now came along side of us, and hailed us, hav-
 “ ing perceived that, on which we were aboard, to be
 “ of her own country: they begged us not to put
 “ into Dunkirk, but to accompany them in their pur-
 “ suit of a large English merchantman, whom we
 “ should easily overtake, and both together as easily
 “ conquer. Our captain immediately consented to
 “ this proposition, and ordered all his sail to be
 “ crowded. This was most unwelcome news to me;
 “ however, he comforted me all he could, by assur-
 “ ing me, I had nothing to fear, that he would be so
 “ far from offering the least rudeness to me himself,
 “ that he would, at the hazard of his life, protect me
 “ from it. This assurance gave me all the consol-

“ tion, which my present circumstances and the dreadful apprehensions I had on your dear account would admit.” (At which words the tenderest glances passed on both sides between the husband and wife.)

“ WE sailed near twelve hours, when we came in sight of the ship we were in pursuit of, and which we should probably have soon come up with, had not a very thick mist ravished her from our eyes. This mist continued several hours, and when it cleared up, we discovered our companion at a great distance from us; but what gave us (I mean the captain and his crew) the greatest uneasiness, was the sight of a very large ship within a mile of us, which presently saluted us with a gun, and now appeared to be a third-rate English man of war. Our captain declared the impossibility of either fighting or escaping, and accordingly struck, without waiting for the broadside which was preparing for us, and which perhaps would have prevented me from the happiness I now enjoy.” This occasioned Heartfree to change colour, his wife therefore pass’d hastily to circumstances of a more smiling complexion.

“ I GREATLY rejoiced at this event, as I thought it would not only restore me to the safe possession of my jewels, but to what I value beyond all the treasure in the universe. My expectation, however, of both these was somewhat crost for the present: As to the former, I was told, they should be carefully preserved; but that I must prove my right to them before I could expect their restoration; which, if I mistake not, the captain did not very eagerly desire I should be able to accomplish: And as to the latter, I was acquainted, that I should be put on board the first ship, which they met on her way to England; but that they were proceeding to the West-Indies.

“ I HAD not been long on board the man of war, before I discovered just reason rather to lament
“ than

“ than to rejoice at the exchange of my captivity; (for
 “ such I concluded my present situation to be.) I had
 “ now another lover in the captain of this English-
 “ man, and much rougher and less gallant than the
 “ Frenchman had been. He used me with scarce
 “ common civility, as indeed he shewed very little
 “ to any other person, treating his officers little
 “ better than a man of no great good-breeding would
 “ exert to his meanest servant, and that too on some
 “ very irritating provocation. As for me, he ad-
 “ dressed me with the insolence of a basha to a
 “ Circassian slave; he talked to me with the loose
 “ licence in which the most profligate libertines con-
 “ verse with harlots, and which women abandoned
 “ only in a moderate degree, detest and abhor. He
 “ often kissed me with very rude familiarity, and one
 “ day attempted further brutality, when a gentleman
 “ on board, and who was in my situation, that is, had
 “ been taken by a privateer and was retaken, re-
 “ scued me from his hands; for which the captain
 “ confined him, tho’ he was not under his command,
 “ two days in irons; when he was released (for I was
 “ not suffered to visit him in his confinement) I went
 “ to him and thanked him with the utmost acknow-
 “ ledgment, for what he had done and suffered on
 “ my account. The gentleman behaved to me in the
 “ handsomest manner on this occasion; told me, he
 “ was ashamed of the high sense I seemed to entertain
 “ of so small an obligation, of an action to which his
 “ duty as a christian, and his honour as a man, ob-
 “ liged him. From this time I lived in great fami-
 “ liarity with this man, whom I regarded as my pro-
 “ tector, which he professed himself ready to be on
 “ all occasions, expressing the utmost abhorrence of
 “ the captain’s brutality, especially that shewn to-
 “ wards me, and the tenderness of a parent for the
 “ preservation of my virtue, for which I was not my-
 “ self more solicitous than he appeared. He was,
 “ indeed, the only man I had hitherto met, since my

“ unhappy departure, who did not endeavour by all
 “ his looks, words, and actions, to assure me, he had
 “ a liking to my unfortunate person. The rest
 “ seeming desirous of sacrificing the little beauty
 “ they complimented, to their desires, without the
 “ least consideration of the ruin, which I earnestly
 “ represented to them, they were attempting to
 “ bring on me and on my future repose.”

“ I now passed several days pretty free from the
 “ captain’s molestation, till one fatal night:” Here
 perceiving Heartfree grew pale, she comforted him
 by an assurance, that heaven had preserved her cha-
 stity, and again had restored her unfulfilled to his arms.
 She continued thus: “ Perhaps, I gave it a wrong
 “ epithet in the word fatal; but a wretched night,
 “ I am sure I may call it, for no woman, who came
 “ off victorious, was, I believe, ever in greater dan-
 “ ger. One night, I say, having drank his spirits
 “ high with punch, in company with the purser, who
 “ was the only man in the ship he admitted to his
 “ table, the captain sent for me into his cabin; whi-
 “ ther, though unwilling, I was obliged to go. We
 “ were no sooner alone together, than he seized me
 “ by the hand, and after affronting my ears with dis-
 “ course which I am unable to repeat, he swore a
 “ great oath, that his passion was to be dallied with
 “ no longer, that I must not expect to treat him in
 “ the manner, to which a set of blockhead landmen
 “ submitted. None of your coquet airs, therefore
 “ with me, madam, said he, for I am resolved to
 “ have you this night. No struggling nor squawl-
 “ ing, for both will be impertinent. The first man
 “ who offers to come in here, I will have his skin
 “ flea’d off at the gangway. He then attempted to
 “ pull me violently towards his bed. I threw my-
 “ self on my knees, and with tears and entreaties
 “ besought his compassion; but this was, I found,
 “ to no purpose: I then had recourse to threats, and
 “ endeavoured to frighten him with the consequence;

“ but

“ but neither had this, tho’ it seemed to stagger him
 “ more than the other method, sufficient force to
 “ deliver me. At last, a stratagem came into my
 “ head, of which my perceiving him reel, gave me
 “ the first hint, I entreated a moment’s reprieve
 “ only, when, collecting all the spirits I could mu-
 “ ster, I put on a constrained air of gaiety, and told
 “ him with an affected laugh, he was the roughest
 “ lover I had ever met with, and that I believed I
 “ was the first woman he had ever paid his addresses
 “ to. *Addresses*, said he, *d—n your dresses, I want*
 “ *to undress you*. I then begged him to let us drink
 “ some punch together; for that I loved a can as
 “ well as himself, and never would grant the favour
 “ to any man till I had drank a hearty glass with
 “ him. O! said he, if that be all, you shall have
 “ punch enough to drown yourself in. At which
 “ words he rung the bell, and ordered in a gallon of
 “ that liquor. I was in the mean time obliged to
 “ suffer his nauseous kisses, and some rudenesses
 “ which I had great difficulty to restrain within
 “ moderate bounds. When the punch came in, he
 “ took up the bowl and drank my health ostenta-
 “ tiously, in such a quantity, that it considerably
 “ advanced my scheme. I followed him with bum-
 “ pers, as fast as possible, and was myself obliged
 “ to drink so much, that at another time it would
 “ have staggered my own reason, but at present it
 “ did not affect me. At length, perceiving him
 “ very far gone, I watched an opportunity, and ran
 “ out of the cabbin, resolving to seek protection of
 “ the sea, if I could find no other: but heaven was
 “ now graciously pleased to relieve me; for in his
 “ attempt to pursue me, he reeled backwards, and
 “ falling down the cabbin stairs, he dislocated his
 “ shoulder, and so bruised himself, that I was not
 “ only preserved that night from any danger of my
 “ intended ravisher; but the accident threw him into
 “ a fever, which endangered his life, and whether
 “ he

“ he ever recovered or no, I am not certain ; for,
 “ during his delirious fits, the eldest lieutenant com-
 “ manded the ship. This was a virtuous and a
 “ brave fellow, who had been twenty-five years in
 “ that post without being able to obtain a ship, and
 “ had seen several boys, the bastards of noblemen,
 “ put over his head. One day, while the ship re-
 “ mained under his command, an English vessel
 “ bound to Cork, passed by ; myself and my friend,
 “ who had formerly lain two days in irons on my
 “ account, went on board this ship, with the leave
 “ of the good lieutenant, who made us such presents
 “ as he was able of provisions, and congratulating
 “ me on my delivery from a danger to which none
 “ of the ship’s crew had been strangers, he kindly
 “ wished us both a safe voyage.”

C H A P. VIII.

In which Mrs. Heartfree continues the relation of her adventures.

“ **T**HE first evening after we were aboard this
 “ vessel, which was a brigantine, we being then
 “ at no very great distance from the Madeiras, the
 “ most violent storm arose from the north-west, in
 “ which we presently lost both our masts ; and indeed
 “ death now presented itself as inevitable to us—I
 “ need not tell my Tommy what were then my
 “ thoughts. Our danger was so great, that the cap-
 “ tain of the ship, a professed atheist, betook him-
 “ self to prayers, and the whole crew, abandoning
 “ themselves for lost, fell with the utmost eagerness
 “ to the emptying a cask of brandy, not one drop of
 “ which, they swore, should be polluted with salt
 “ water. I observed here, my old friend displayed
 “ less courage than I expected from him. He seem-
 “ ed entirely swallowed up in despair. But, heaven
 “ be

“ be praised! we were all at last preserved. The
 “ storm, after above eleven hours continuance, be-
 “ gan to abate, and by degrees entirely ceased; but
 “ left us still rolling at the mercy of the waves, which
 “ carried us at their own pleasure to the south-east,
 “ a vast number of leagues. Our crew were all dead
 “ drunk with the brandy which they had taken such
 “ care to preserve from the sea; but, indeed, had
 “ they been awake, their labour would have been of
 “ very little service, as we had lost all our rigging;
 “ our brigantine being reduced to a naked hulk only.
 “ In this condition we floated about thirty hours, till
 “ in the midst of a very dark night we spied a light
 “ which seeming to approach us, grew so large, that
 “ our sailors concluded it to be the lanthorn of a
 “ man of war; but when we were cheering ourselves
 “ with the hopes of our deliverance from this
 “ wretched situation, on a sudden, to our great con-
 “ cern, the light entirely disappeared, and left us in
 “ a despair, encreased by the remembrance of those
 “ pleasing imaginations with which we had enter-
 “ tained our minds during its appearance. The rest
 “ of the night we passed in melancholy conjectures
 “ on the light which had deserted us, which the
 “ major part of the sailors concluded to be a meteor.
 “ In this distress we had one comfort, which was a
 “ plentiful store of provision; this so supported the
 “ spirits of the sailors, that they declared, had they
 “ but a sufficient quantity of brandy, they cared not
 “ whether they saw land for a month to come:
 “ but indeed, we were much nearer it than we ima-
 “ gined, as we perceived at break of day; one of
 “ the most knowing of the crew declared we were
 “ near the continent of Africa; but when we
 “ were within three leagues of it, a second violent
 “ storm arose from the north, so that we again gave
 “ over all hopes of safety. This storm was not
 “ quite so outrageous as the former, but of much
 “ longer continuance, for it lasted near three days;
 “ and

“ and drove us an immense number of leagues to the
 “ south. We were within a league of the shore, ex-
 “ pecting every moment our ship to be dashed to
 “ pieces, when the tempest ceased all on a sudden;
 “ but the waves still continued to roll like moun-
 “ tains, and before the sea recovered its calm mo-
 “ tion, our ship was thrown so near the land, that
 “ the captain ordered out his boat, declaring he had
 “ scarce any hopes of saving her; and indeed we had
 “ not quitted her many minutes, before we saw the
 “ justice of his apprehensions; for she struck against
 “ a rock, and immediately sunk. The behaviour of
 “ the sailors on this occasion very much affected me,
 “ they beheld their ship perish with the tenderness
 “ of a lover or a parent, they spoke of her as the
 “ fondest husband would of his wife; and many of
 “ them, who seemed to have no tears in their com-
 “ position, shed them plentifully at her sinking.
 “ The captain himself cried out, *Go thy way charm-
 “ ing Molly, the sea never devoured a lovelier mor-
 “ sel. If I have fifty vessels, I shall never love another
 “ like thee. Poor slut! I shall remember thee to my
 “ dying day.*—Well, the boat now conveyed us all
 “ safe to shore, where we landed with very little
 “ difficulty. It was now about noon, and the rays
 “ of the sun, which descended almost perpendicular
 “ on our heads, were extremely hot and trouble-
 “ some. However, we travelled through this ex-
 “ treme heat about five miles over a plain. This
 “ brought us to a vast wood, which extended itself
 “ as far as we could see both to the right and left,
 “ and seemed to me to put an entire end to our pro-
 “ gress. Here we decreed to rest and dine on the
 “ provision which we had brought from the ship,
 “ of which we had sufficient for very few meals;
 “ our boat being so overloaded with people, that we
 “ had very little room for luggage of any kind. Our
 “ repast was salt pork broiled, which the keenness of
 “ hunger made so delicious to my companions, that
 “ they

“ they fed very heartily upon it. As for myself, the
 “ fatigue of my body, and the vexation of my mind,
 “ had so thoroughly weakened me, that I was almost
 “ entirely deprived of appetite; and the utmost dex-
 “ terity of the most accomplished French cook would
 “ have been ineffectual, had he endeavoured to tempt
 “ me with delicacies. I thought myself very little
 “ a gainer by my late escape from the tempest, by
 “ which I seemed only to have exchanged the ele-
 “ ment in which I was presently to die. When our
 “ company had sufficiently, and indeed very plenti-
 “ fully, feasted themselves, they resolved to enter
 “ the wood, and endeavour to pass it, in expecta-
 “ tion of finding some inhabitants, at least some pro-
 “ vision. We proceeded therefore in the following
 “ order: one man in the front with a hatchet to
 “ clear our way, and two others followed him with
 “ guns to protect the rest from wild beasts; then
 “ walked the rest of our company, and last of all the
 “ captain himself, being armed likewise, with a gun
 “ to defend us from any attack behind, in the rear, I
 “ think, you call it. And thus our whole company,
 “ being fourteen in number, travelled on till night
 “ overtook us, without seeing any thing unless a few
 “ birds, and some very insignificant animals. We
 “ rested all night under the covert of some trees, and
 “ indeed we very little wanted shelter at that season,
 “ the heat in the day being the only inclemency we
 “ had to combat with in this climate. I cannot help
 “ telling you, my old friend lay still nearest to me on
 “ the ground, and declared he would be my protec-
 “ tor should any of the sailors offer rudeness; but
 “ I can acquit them of any such attempt; nor was
 “ I ever affronted by any one, more than with a
 “ coarse expression, proceeding rather from the
 “ roughness and ignorance of their education, than
 “ from any abandoned principle, or want of huma-
 “ nity.

“ WE

“ We had now proceeded very little way on our
 “ next day’s march, when one of the sailors having
 “ skipt nimbly up a hill, with the assistance of a
 “ speaking trumpet informed us, that he saw a town
 “ a very little way off. This news so comforted me,
 “ and gave me such strength, as well as spirits, that,
 “ with the help of my old friend, and another, who
 “ suffered me to lean on them, I, with much diffi-
 “ culty, attained the summit; but was so absolutely
 “ overcome in climbing it, that I had no longer suffi-
 “ cient strength to support my tottering limbs, and
 “ was obliged to lay myself again on the ground;
 “ nor could they prevail on me to undertake descend-
 “ ing through a very thick wood into a plain, at the
 “ end of which indeed appeared some houses, or
 “ rather huts; but at a much greater distance than
 “ the sailor had assured us. The little way, as he
 “ had called it, seeming to me full twenty miles,
 “ nor was it, I believe, much less.”

C H A P. IX.

Containing incidents very surprising.

“ **T**HE captain declared, he would, without
 “ delay, proceed to the town before him; in
 “ which resolution he was seconded by all the crew;
 “ but when I could not be persuaded, nor was I
 “ able to travel any farther before I had rested my-
 “ self, my old friend protested he would not leave
 “ me, but would stay behind as my guard; and,
 “ when I had refreshed myself with a little repose,
 “ he would attend me to the town, which the cap-
 “ tain promised he would not leave, before he had
 “ seen us.

“ THEY were no sooner departed than (having first
 “ thanked my protector for his care of me) I resign-
 “ ed myself to sleep, which immediately closed my
 “ eyelids,

“ eyelids, and would probably have detained me ve-
 “ ry long in his gentle dominion, had I not been
 “ awaked with a squeeze by the hand by my guard ;
 “ which I at first thought intended to alarm me with
 “ the danger of some wild beast ; but I soon per-
 “ ceived it arose from a softer motive, and that a
 “ gentle swain was the only wild beast I had to ap-
 “ prehend. He began now to disclose his passion
 “ in the strongest manner imaginable, indeed with a
 “ warmth rather beyond that of both my former
 “ lovers ; but as yet without any attempt of abso-
 “ lute force. On my side remonstrances were made
 “ in more bitter exclamations and revilings than I
 “ had used to any, that villain Wild excepted. I
 “ told him, he was the basest and most treacherous
 “ wretch alive ; that his having cloked his iniqui-
 “ tious designs under the appearance of virtue and
 “ friendship, added an ineffable degree of horror to
 “ them ; that I detested him of all mankind the most,
 “ and, could I be brought to yield to prostitution,
 “ he should be the last to enjoy the ruins of my ho-
 “ nour. He suffered himself not to be provoked by
 “ this language, but only changed his method of
 “ solicitation from flattery to bribery. He unript
 “ the lining of his waistcoat, and pulled forth several
 “ jewels ; these, he said, he had preserved from in-
 “ finite danger to the happiest purpose, if I could
 “ be won by them. I rejected them often with the
 “ utmost indignation, till at last, casting my eye,
 “ rather by accident than design, on a diamond
 “ necklace, a thought, like lightning, shot through
 “ my mind, and, in an instant, I remembered, that
 “ this was the very necklace you had sold the cursed
 “ Count, the cause of all our misfortunes. The
 “ confusion of ideas, into which this surprize hur-
 “ ried me, prevented my reflecting on the villain
 “ who then stood before me ; but the first recollec-
 “ tion presently told me, it could be no other than
 “ the Count himself, the wicked tool of Wild’s bar-
 “ barity.

“ barity. Good heavens! what was then my con-
 “ dition! How shall I describe the tumult of passions
 “ which then laboured in my breast! However, as I
 “ was happily unknown to him, the least suspicion
 “ on his side was altogether impossible. He im-
 “ puted, therefore, the eagerness with which I gazed
 “ on the jewels, to a very wrong cause, and endea-
 “ voured to put as much additional softness into his
 “ countenance as he was able. My fears were a little
 “ quieted, and I was resolved to be very liberal of
 “ promises, and hoped so thoroughly to persuade
 “ him of my venality, that he might, without any
 “ doubt, be drawn in to wait the captain and crew’s
 “ return, who would, I was very certain, not only
 “ preserve me from his violence, but secure the re-
 “ storation of what you had been so cruelly robbed
 “ of. But, alas! I was mistaken.” Mrs. Heartfree
 again perceiving symptoms of the utmost disquiet-
 tude in her husband’s countenance, cried out: “ My
 “ dear, don’t you apprehend any harm.—But, to
 “ deliver you as soon as possible from your anxiety.
 “ —When he perceived I declined the warmth of
 “ his addresses, he begged me to consider; he
 “ changed at once his voice and features, and, in
 “ a very different tone from what he had hitherto
 “ affected, he swore I should not deceive him as I
 “ had the captain; that fortune had kindly thrown
 “ an opportunity in his way, which he was resolved
 “ not foolishly to lose; and concluded with a violent
 “ oath, that he was determined to enjoy me that
 “ moment; and, therefore, I knew the consequence
 “ of resistance. He then caught me in his arms,
 “ and began such rude attempts, that I screamed
 “ out with all the force I could, tho’ I had so little
 “ hopes of being rescued, when there suddenly rush-
 “ ed forth from a thicket, a creature, which, at his
 “ first appearance, and in the hurry of spirits I then
 “ was, I did not take for a man; but indeed had he
 “ been the fiercest of wild beasts, I should have re-
 “ joiced

“ joiced at his devouring us both. I scarce perceiv-
 “ ed he had a musket in his hand, before he struck
 “ my ravisher such a blow with it, that he felled him
 “ at my feet. He then advanced with a gentle air
 “ towards me, and told me in French, he was ex-
 “ tremely glad he had been luckily present to my
 “ assistance. He was naked, except his middle and
 “ his feet, if I can call a body so, which was covered
 “ with hair almost equal to any beast whatever. In-
 “ deed, his appearance was so horrid in my eyes, that
 “ the friendship he had shewn me, as well as his
 “ courteous behaviour, could not entirely remove
 “ the dread I had conceived from his figure. I be-
 “ lieve he saw this very visibly; for he begged me
 “ not to be frightened, since, whatever accident had
 “ brought me thither, I should have reason to thank
 “ heaven for meeting him, at whose hands I might
 “ assure myself of the utmost civility and protection.
 “ In the midst of all this consternation, I had spirits
 “ enough to take up the casket of jewels, which the
 “ villain, in falling, had dropt out of his hands, and
 “ conveyed it into my pocket. My deliverer telling
 “ me, that I seemed extremely weak and faint,
 “ desired me to refresh myself at his little hut,
 “ which, he said, was hard by. If his demeanour
 “ had been less kind and obliging, my desperate
 “ situation must have lent me confidence; for sure
 “ the alternative could not be doubtful, whether I
 “ should rather trust this man, who, notwithstand-
 “ ing his savage outside, expressed so much devotion
 “ to serve me, which at least I was not certain of
 “ the falsehood of, or should abide with one whom
 “ I so perfectly well knew to be an accomplished
 “ villain. I, therefore, committed myself to his
 “ guidance, though with tears in my eyes, and beg-
 “ ged him to have compassion on my innocence,
 “ which was absolutely in his power. He said, the
 “ treatment he had been witness of, which, he sup-
 “ posed, was from one, who had broken his trust

' towards me, sufficiently justified my suspicion;
 " but begged me to dry my eyes, and he would
 " soon convince me, that I was with a man of differ-
 " rent sentiments. The kind accents which accom-
 " panied these words, gave me some comfort, which
 " was assisted by the repossession of our jewels by
 " an accident, so strongly favouring of the disposi-
 " tion of providence in my favour.

" We left the villain weltering in his blood, tho'
 " beginning to recover a little motion, and walked
 " together to his hut, or rather cave; for it was un-
 " der ground, on the side of a hill; the situation
 " was very pleasant, and, from its mouth, we over-
 " looked a large plain, and the town I had before
 " seen. As soon as I entered it, he desired me to sit
 " down on a bench of earth, which served him for
 " chairs, and then laid before me some fruits, the
 " wild product of that country, one or two of which
 " had an excellent flavour. He likewise produced
 " some baked flesh, a little resembling that of veni-
 " son. He then brought forth a bottle of brandy,
 " which, he said, had remained with him ever since
 " his settling there, now above thirty years; during
 " all which time he had never opened it, his only
 " liquor being water; that he had reserved this
 " bottle as a cordial in sickness; but, he thanked
 " heaven, he had never yet had occasion for it. He
 " then acquainted me, that he was a hermit, that
 " he had been formerly cast away on that coast, with
 " his wife, whom he dearly loved, but could not
 " preserve from perishing; on which account he had
 " resolved never to return to France, which was his
 " native country, but to devote himself to prayer,
 " and a holy life, placing all his hopes in the blessed
 " expectation of meeting that dear woman again in
 " heaven, where, he was convinced, she was now
 " a saint, and an interceder for him. He said, he
 " had exchanged a watch with the king of that coun-
 " try, whom he described to be a very just and good
 " man,

“ man, for a gun, some powder, shot, and ball;
 “ with which he sometimes provided himself food,
 “ but more generally used it in defending himself
 “ against wild beasts; so that his diet was chiefly of
 “ the vegetable kind. He told me many more cir-
 “ cumstances, which I may relate to you hereafter:
 “ but to be as concise as possible at present, he at
 “ length greatly comforted me, by promising to con-
 “ duct me to a sea-port, where I might have an op-
 “ portunity to meet with some vessels trafficking for
 “ slaves; and whence I might once more commit
 “ myself to that element, which, though I had al-
 “ ready suffered so much on it, I must again trust,
 “ to put me in possession of all I loved.

“ THE character he gave me of the inhabitants of
 “ the town we saw below us, and of their king,
 “ made me desirous of being conducted thither;
 “ especially as I very much wished to see the captain
 “ and sailors, who had behaved very kindly to me,
 “ and with whom, notwithstanding all the civil beha-
 “ viour of the hermit, I was rather easier in my
 “ mind, than alone with this single man; but he
 “ dissuaded me greatly from attempting such a walk,
 “ till I had recruited my spirits with rest, desiring
 “ me to repose myself on his couch or bank, saying,
 “ that he himself would retire without the cave,
 “ where he would remain as my guard. I accepted
 “ this kind proposal; but it was long before I could
 “ procure any slumber: however, at length, wear-
 “ ness prevailed over my fears, and I enjoyed sever-
 “ ral hours sleep. When I awaked, I found my
 “ faithful centinel on his post, and ready at my sum-
 “ mons. This behaviour infused some confidence
 “ into me, and I now repeated my request, that he
 “ would go with me to the town below; but he an-
 “ swered, It would be better advised to take some
 “ repast before I undertook the journey, which I
 “ should find much longer than it appeared. I con-
 “ sented, and he set forth a greater variety of fruits

“ than before, of which I eat very plentifully : my
 “ collation being ended, I renewed the mention of
 “ my walk ; but he still persisted in dissuading me,
 “ telling me, that I was not yet strong enough ; that
 “ I could repose myself no where with greater safe-
 “ ty, than in his cave ; and that, for his part, he
 “ could have no greater happiness than that of at-
 “ tending me, adding, with a sigh, it was a happi-
 “ ness he should envy any other, more than all the
 “ gifts of fortune. You may imagine, I began now
 “ to entertain suspicions ; but he presently removed
 “ all doubt, by throwing himself at my feet, and ex-
 “ pressing the warmest passion for me. I should have
 “ now sunk with despair, had he not accompanied
 “ these professions with the most vehement protesta-
 “ tions, that he would never offer me any other
 “ force but that of entreaty, and that he would ra-
 “ ther die the most cruel death by my coldness, than
 “ gain the highest bliss by becoming the occasion of
 “ a tear of sorrow to these bright eyes, which, he
 “ said, were stars, under whose benign influence
 “ alone, he could enjoy, or indeed suffer life.” She
 was repeating many more compliments he made her,
 when a horrid uproar, which alarmed the whole
 gate, put a stop to her narration at present. It is
 impossible for me to give the reader a better idea of
 the noise which now arose, than by desiring him to
 imagine I had the hundred tongues the poet once
 wished for, and was vociferating from them all at
 once, by hollowing, scolding, crying, swearing, bel-
 lowing, and in short, by every different articulation
 which is within the scope of the human organ.

C H A P. X.

A horrible uproar in the gate.

BUT however great an idea the reader may hence
 conceive of this uproar, he will think the oc-
 casion

casion more than adequate to it, when he is informed, that our hero (I blush to name it) had discovered an injury done to his honour, and that in the tenderest point—In a word, reader (for thou must know it, though it give thee the greatest horror imaginable) he had caught Fireblood in the arms of his lovely Lætitia.

As the generous bull, who having long depastured among a number of cows, and thence contracted an opinion, that these cows are all his own property, if he beholds another bull bestride a cow within his walks, he roars aloud, and threatens instant vengeance with his horns, till the whole parish are alarmed with his bellowing: not with less noise, nor less dreadful menaces did the fury of Wild burst forth, and terrify the whole gate. Long time did rage render his voice inarticulate to the hearer; as when, at a visiting day, fifteen or sixteen, or perhaps twice as many females of delicate but shrill pipes, ejaculate all at once on different subjects, all is sound only, the harmony entirely melodious indeed, but conveys no idea to our ears: but at length, when reason began to get the better of his passion, which latter being deserted by his breath, began a little to retreat, the following accents leapt over the hedge of his teeth, or rather the ditch of his gums, whence those hedgestakes had long since by a patten been displaced in battle with an amazon of Drury.

* “—Man of honour! doth this become a friend?
 “ Could I have expected such a breach of all the laws
 “ of honour from thee, whom I had taught to walk
 “ in its paths? Hadst thou chosen any other way to
 “ injure my confidence, I could have forgiven it;
 “ but this is a stab in the tenderest part, a wound never to be healed, an injury never to be repaired:
 “ for it is not only the loss of an agreeable com-

* The beginning of this speech is lost.

“panion, of the affection of a wife, dearer to my
 “soul than life itself, it is not this loss alone I la-
 “ment: This loss is accompanied with disgrace, and
 “with dishonour. The blood of the Wilds, which
 “hath run with such uninterrupted purity through
 “so many generations, this blood is fouled, is conta-
 “minated: Hence flow my tears, hence arises my
 “grief. This is the injury never to be redressed, nor
 “ever to be with honour forgiven.” “My—in a
 “bandbox,” answered Fireblood, “here is a noise
 “about your honour: If the mischief done to your
 “blood be all you complain of, I am sure you com-
 “plain of nothing; for my blood is as good as
 “yours.” “You have no conception,” replied Wild,
 “of the tenderness of honour; you know not how
 “nice and delicate it is in both sexes; so delicate,
 “that the least breath of air which rudely blows on
 “it, destroys it.” “I will prove from your own
 “words,” says Fireblood, “I have not wronged
 “your honour. Have you not often told me, that
 “the honour of a man consisted in receiving no
 “affront from his own sex, and that of a woman in
 “receiving no kindness from ours. Now, Sir, if I
 “have given you no affront, how have I injured
 “your honour?” “But doth not every thing,” cried
 Wild, “of the wife belong to the husband? A mar-
 “ried man, therefore, hath his wife’s honour as
 “well as his own, and by injuring hers, you injure his.
 “How cruelly you have hurt me in this tender part, I
 “need not repeat; the whole gate knows it, and
 “the world shall. I will apply to Doctors Com-
 “mons for my redress against her, I will shake off as
 “much of my dishonour as I can, by parting with
 “her; and as for you, expect to hear of me in
 “Westminster-hall; the modern method of repair-
 “ing these breaches, and of resenting this affront.”
 “D—n your eyes,” cries Fireblood, “I fear you not,
 “nor do I believe a word you say.” “Nay, if you
 “affront me personally,” says Wild, “another sort
 “ of

“ of resentment is prescribed.” At which word, advancing to Fireblood, he presented him with a box on the ear, which the youth immediately returned, and now our hero and his friend fell to boxing, though with some difficulty, both being incumbered with the chains which they wore between their legs: A few blows passed on both sides, before the gentlemen, who stood by, stepped in and parted the combatants; and now both parties having whisper’d each other, that, if they outlived the ensuing sessions, and escaped the tree, the one should give, and the other should receive satisfaction in single combat, they separated, and the gate soon recovered its former tranquillity.

Mrs. Heartfree was then desired by the justice and her husband both, to conclude her story, which she did in the words of the next chapter.

C H A P. XI.

The conclusion of Mrs. Heartfree’s adventures.

“ IF I mistake not, I was interrupted just as I was
 “ beginning to repeat some of the compliments
 “ made me by the hermit”—“ Just as you had
 “ finished them, I believe, madam,” said the justice.
 “ Very well, Sir,” said she, “ I am sure I have no
 “ pleasure in the repetition. He concluded then
 “ with telling me, though I was, in his eyes, the
 “ most charming woman in the world, and might
 “ tempt a saint to abandon the ways of holiness, yet
 “ my beauty inspired him with a much tenderer affection
 “ towards me, than to purchase any satisfaction
 “ of his own desires with my misery; if therefore I
 “ could be so cruel to him, to reject his honest and
 “ sincere address, nor could submit to a solitary life
 “ with one, who would endeavour, by all possible
 “ means, to make me happy, I had no force to dread;
 “ for that I was as much at my liberty as if I was

“ in France, or England, or any other free country.
 “ I repulsed him with the same civility with which
 “ he advanced; and told him, that as he professed
 “ great regard to religion, I was convinced he would
 “ cease from all farther solicitation, when I informed
 “ him, that if I had no other objection, my own
 “ innocence would not admit of my hearing him
 “ on this subject, for that I was married.——
 “ He started a little at that word, and was for some
 “ time silent; but at length recovering himself, he
 “ began to urge the uncertainty of my husband’s being
 “ alive, and the probability of the contrary; he
 “ then spoke of marriage as of a civil policy only;
 “ on which head he urged many arguments not worth
 “ repeating, and was growing so very eager and im-
 “ portunate, that I know not whither his passion
 “ might have hurried him, had not three of the sail-
 “ lers well armed, appeared at that instant in sight
 “ of the cave. I no sooner saw them, than, exult-
 “ ing with the utmost inward joy, I told him my
 “ companions were come for me, and that I must
 “ now take my leave of him; assuring him, that I
 “ would always remember, with the most grateful
 “ acknowledgment, the favours I had received at
 “ his hands. He fetched a very heavy sigh, and,
 “ squeezing me tenderly by the hand, he saluted
 “ my lips with a little more eagerness than the Euro-
 “ pean salutations admit of; and told me, he should
 “ likewise remember my arrival at his cave to the
 “ last day of his life; adding—; O that he could
 “ there spend the whole in the company of one,
 “ whose bright eyes had kindled;——but I know
 “ you will think, Sir, that we women love to re-
 “ peat the compliments made us, I will therefore
 “ omit them. In a word, the sailors being now ar-
 “ rived, I quitted him, with some compassion for
 “ the reluctance with which he parted from me, and
 “ went forward with my companions.
 “ WE had proceeded but a very few paces before
 “ one of the sailors said to his comrades: D——n
 “ me,

“ me, Jack, who knows whether yon fellow hath
 “ not some good flip in his cave ; I innocently an-
 “ swered, the poor wretch had only one bottle of
 “ brandy.—Hath he so, cries the sailor ; ‘Fore
 “ George we will taste it ;—and, so saying, they im-
 “ mediately returned back, and myself with them.
 “ We found the poor man prostrate on the ground,
 “ expressing all the symptoms of misery and lamen-
 “ tation. I told him in French (for the sailors could
 “ not speak that language) what they wanted.—He
 “ pointed to the place where the bottle was deposited,
 “ saying, they were welcome to that, and whatever
 “ else he had ; and added, he cared not if they took
 “ his life also. The sailors searched the whole cave,
 “ where finding nothing more which they deemed
 “ worth their taking, they walked off with the bot-
 “ tle, and immediately emptying it, without offer-
 “ ing me a drop, they proceeded with me towards
 “ the town.

“ In our way, I observed one whisper another,
 “ while he kept his eye stedfastly fixed on me. This
 “ gave me some uneasiness ; but the other answered ;
 “ No, d—n me, the captain will never forgive us :
 “ Besides, we have enough of it among the black
 “ women, and, in my mind, one colour is as good
 “ as another. This was enough to give me violent
 “ apprehensions ; but I heard no more of that kind,
 “ till we came to the town, where, in about six
 “ hours, I arrived in safety.

“ As soon as I came to the captain, he enquired
 “ what was become of my friend, meaning the vil-
 “ lanous count. When he was informed by me of
 “ what had happened, he wished me heartily joy of
 “ my delivery, and, expressing the utmost abhor-
 “ rence of such baseness, swore, if ever he met him,
 “ he would cut his throat ; but indeed we both con-
 “ cluded, that he had died of the blow which the
 “ hermit had given him.

“ I WAS

“ I WAS now introduced to the chief magistrate of
 “ this country, who was desirous of seeing me. I
 “ will give you a short description of him: He was
 “ chosen (as is the custom there) for his superior
 “ bravery and wisdom. His power is entirely ab-
 “ solute during its continuance; but, on the first
 “ deviation from equity and justice, he is liable to
 “ be deposed, and punished by the people, the el-
 “ ders of whom, once a year, assemble, to examine
 “ into his conduct. Besides the danger which these
 “ examinations, which are very strict, expose him
 “ to, his office is of such care and trouble, that no-
 “ thing but that restless love of power, so predomi-
 “ nant in the mind of man, could make it the object
 “ of desire; for he is indeed the only slave of all the
 “ natives of this country. He is obliged, in time of
 “ peace, to hear the complaint of every person in his
 “ dominions, and to render him justice. For which
 “ purpose every one may demand an audience of him,
 “ unless during the hour which he is allowed for din-
 “ ner, when he sits alone at the table, and is attend-
 “ ed, in the most public manner, with more than
 “ European ceremony. This is done to create an
 “ awe and respect towards him in the eye of the
 “ vulgar; but, lest it should elevate him too much
 “ in his own opinion, in order to his humiliation, he
 “ receives every evening in private, from a kind of
 “ beadle, a gentle kick on his posteriors; besides
 “ which, he wears a ring in his nose, somewhat re-
 “ sembling that we ring our pigs with, and a chain
 “ round his neck, not unlike that worn by our al-
 “ dermen; both which, I suppose, to be emblemati-
 “ cal, but heard not the reasons of either assigned.
 “ There are many more particularities among these
 “ people, which, when I have an opportunity, I may
 “ relate to you. The second day after my return
 “ from court, one of his officers, whom they call
 “ SCHACH PIMPACH, waited upon me, and, by a
 “ French interpreter who lives here, informed me,
 “ that

“ that the chief magistrate liked my person, and offered me an immense present, if I would suffer him to enjoy it (this is, it seems, their common form of making love). I rejected the present, and never heard any further solicitation; for, as it is no shame for women here to consent at the first proposal, so they never receive a second.

“ I HAD resided in this town a week, when the captain informed me, that a number of slaves, who had been taken captives in war, were to be guarded to the sea-side, where they were to be sold to the merchants, who traded in them to America; that if I would embrace this opportunity, I might assure myself of finding a passage to America, and thence to England; acquainting me at the same time, that he himself intended to go with them. I readily agreed to accompany him. The chief, being advertised of our designs, sent for us both to court, and, without mentioning a word of love to me, having presented me with a very rich jewel, of less value, he said, than my chastity, took a very civil leave, recommending me to the care of heaven, and ordering us a large supply of provisions for our journey.

“ WE were provided with mules for ourselves, and what we carried with us, and, in nine days, reached the sea-shore, where we found an English vessel ready to receive both us and the slaves. We went aboard it, and sailed the next day with a fair wind for New England, where I hoped to get an immediate passage to the Old: But providence was kinder than my expectation; for the third day after we were at sea, we met an English Man of War homeward bound; the captain of it was a very good-natured man, and agreed to take me on board. I accordingly took my leave of my old friend the master of the shipwrecked vessel, who went on to New-England, whence he intended to pass to Jamaica, where his owners lived. I

“ was

“ was now treated with great civility, had a little
 “ cabin assigned me, and dined every day at the
 “ captain’s table, who was indeed a very gallant
 “ man, and, at first, made me a tender of his affec-
 “ tions ; but, when he found me resolutely bent to
 “ preserve myself pure and entire for the best of hus-
 “ bands, he grew cooler in his addresses, and soon
 “ behaved in a manner very pleasing to me, regard-
 “ ing my sex only so far as to pay me a deference,
 “ which is very agreeable to us all.

“ To conclude my story ; I met with no adven-
 “ ture in this passage at all worth relating, till my
 “ landing at Gravesend, whence the captain brought
 “ me in his own boat to the Tower. In a short hour
 “ after my arrival we had that meeting, which,
 “ however dreadful at first, will, I now hope, by
 “ the good offices of the best of men, whom heaven
 “ for ever bless, end in our perfect happiness, and be
 “ a strong instance of what I am persuaded is the
 “ surest truth, THAT PROVIDENCE WILL, SOONER
 “ OR LATER, PROCURE THE FELICITY OF THE
 “ VIRTUOUS AND INNOCENT.”

MRS. Heartfree thus ended her speech, having be-
 fore delivered to her husband the jewels, which the
 count had robbed him of, and that presented her by
 the African chief, which last was of immense value.
 The good magistrate was sensibly touched at her nar-
 rative, as well on the consideration of the sufferings
 she had herself undergone, as for those of her husband,
 which he had himself been innocently the instrument
 of bringing upon him. That worthy man, however,
 much rejoiced in what he had already done for his
 preservation, and promised to labour with his ut-
 most interest and industry, to procure the absolute
 pardon, rather of his sentence, than of his guilt,
 which, he now plainly discovered, was a barbarous
 and false imputation.

C H A P. XII.

The history returns to the contemplation of GREATNESS.

BUT we have already perhaps detained our reader too long in this relation, from the consideration of our hero, who daily gave the most exalted proofs of greatness, in cajoling the *Prigs*, and in exactions on the debtors; which latter now grew so great, i. e. corrupted in their morals, that they spoke with the utmost contempt of what the vulgar call Honesty. The greatest character among them was that of a Pickpocket, or, in truer language, a File; and the only censure was want of dexterity. As to virtue, goodness, and such like, they were the objects of mirth and derision, and all Newgate was a complete collection of *Prigs*, every man being desirous to pick his neighbour's pocket, and every one was as sensible that his neighbour was as ready to pick his; so that (which is almost incredible) as great roguery was daily committed within the walls of Newgate as without.

THE glory resulting from these actions of Wild probably animated the envy of his enemies against him. The day of his trial now approached; for which, as Socrates did, he prepared himself; but not weakly and foolishly, like that philosopher, with patience and resignation; but with a good number of false witnesses. However, as success is not always proportioned to the wisdom of him who endeavours to attain it; so are we more sorry than ashamed to relate, that our hero was, notwithstanding his utmost caution and prudence, convicted, and sentenced to a death, which, when we consider not only the great men who have suffered it, but the much larger number of those, whose highest honour it hath been to merit it, we cannot call otherwise than Honourable.

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able. Indeed those, who have unluckily missed it, seem all their days to have laboured in vain to attain an end, which Fortune, for reasons only known to herself, hath thought proper to deny them. Without any farther preface then, our hero was sentenced to be hanged by the neck: But whatever was to be now his fate, he might console himself that he had perpetrated what

——— *Nec Judicis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.*

For my own part, I confess, I look on this death of Hanging to be as proper for a Hero as any other; and I solemnly declare, that had Alexander the Great been hanged, it would not in the least have diminished my respect to his memory. Provided a hero in his life doth but execute a sufficient quantity of mischief; provided he be but well and heartily cursed by the widow, the orphan, the poor, and the oppressed (the sole rewards, as many authors have bitterly lamented both in prose and verse, of greatness, i. e. *Priggism*) I think it avails little of what nature his death be, whether it be by the axe, the halter, or the sword. Such names will be always sure of living to posterity, and of enjoying that fame which they so gloriously and eagerly coveted; for, according to a GREAT Dramatic Poet,

——— *Fame*
Not more survives from good than evil deeds.
Tb' aspiring youth that fir'd tb' Ephesian dome,
Outlives in fame the pious fool who rais'd it.

Our hero now suspected that the malice of his enemies would overpower him. He, therefore, betook himself to that true support of greatness in affliction, a bottle; by means of which he was enabled to curse, and swear, and bully, and brave his fate.

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fate. Other comfort indeed he had not much; for not a single friend ever came near him. His wife, whose trial was deferred to the next sessions, visited him but once, when she plagued, tormented, and upbraided him so cruelly, that he forbade the keeper ever to admit her again. The Ordinary of Newgate had frequent conferences with him, and greatly would it embellish our history, could we record all which that good man delivered on these occasions; but unhappily we could procure only the substance of a single conference, which was taken down in short hand by one who overheard it. We shall transcribe it, therefore, exactly in the same form and words we received it; nor can we help regarding it as one of the most curious pieces, which either ancient or modern history hath recorded.

C H A P. XIII.

A dialogue between the Ordinary of Newgate, and Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great: in which the subjects of death, immortality, and other grave matters, are very learnedly handled by the former.

ORDINARY.

GOOD morrow to you, Sir; I hope you rested well last night.

JONATHAN. D——n'd ill, Sir. I dreamt so confoundedly of hanging, that it disturbed my sleep.

ORDINARY. Fie upon it. You should be more resigned. I wish you would make a little better use of those instructions which I have endeavoured to inculcate into you, and particularly last Sunday, and from these words: *Those who do evil shall go into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.* I undertook to shew you, first, what is meant by EVERLASTING FIRE; and, secondly, who were THE DEVIL AND HIS ANGELS. I then proceeded to draw
some

some inferences from the whole^a; in which I am mightily deceived, if I did not convince you, that you yourself was one of those ANGELS; and, consequently, must expect EVERLASTING FIRE to be your portion in the other world.

JONATHAN. Faith, Doctor, I remember very little of your inferences; for I fell asleep soon after your naming your text: But did you preach this doctrine then, or do you repeat it now, in order to comfort me?

ORDINARY. I do it, in order to bring you to a true sense of your manifold sins, and, by that means, to induce you to repentance. Indeed, had I the eloquence of Cicero, or of Tully, it would not be sufficient to describe the pains of hell, or the joys of heaven. The utmost that we are taught is, *that ear hath not heard, nor can heart conceive*. Who then would, for the pitiful consideration of the riches and pleasures of this world, forfeit such inestimable happiness! Such joys! Such pleasures! Such delights! Or who would run the venture of such misery, which, but to think on, shocks the human understanding! Who, in his senses, then, would prefer the latter to the former?

JONATHAN. Ay, who indeed! I assure you, Doctor, I had much rather be happy than miserable.

But^b

* * * * *

^a He pronounced this word HULL, and perhaps would have spelt it so.

^b This part was so blotted that it was illegible.

ORDINARY.

ORDINARY. Nothing can be plainer. St. * *

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JONATHAN. * * * * * If
 once convinced * * * * *
 * no man * * * * * lives of * *
 * * * * * whereas
 sure the clergy * * * opportunity * * *
 * better informed * * * * *
 * all manner of vice * * * * *

ORDINARY. * are * atheist. * * deist * *
 ari * * cinian * hanged * * burnt * oiled * oasted.
 * * * * dev * * his an * * * ell fire * * ternal da
 * * * * tion.

JONATHAN. You * * * to frighten me out of
 my wits: But the good * * is, I doubt not, more
 merciful than his wicked * * If I should believe all
 you say, I am sure I should die in inexpressible horror.

ORDINARY. Despair is sinful. You should place
 your hopes in repentance and grace; and though it
 is most true, that you are in danger of the judg-
 ment; yet there is still room for mercy, and no
 man, unless excommunicated, is absolutely without
 hopes of a reprieve.

JONATHAN. I am not without hopes of a reprieve
 from the cheat yet: I have pretty good interest; but
 if I cannot obtain it, you shall not frighten me out of
 my courage. I will not die like a pimp. D—n me,
 what is death? It is nothing but to be with Platos
 and with Cæsars,—as the poet says, and all the other
 great heroes of antiquity. * * * * *

* * * * *

ORDINARY. Ay, all this is very true; but life is sweet for all that, and I had rather live to eternity, than go into the company of any such heathens, who are, I doubt not, in hell with the devil and his angels; and, as little as you seem to apprehend it, you may find yourself there before you expect it. Where then will be your tauntings and your vauntings, your boastings and your braggings? You will then be ready to give more for a drop of water than you ever gave for a bottle of wine.

JONATHAN. Faith, Doctor, well minded. What say you to a bottle of wine?

ORDINARY. I will drink no wine with an atheist. I should expect the devil to make a third in such company; for, since he knows you are his, he may be impatient to have his due.

JONATHAN. It is your business to drink with the wicked, in order to amend them.

ORDINARY. I despair of it; and so I consign you over to the devil, who is ready to receive you.

JONATHAN. You are more unmerciful to me than the judge, Doctor. He recommended my soul to heaven; and it is your office to shew me the way thither.

ORDINARY. No: The gates are barred against all revilers of the clergy.

JONATHAN. I revile only the wicked ones, if any such are, which cannot affect you, who, if men were preferred in the church by merit only, would have long since been a bishop. Indeed, it might raise any good man's indignation to observe one of your vast learning and abilities obliged to exert them in so low a sphere, when so many of your inferiors wallow in wealth and preferment.

ORDINARY. Why, it must be confessed, that here are bad men in all orders; but you should not
censure

censure too generally. I must own, I might have expected higher promotion; but I have learnt patience and resignation; and I would advise you to the same temper of mind; which if you can attain, I know you will find mercy; nay, I do now promise you, you will. It is true, you are a sinner; but your crimes are not of the blackest dye: You are no murderer, nor guilty of sacrilege. And if you are guilty of theft, you make some atonement by suffering for it, which many others do not. Happy is it indeed for those few who are detected in their sins, and brought to exemplary punishment for them in this world. So far, therefore, from repining at your fate when you come to the tree, you should exult and rejoice in it; and, to say the truth, I question whether, to a wise man, the catastrophe of many of those who die by a halter, is not more to be envied than pitied. Nothing is so sinful as sin, and murder is the greatest of all sins; it follows, that whoever commits murder is happy in suffering for it; if therefore a man who commits murder is so happy in dying for it, how much better must it be for you, who have committed a less crime.

JONATHAN. All this is very true; but let us take a bottle of wine to cheer our spirits.

ORDINARY. Why wine? Let me tell you, Mr. Wild, there is nothing so deceitful as the spirits given us by wine. If you must drink, let us have a bowl of punch; a liquor I the rather prefer, as it is nowhere spoken against in scripture, and as it is more wholesome for the gravel, a distemper with which I am grievously afflicted.

JONATHAN. (Having called for a bowl.) I ask your pardon, Doctor; I should have remembered, that punch was your favourite liquor. I think you never taste wine while there is any punch remaining on the table.

ORDINARY. I confess, I look on punch to be the more eligible liquor, as well for the reasons I have before mentioned, as likewise for one other

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cause, viz. it is the properest for a DRAUGHT. I own I took it a little unkind of you to mention wine, thinking you knew my palate.

JONATHAN. You are in the right; and I will take a swinging cup to your being made a bishop.

ORDINARY. And I will wish you a reprieve in as large a draught. Come, don't despair: It is yet time enough to think of dying, you have good friends, who very probably may prevail for you. I have known many a man reprieved, who had less reason to expect it.

JONATHAN. But, if I should flatter myself with such hopes, and be deceived, what then would become of my soul?

ORDINARY. Pugh! Never mind your soul, leave that to me; I will render a good account of it, I warrant you. I have a sermon in my pocket, which may be of some use to you to hear. I do not value myself on the talent of preaching, since no man ought to value himself for any gift in this world:—But, perhaps, there are not many such sermons.—But to proceed, since we have nothing else to do till the punch comes.—My text is the latter part of a verse only.

—To the Greeks FOOLISHNESS.

THE occasion of these words was principally that philosophy of the Greeks which at that time had overrun great part of the heathen world, had poisoned, and as it were puffed up their minds with pride, so that they disregarded all kinds of doctrine in comparison of their own; and however safe, and however sound the learning of others might be, yet, if it any wise contradicted their own laws, customs, and received opinions, *away with it, it is not for us*. It was to the Greeks FOOLISHNESS.

IN the former part, therefore, of my discourse on these words, I shall principally confine myself to the laying open and demonstrating the great emptiness and vanity of this philosophy, with which these idle and absurd sophists were so proudly blown up and elevated:

AND

AND here I shall do two things: First, I shall expose the matter; and secondly, the manner of this absurd philosophy.

AND first, for the first of these, namely the matter. Now here we may retort the unmannerly word, which our adversaries have audaciously thrown in our faces; for what was all this mighty matter of philosophy, this heap of knowledge, which was to bring such large harvests of honour to those who sowed it, and so greatly and nobly to enrich the ground on which it fell; what was it, but FOOLISHNESS? An inconsistent heap of nonsense, of absurdities and contradictions, bringing no ornament to the mind in its theory, nor exhibiting any usefulness to the body in its practice. What were all the sermons and the sayings, the fables and the morals of all these wise men, but, to use the word mentioned in my text once more, FOOLISHNESS? What was their great master Plato, or their other great light Aristotle? Both fools, mere quibblers and sophists, idly and vainly attached to certain ridiculous notions of their own, founded neither on truth nor on reason. Their whole works are a strange medley of the greatest falsehoods, scarce covered over with the colour of truth: Their precepts are neither borrowed from nature, nor guided by reason: Mere fictions, only to evince the dreadful height of human pride; in one word, FOOLISHNESS. It may be, perhaps, expected of me, that I should give some instances from their works to prove this charge; but as to transcribe every passage to my purpose, would be to transcribe their whole works, and as in such a plentiful crop, it is difficult to chuse; instead of trespassing on your patience, I shall conclude this first head with asserting what I have so fully proved, and what may indeed be inferred from the text, that the philosophy of the Greeks was FOOLISHNESS.

PROCEED we now in the second place, to consider the manner in which this inane and simple doctrine was propagated. And here——But here, the punch by entering waked Mr. Wild who was fast asleep, and

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put an end to the sermon ; nor could we obtain any further account of the conversation which passed at this interview.

C H A P. XIV.

Wild proceeds to the highest consummation of human
GREATNESS.

THE day now drew nigh, when our great man was to exemplify the last and noblest act of greatness, by which any hero can signalize himself. This was the day of execution, or consummation, or apotheosis (for it is called by different names) which was to give our hero an opportunity of facing death and damnation, without any fear in his heart, or, at least, without betraying any symptoms of it in his countenance. A completion of greatness which is heartily to be wished to every great man ; nothing being more worthy of lamentation than when fortune, like a lazy poet, winds up her catastrophe awkwardly, and bestowing too little care on her fifth act, dismisses the hero with a sneaking and private exit, who had in the former part of the drama performed such notable exploits, as must promise to every good judge among the spectators, a noble, public, and exalted end.

BUT she was resolved to commit no such error in this instance. Our hero was too much and too deservedly her favourite, to be neglected by her in his last moments : Accordingly all efforts for a reprieve were vain, and the name of Wild stood at the head of those who were ordered for execution.

FROM the time he gave over all hopes of life, his conduct was truly great and admirable. Instead of shewing any marks of dejection or contrition, he rather infused more confidence and assurance into his looks. He spent most of his hours in drinking with his friends, and with the good man above commemorated. In one of these computations, being asked, whether

whether he was afraid to die, he answered, D——n me, it is only a dance without music. Another time, when one expressed some sorrow for his misfortune, as he termed it, he said with great fierceness, A man can die but once. Again, when one of his intimate acquaintance hinted his hopes, that he would die like a man. He cocked his hat in defiance, and cried out greatly, Zounds! who's afraid?

HAPPY would it have been for posterity, could we have retrieved any entire conversation which passed at this season, especially between our hero and his learned comforter; but we have searched many pasteboard records in vain.

On the eve of his apotheosis, Wild's lady desired to see him, to which he consented. This meeting was at first very tender on both sides: but it could not continue so; for unluckily some hints of former miscarriages intervening, as particularly when she asked him, how he could have used her so barbarously once, as calling her B——; and whether such language became a man, much less a gentleman, Wild flew into a violent passion, and swore she was the vilest of B——s, to upbraid him at such a season with an unguarded word spoke long ago. She replied, with many tears, she was well enough served for her folly in visiting such a brute; but she had one comfort however, that it would be the last time he could ever treat her so; that indeed she had some obligation to him, for that his cruelty to her would reconcile her to the fate he was to-morrow to suffer; and indeed, nothing but such brutality could have made the consideration of his shameful death (so this weak woman called hanging) which was now inevitable, to be borne even without madness. She then proceeded to a recapitulation of his faults in an exacter order and with more perfect memory than one would have imagined her capable of; and it is probable, would have rehearsed a complete catalogue, had not our hero's patience failed him, so that with the utmost fury and violence he caught her by the hair and

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kicked her as heartily as his chains would suffer him, out of the room.

AT length the morning came, which fortune at his birth had resolutely ordained for the consummation of our hero's GREATNESS: He had himself indeed modestly declined the public honours she intended him, and had taken a quantity of laudanum, in order to retire quietly off the stage; but we have already observed in the course of our wonderful history, that to struggle against this lady's decrees is vain and impotent: And whether she hath determined you shall be hanged or be a prime minister, it is in either case lost labour to resist. Laudanum, therefore, being unable to stop the breath of our hero, which the fruit of hemp-feed, and not the spirit of poppy-feed, was to overcome, he was at the usual hour attended by the proper gentlemen appointed for that purpose, and acquainted that the cart was ready. On this occasion he exerted that greatness of courage, which hath been so much celebrated in other heroes; and knowing it was impossible to resist, he gravely declared, he would attend them. He then descended to that room where the fetters of great men are knocked off, in a most solemn and ceremonious manner. Then shaking hands with his friends (to wit, those who were conducting him to the tree) and drinking their healths in a bumper of brandy, he ascended the cart, where he was no sooner seated, than he received the acclamations of the multitude, who were highly ravished with his GREATNESS.

THE cart now moved slowly on, being preceded by a troop of horse-guards bearing javelins in their hands, through streets lined with crowds all admiring the great behaviour of our hero, who rode on sometimes sighing, sometimes swearing, sometimes singing or whistling, as his humour varied.

WHEN he came to the tree of glory, he was welcomed with an universal shout of the people, who were there assembled in prodigious numbers, to behold

hold a sight much more rare in populous cities than one would reasonably imagine it should be, viz. the proper catastrophe of a great man.

BUT tho' envy was, through fear, obliged to join the general voice in applause on this occasion, there were not wanting some who maligned this completion of glory, which was now about to be fulfilled to our hero, and endeavoured to prevent it by knocking him on the head as he stood under the tree, while the ordinary was performing his last office. They therefore began to batter the cart with stones, brick-bats, dirt, and all manner of mischievous weapons, some of which erroneously playing on the robes of the ecclesiastic, made him so expeditious in his repetition, that with wonderful alacrity he had ended almost in an instant, and conveyed himself into a place of safety in a hackney coach, where he waited the conclusion with the temper of mind described in these verses,

*Suave mari magno, turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terra alterius magnum spectare laborem.*

WE must not, however, omit one circumstance, as it serves to shew the most admirable conservation of character in our hero to his last moment, which was, that whilst the ordinary was busy in his ejaculations, Wild, in the midst of the shower of stones, &c. which played upon him, applied his hands to the parson's pocket, and emptied it of his bottle-screw, which he carried out of the world in his hand.

THE ordinary being now descended from the cart, Wild had just opportunity to cast his eyes around the crowd, and to give them a hearty curse, when immediately the horses moved on, and with universal applause our hero swung out of this world.

THUS fell Jonathan Wild the GREAT, by a death as glorious as his life had been, and which was so truly agreeable to it, that the latter must have been deplorably maimed and imperfect without the former; a death which hath been alone wanting to complete the characters of several ancient and modern

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dern heroes, whose histories would then have been read with much greater pleasure by the wisest in all ages. Indeed we could almost wish, that whenever Fortune seems wantonly to deviate from her purpose, and leaves her work imperfect in this particular, the historian would indulge himself in the licence of poetry and romance, and even do a violence to truth, to oblige his reader with a page, which must be the most delightful in all his history, and which could never fail of producing an instructive moral.

NARROW minds may possibly have some reason to be ashamed of going this way out of the world, if their consciences can fly in their faces, and assure them they have not merited such an honour; but he must be a fool who is ashamed of being hanged, who is not weak enough to be ashamed of having deserved it.

C H A P. XV.

The character of our hero, and the conclusion of this history.

WE will now endeavour to draw the character of this Great Man, and by bringing together those several features as it were of his mind, which lie scattered up and down in this history, to present our readers with a perfect picture of greatness.

JONATHAN WILD had every qualification necessary to form a great man. As his most powerful and predominant passion was ambition, so nature had, with consummate propriety, adapted all his faculties to the attaining those glorious ends to which this passion directed him. He was extremely ingenious in inventing designs; artful in contriving the means to accomplish his purposes, and resolute in executing them: For as the most exquisite cunning, and most undaunted boldness qualified him for any undertaking, so was he not restrained by any of those weaknesses which disappoint the views of mean and vulgar souls,

fouls, and which are comprehended in one general term of honesty, which is a corruption of HONESTY, a word derived from what the Greeks call an *As*. He was entirely free from those low vices of modesty and good-nature, which, as he said, implied a total negation of human greatness, and were the only qualities which absolutely rendered a man incapable of making a considerable figure in the world. His lust was inferior only to his ambition; but, as for what simple people call love, he knew not what it was. His avarice was immense; but it was of the rapacious, not of the tenacious kind; his rapaciousness was indeed so violent, that nothing ever contented him but the whole; for, however considerable the share was, which his coadjutors allowed him of a booty, he was restless in inventing means to make himself master of the smallest pittance reserved by them. He said, laws were made for the use of *Prigs* only, and to secure their property; they were never therefore more perverted, than when their edge was turned against these; but that this generally happened through their want of sufficient dexterity. The character which he most valued himself upon, and which he principally honoured in others, was that of hypocrisy. His opinion was, that no one could carry *Priggism* very far without it; for which reason, he said, there was little greatness to be expected in a man who acknowledged his vices; but always much to be hoped from him, who professed great virtues; wherefore, though he would always shun the person whom he discovered guilty of a good action, yet he was never deterred by a good character, which was more commonly the effect of profession than of action: For which reason, he himself was always very liberal of honest professions, and had as much virtue and goodness in his mouth as a saint; never in the least scrupling to swear by his honour, even to those who knew him the best; nay, tho' he held good-nature and modesty in the highest contempt, he constantly practised the affectation of both,

and

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and recommended this to others, whose welfare, on his own account, he wished well to. He laid down several maxims, as the certain methods of attaining greatness, to which, in his own pursuit of it, he constantly adhered. As

1. NEVER to do more mischief to another, than was necessary to the effecting his purpose; for that mischief was too precious a thing to be thrown away.
2. To know no distinction of men from affection; but to sacrifice all with equal readiness to his interest.
3. NEVER to communicate more of an affair than was necessary, to the person who was to execute it.
4. NOT to trust him who hath deceived you, nor who knows he hath been deceived by you.
5. To forgive no enemy; but to be cautious and often dilatory in revenge.
6. To shun poverty and distress, and to ally himself as close as possible to power and riches.
7. To maintain a constant gravity in his countenance and behaviour, and to affect wisdom on all occasions.
8. To foment eternal jealousies in his gang, one of another.
9. NEVER to reward any one equal to his merit; but always to insinuate, that the reward was above it.
10. THAT all men were knaves or fools, and much the greater number a composition of both.
11. THAT a good name, like money, must be parted with, or at least greatly risked, in order to bring the owner any advantage.
12. THAT virtues, like precious stones, were easily counterfeited; that the counterfeits in both cases adorned the wearer equally, and that very few had knowledge or discernment sufficient to distinguish the counterfeit jewel from the real.
13. THAT many men were undone by not going deep enough in roguery; as in gaming any man may be a loser who doth not play the whole game.
14. THAT

14. THAT men proclaim their own virtues, as shopkeepers expose their goods, in order to profit by them.

15. THAT the heart was the proper seat of hatred, and the countenance of affection and friendship.

HE had many more of the same kind, all equally good with these, and which were after his decease found in his study, as the twelve excellent and celebrated rules were in that of king Charles the first; for he never promulgated them in his lifetime, not having them constantly in his mouth, as some grave persons have the rules of virtue and morality, without paying the least regard to them in their actions: whereas our hero, by a constant and steady adherence to his rules in conforming every thing he did to them, acquired at length a settled habit of walking by them, till at last he was in no danger of inadvertently going out of the way; and by these means he arrived at that degree of greatness, which few have equalled; none, we may say, have exceeded: For, tho' it must be allowed that there have been some few heroes, who have done greater mischiefs to mankind, such as those who have betrayed the liberty of their country to others, or have undermined and overpowered it themselves; or conquerors who have impoverished, pillaged, sacked, burnt, and destroyed the countries and cities of their fellow-creatures, for no other provocation than that of glory; i. e. as the tragic poet calls it,

—— a privilege to kill,

A strong temptation to do bravely ill.

yet, if we consider it in the light wherein actions are placed in this line,

Lætius est, quoties magno tibi constat honestum,

when we see our hero, without the least assistance or pretence, setting himself at the head of a gang, which he had not any shadow of right to govern; if we view him maintaining absolute power, and exercising tyranny over a lawless crew, contrary to all law, but that of his own will; if we consider him setting up

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an open trade publicly, in defiance, not only of the laws of his country, but of the common sense of his countrymen; if we see him first contriving the robbery of others, and again the defrauding the very robbers of that booty, which they had ventured their necks to acquire, and which without any hazard they might have retained: Here sure he must appear admirable, and we may challenge not only the truth of history, but almost the latitude of fiction to equal his glory.

NOR had he any of those flaws in his character, which, though they have been commended by weak writers, have (as I hinted in the beginning of this history) by the judicious reader been censured and despised. Such was the clemency of Alexander and Cæsar, which nature hath as grossly erred in giving them, as a painter would, who should dress a peasant in robes of state, or give the nose, or any other feature of a Venus, to a satyr. What had the destroyers of mankind, that glorious pair, one of whom came into the world to usurp the dominion, and abolish the constitution of his own country; the other to conquer, enslave, and rule over the whole world, at least as much as was well known to him, and the shortness of his life would give him leave to visit; what had, I say, such as these to do with clemency? Who cannot see the absurdity and contradiction of mixing such an ingredient with those noble and great qualities I have before mentioned. Now in Wild, every thing was truly great, almost without alloy, as his imperfections (for surely some small ones he had) were only such as served to denominate him a human creature, of which kind none ever arrived at consummate excellence: but surely his whole behaviour to his friend Heartfree is a convincing proof, that the true iron or steel greatness of his heart was not debased by any softer metal. Indeed, while greatness consists in power, pride, insolence, and doing mischief to mankind;—to speak out—while a great man and a great rogue are synonymous

mous terms, so long shall Wild stand unrivalled on the pinnacle of GREATNESS. Nor must we omit here, as the finishing of his character, what indeed ought to be remembered on his tomb or his statue, the conformity above mentioned of his death to his life; and that Jonathan Wild the Great, after all his mighty exploits, was, what so few GREAT men can accomplish—hanged by the neck till he was dead.

HAVING thus brought our hero to his conclusion, it may be satisfactory to some readers (for many, I doubt not, carry their concern no farther than his fate) to know what became of Heartfree. We shall acquaint them, therefore, that his sufferings were now at an end; that the good magistrate easily prevailed for his pardon, nor was contented till he had made him all the reparation he could for his troubles, tho' the share he had in bringing these upon him, was not only innocent, but, from its motive, laudable. He procured the restoration of the jewels from the man of war, at her return to England, and, above all, omitted no labour to restore Heartfree to his reputation, and to persuade his neighbours, acquaintance, and customers of his innocence. When the commission of bankruptcy was satisfied, Heartfree had a considerable sum remaining; for the diamond presented to his wife was of prodigious value, and infinitely recompensed the loss of those jewels which Miss Straddle had disposed of. He now set up again in his trade; compassion for his unmerited misfortunes brought him many customers among those who had any regard to humanity; and he hath, by industry joined with parsimony, amassed a considerable fortune. His wife and he are now grown old in the purest love and friendship; but never had another child. Friendly married his elder daughter at the age of nineteen, and became his partner in trade. As to the younger, she never would listen to the addresses of any lover, nor even of a young nobleman, who offered to take her with two thousand pounds, which her father would have willingly pro-

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duced, and indeed did his utmost to persuade her to the match: But she refused absolutely, nor would give any other reason when Heartfree pressed her, than that she had dedicated her days to his service, and was resolved, no other duty should interfere with that which she owed the best of fathers, nor prevent her from being the nurse of his old age.

THUS Heartfree, his wife, his two daughters, his son-in-law, and his grandchildren, of which he hath several, live all together in one house; and that with such amity and affection towards each other, that they are in the neighbourhood called the family of love.

As to all the other persons mentioned in this history, in the light of greatness, they had all the fate adapted to it, being every one hanged by the neck, save two, viz. Miss Theodosia Snap, who was transported to America, where she was pretty well married, reformed, and made a good wife; and the Count, who recovered of the wound he had received from the hermit, and made his escape into France, where he committed a robbery, was taken, and broke on the wheel.

INDEED, whoever considers the common fate of great men must allow, they well deserve, and hardly earn that applause which is given them by the world; for, when we reflect on the labours and pains, the cares, disquietudes, and dangers which attend their road to greatness, we may say with the divine, *that a man may go to heaven with half the pains which it costs him to purchase hell.* To say the truth, the world have this reason at least to honour such characters as that of Wild; that while it is in the power of every man to be perfectly honest, not one in a thousand is capable of being a complete rogue; and few indeed there are, who, if they were inspired with the vanity of imitating our hero, would not after much fruitless pains be obliged to own themselves inferior to Mr. JONATHAN WILD the GREAT.

End of the THIRD VOLUME.

